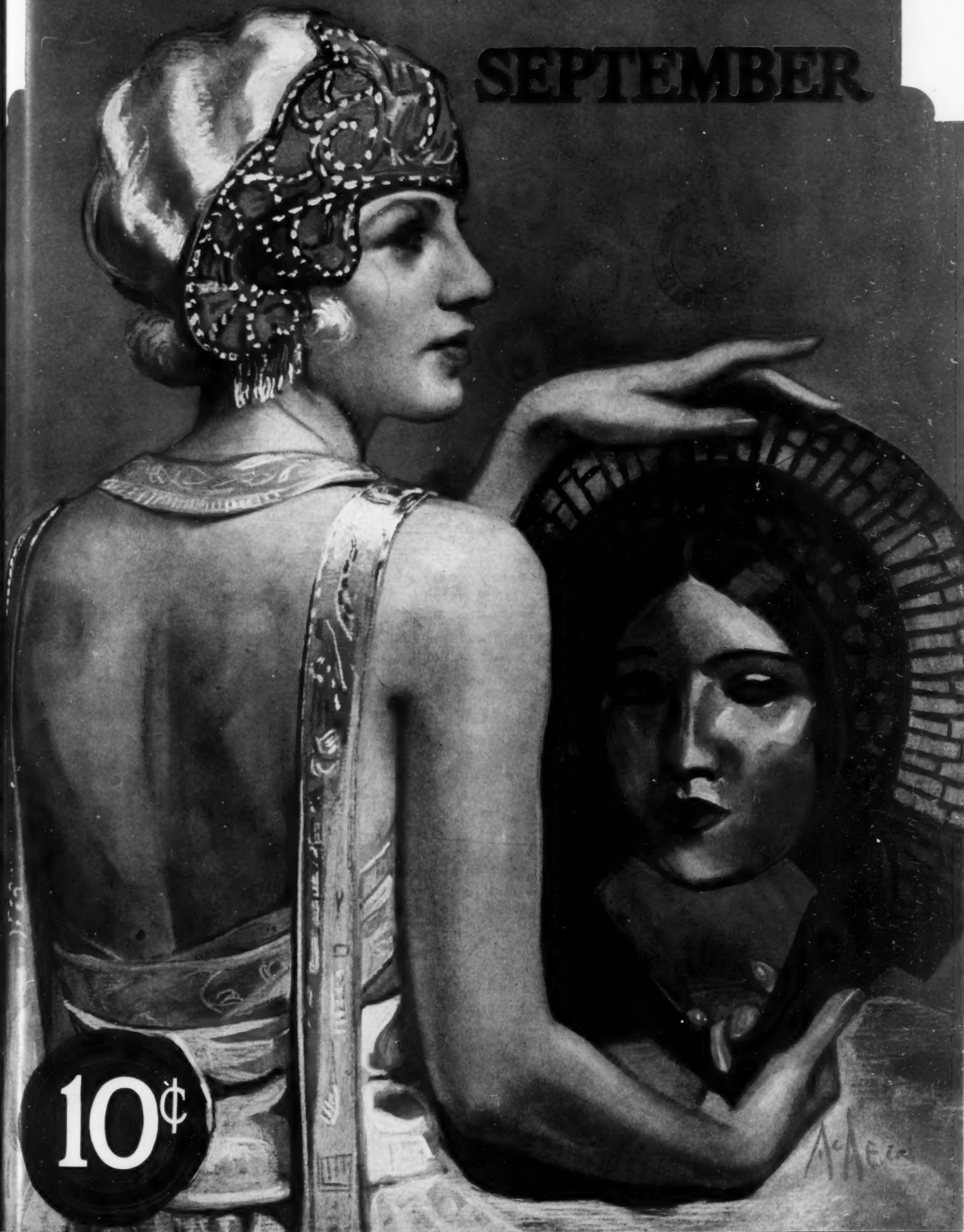


MCCALL'S

SEPTEMBER



10¢

In This Issue **"SILK"** An Entrancing Novel of the Orient

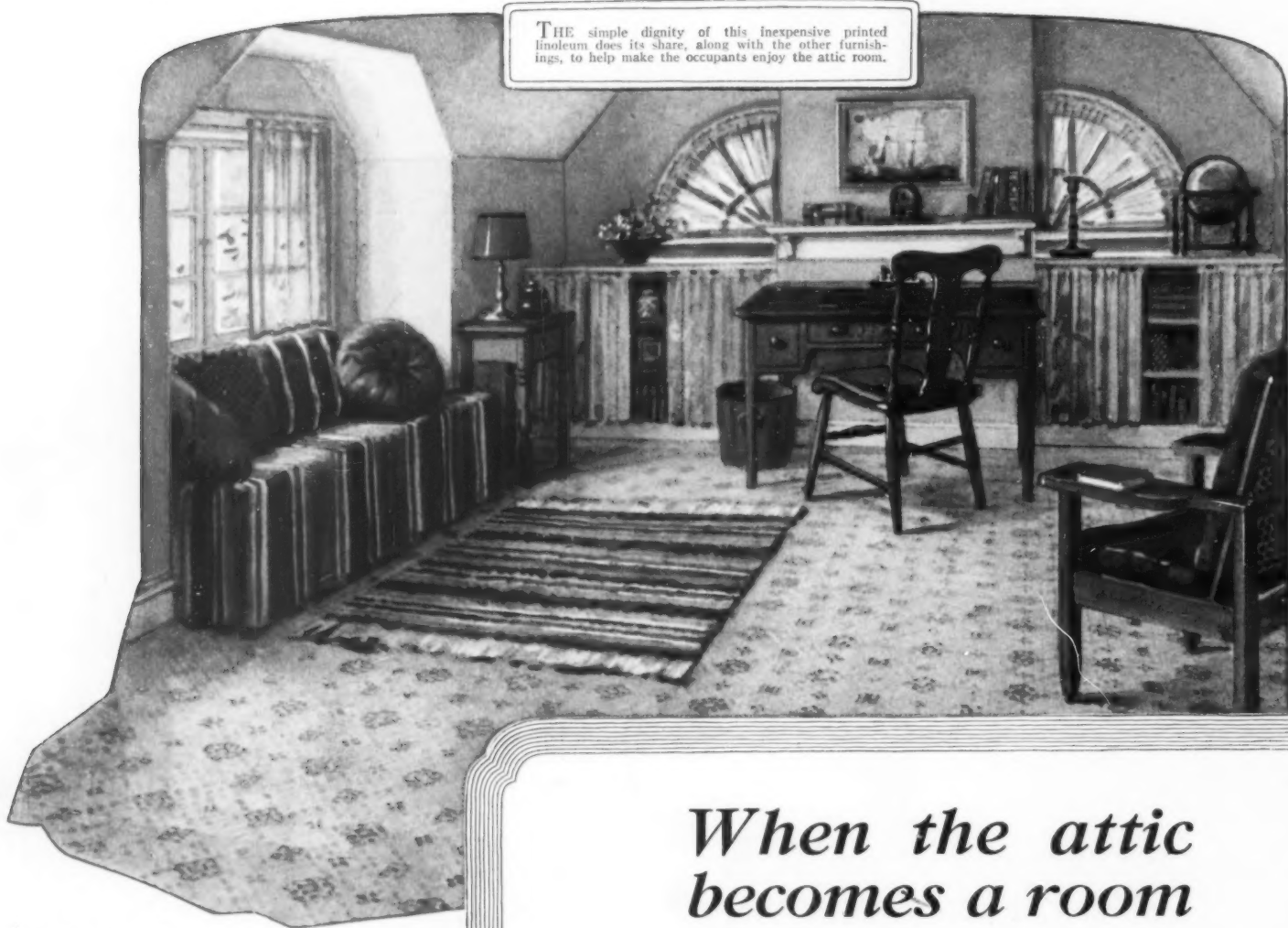
BY Samuel Merwin

ABOVE IS NEYSA McMEIN'S PORTRAIT OF IRENE CASTLE, SELECTED BY MISS McMEIN AS ONE OF THE TWELVE MOST BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN WOMEN. SHE IS HOLDING A MASK WHICH SHE WEARS IN HER DANCES.

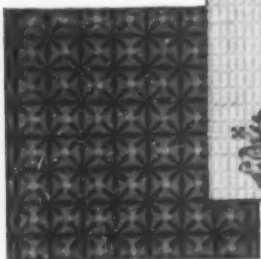
Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

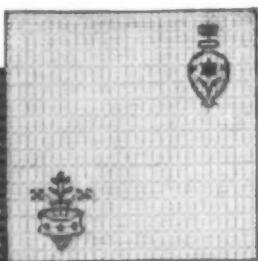
THE simple dignity of this inexpensive printed linoleum does its share, along with the other furnishings, to help make the occupants enjoy the attic room.



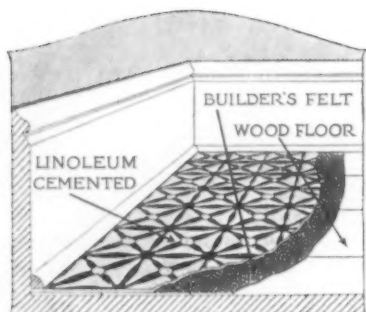
If you prefer one of the Armstrong designs illustrated below to the floor (Printed Pattern No. 7083) shown in the picture, order by number from any good linoleum merchant.



Carpet Inlaid No. 707B



Printed Linoleum No. 8394



How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors

IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.

When the attic becomes a room

SO long as you store old trunks and broken furniture in the attic it is a storeroom.

Remove these things and your attic is not difficult to fix up.

First you need a floor. Bare boards are not a floor. With a floor of linoleum, a rag rug, window curtains, and a little simple furniture your attic can become a pleasant place in which to read or work.

Properly laid, Armstrong's Linoleum makes a quiet floor, comfortable and easy to clean. A dust-mop or an occasional waxing and polishing keeps it looking like new.

Much of the growing use of Armstrong's Linoleum for the floors of modern houses is due to the beautiful way linoleum lends itself to interior decoration.

If you haven't looked at any linoleum recently, go to a good furniture or department store and

see what is being offered in Armstrong's Linoleum.

You will see rich plain colors, handsome Jaspé or two-tone effects, parquetry inlaids, carpet inlaids, marble tile inlaids, or attractive printed patterns — something suitable for any room you are planning to redecorate. Also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid. Look on the burlap back for the Circle "A" trademark, which identifies the genuine Armstrong's Linoleum.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" (Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION
808 Virginia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Look for the **CIRCLE "A"** trademark on the burlap back



The Three Talmadges

WAS there ever such a family as the Talmadges—a trio of sisters, born in the most humble of circumstances, yet all of them crowned with world-wide fame before they reached the thirty-mark?

The history of this family—and it is the only family that may boast of containing three stars in the films—is really the history of the whole moving-picture industry of America. But whereas the prosaic record of the business itself is dry and statistical, the story of the fascinating Talmadges tingles with human interest and teems with human drama. There is no one who can render the full and thrilling account of Norma, Constance and Natalie except their mother, the charming and famous "Peg" Talmadge—for she



Constance, Natalie
and Norma Tal-
madge

alone knows the struggles these three youngsters had before they became bright luminaries in the celluloid constellation.

Mrs. Talmadge, pleaded with many times to write their untold history, finally has been prevailed upon to do so, and to McCall's comes the privilege of printing these memories, which are sure to prove the current sensation in the film-fan's world this year.

Mrs. Talmadge's story of her girls will be printed in three successive instalments in this magazine.

As a fairylike romance of American life, the almost unbelievable story of how these three obscure girls rose to fame and social prominence throughout the world has never been surpassed. The first part of Mrs. Talmadge's memories of her daughters will appear in the

October McCall's.

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McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

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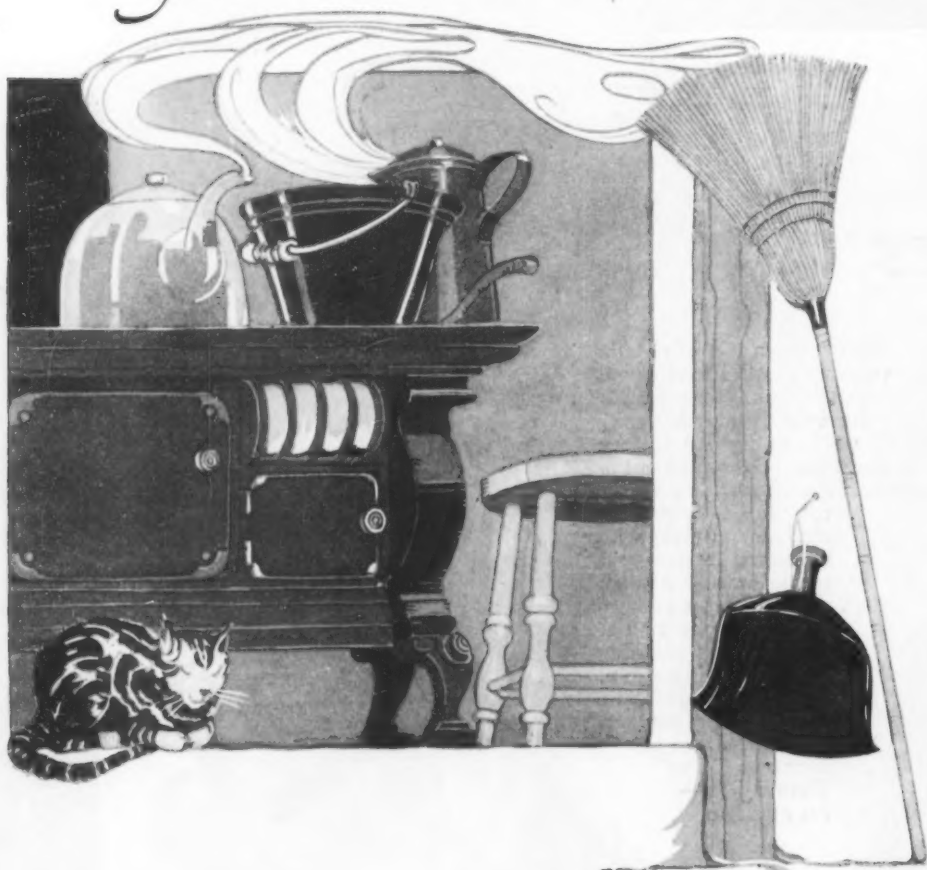
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If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Send your renewal within ten days, so you will not miss the next number.

All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed.

Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed.

Gene Stratton-Porter's Page



Conveniences for the Cook

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous American author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," etc.

Illustrated by Gertrude Kay



Gene Stratton-Porter

DURING a lifetime of field work as a naturalist, it has been my fortune to be led to more back doors than have been visited by any one else of my acquaintance. Occasionally, these back doors happened to belong to city dwellers, to whom I went asking the loan of a stepladder in order to reach the nest of a bird, to help in capturing a moth or a bat, or to borrow implements to cut a cocoon from a high place. Most of my peregrinations have led me to back doors in the country, and at these same back doors I have learned the reason why, as a class, there are more farmers' wives in the insane asylum than from any other walk of life. Were I asked to "live, move, and have my being" in a great many of the kitchens I visit in the country, there would be either insanity or a cyclone in short order in my family.

As I pause, thinking over the past twenty years of field work, I try to visualize only one kitchen that was at all commensurate with what it might have been in the circumstances, and I cannot think of even one. Most people take a great deal of pride in the front door. They want the passer-by to look upon a clean stretch of highway, a neat fence, a trimmed lawn, and an inviting doorway. They want the traveler to gain the impression from what is outside, that the inside is equally inviting. Very frequently it is—so far as the mysterious thing called the "parlor" is concerned. Sometimes attractiveness extends to the living-room and spare bedroom, but one would be fairly safe in staking one's life that the effect begins to be dissipated with extreme rudeness in the dining-room and ends with nothing short of a shock in the kitchen, the back porch, and the cellar.

Ten years ago there was scarcely a kitchen door I entered that did not present to my view a woman who was cooked three times a day with the food she prepared for her family. On wash day, she was parboiled; on ironing day she was baked; and on baking day she was practically roasted. It is a question as to whether she suffered most from a huge iron stove in which a wood or coal fire literally roared, or whether her greatest tribulation lay in a pump so far from this same stove, that water had to be pumped by the bucketful, carried some distance, usually up three or four steps, across a back porch and into the house. What this meant in bitter winter weather, in rainy fall or spring weather, or in the burning heat of summer, was a world of discomfort of differing degrees, but entailing practically the same consequences.

There have been a few instances in a lifetime of field work when I have been able to tell a farmer how to doctor a sick tree, how to cure a sick animal, how to rotate crops, or to suggest machinery essential to his work. One of the greatest joys I have had from life has been in telling a few men upon whose land I have worked, exactly what I thought of men who were compelled to build long sheds for the

sheltering of reapers, mowers, rakes, manure spreaders, canopied wheel plows, and the like conveniences for their work, while their wives cooked themselves with each meal and dragged out their lives carrying wood and water; trailing up and down cellar stairs with heavy crocks of milk, only one of which could be managed at a trip. And I have known no greater joy than I have had in being able to roust out some of those same old iron cook stoves, and installing neat, light gas or oil stoves in their places, for summer use; in bringing in the pump; in cutting windows through dingy walls, opening vistas to the glory of orchard bloom, the sparkle of a brook, the flight of birds across gray skies. I have nothing better that I have accomplished during a lifetime of work, than the building of an ice house on a farm so situated that it was possible to have a refrigerator in a kitchen or on an adjoining porch; than relegating to the garret the old milk crocks, weighing pounds in the aggregate, and in their

place introducing light, shining, shallow pans for milk. Later than this came a separator to the back porch, so the cream might all go in a can to be delivered at the trolley station, butter for the family supply being part of the returns from the cream. No one thing has done more to eliminate drudgery from the life of a housewife in the country than being relieved of the work of handling cream and churning.

As first of the housewife's woes I would place the cast-iron stove in summer; second, the pump in the back yard; and third, cream in the cellar. Once a country kitchen has achieved a range in which there is heat only under the vessel containing food, once the pump has come inside to stay, and a separator inhabits the back porch, the backbone is broken from the greatest drudgery of the day.

IF a trolley line passes sufficiently near that electricity and an electric iron are possible, another large slice of discomfort disappears at one "fell swoop." With the window in the kitchen wall that lets in a draught, sunshine and the beauty of all outdoors, another long step is taken in advance; and, finally, there are a whole world of conveniences for a cook that have been invented in modern days. It is pure joy to enter an up-to-date hardware store and examine the array of small implements for peeling potatoes and slicing them; apple parers and corers; cunning little cake cutters and lemon squeezers. The modern egg beater relieved each woman coming into possession of one of practically an hour of hard work with a fork and a huge platter every time she baked a cake. It brought whipped cream to the tables of the country folk. It was a joy if the mayonnaise turned out to be lumpy. There were fifty uses in which it could perform wonderful and delicious service in a kitchen. And, oh, the beauty of the pie tins and the cake tins, and the deliciousness of the food that can be prepared

in the different roasters and steamers! When I think of the weight of the iron skillets and the heavy kettles that rounded the shoulders and displaced the internal organisms of the women of my mother's day, my heart aches. And it aches a little harder in the full knowledge that many women are using these same inheritances to-day, when the stores of even tiny villages are full of the most attractive light-weight (Turn to page 62)



The wives drag out their lives carrying wood and water and milk; trailing up and down stairs with clumsy baskets of wood, heavy crocks of milk from the cellar and pails of water from the out-door pump

Three new Victrola models



Victrola No. 400
Mahogany, \$250 Electric, \$290



Victrola No. 405
Walnut, \$250 Electric, \$290



Victrola No. 410
Mahogany, \$300 Electric, \$340

The three new Victrola models illustrated herewith incorporate Victrola musical quality in cabinets reflecting all the skill of the master designers of other generations—a perfect combination of art and utility with moderate cost, resulting from our unequalled facilities and long experience.

Fully equipped with albums, Victrola No. 2 sound-box, new improved Victor tapering tone-arm and goose-neck sound-box tube, full-floating amplifier, speed indicator and the simple, reliable Victor motor.

Built entirely in the Victor factories, which are the largest devoted entirely to the production of one musical product.

In buying a talking-machine consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more.

A selected list of Victor Records illustrating Victor quality

Lucia—Sextet

Berceuse from Jocelyn
Elégie—Mélodie
Song of the Volga Boatmen
Whispering Hope
Ave Maria (Schubert)
Minuet in G (Paderewski)
La Capinera (The Wren)
Traviata—Prelude }
Waltz of the Flowers }
National Emblem March
Lights Out March

Galli-Curci, Egner, Caruso,

de Luca, Journet, Bada 95212 \$3.50
McCormack and Kreisler 89106 2.00
Caruso and Elman 89066 2.00
Chaliapin 88663 1.75
Gluck and Homer 87524 1.50
Heifetz 74563 1.75
Paderewski 74533 1.75
Galli-Curci 64792 1.25
Victor Symphony Orchestra 35717 1.25
U. S. Marine Band }
Arthur Pryor's Band } 18498 .75



Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks.
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

For its Beauty— your skin needs quick, simple cleansing

You probably realize that thorough daily cleansing of your skin is an important contribution to its beauty.

This is right. Indeed, daily cleansing is the very most important requirement for skin-beauty.

But do not complicate the cleansing process—you will find the simplest method to be best.

Cleansing should not be allowed to make your skin more sensitive and tender than it already is. Remember that this thin covering of your face must resist sun, wind, dust and all the other damaging influences of everyday life—it needs all the help it can get.

While the cleansing process should, therefore, be thorough, it should also be brief and simple in order to be safe.

Daily washing with Ivory Soap and warm water, in a perfectly common-sense way, followed by rinsing and a final dash of cold water to close the pores and bring the blood coursing to the surface, provides exactly this kind of thorough, yet safe, simple and pleasant cleansing. The film of oil and dust or powder disappears easily and quickly. Your skin is enlivened and refreshed. You have done everything necessary to give it the charm of softness and the ability to resist the attacks of another day.

We invite you to choose Ivory Soap because Ivory is *pure*, and purity is of first importance.

Because it is pure, Ivory is naturally mild and gentle—safe for the most sensitive skin.

A soap that keeps its promises

The promises made to you by Ivory are very specific—safe-cleansing, gentle stimulation, and freedom from irritation of any kind.

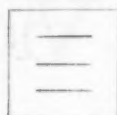
It would be easy for us to add to Ivory such materials as artificial coloring matter or medicines; but such materials cannot improve the cleansing qualities of any soap, and would lower the Ivory standard of purity.

Ivory has a standing such as probably no other soap has ever enjoyed, and for one reason—Ivory keeps its promises absolutely.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS



THESE are *minus* signs, indicating losses of money and business goodwill—Mr. Dixon, head of a big department store, is explaining to Mrs. Jollyco:

"We lose hundreds of dollars a year, Mrs. Jollyco, because our customers demand exchanges or refunds for delicate garments which have faded or shrunk! Yet you seem never to have any trouble. I would appreciate your advice."

"Well, Mr. Dixon, harsh soap is probably the chief cause of fading and shrinking. I have no trouble because all my laundry work is done with either Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes. Why not have your clerks suggest this to your customers?"

Mr. Dixon's troubles will be fewer from now on.

IT'S been a long time since anyone has heard about our tricky neighbor, Mrs. Prowl.

Sh! Look.

Arrested! Yes, for taking the Ivory Soap from Teewee Jollyco's bathtub and substituting a harsh soap in its place!

The wise Judge sentenced her to solitary confinement and a daily bath with the same harsh soap. And now, dear reader, poor Mrs. Prowl is *pleading* for Ivory! Shall she have it?



NEW! Guest IVORY

What a welcome this dainty new cake of soap is receiving everywhere!

Wrapped in fresh new blue and white. Of just the right size for slim feminine hands.

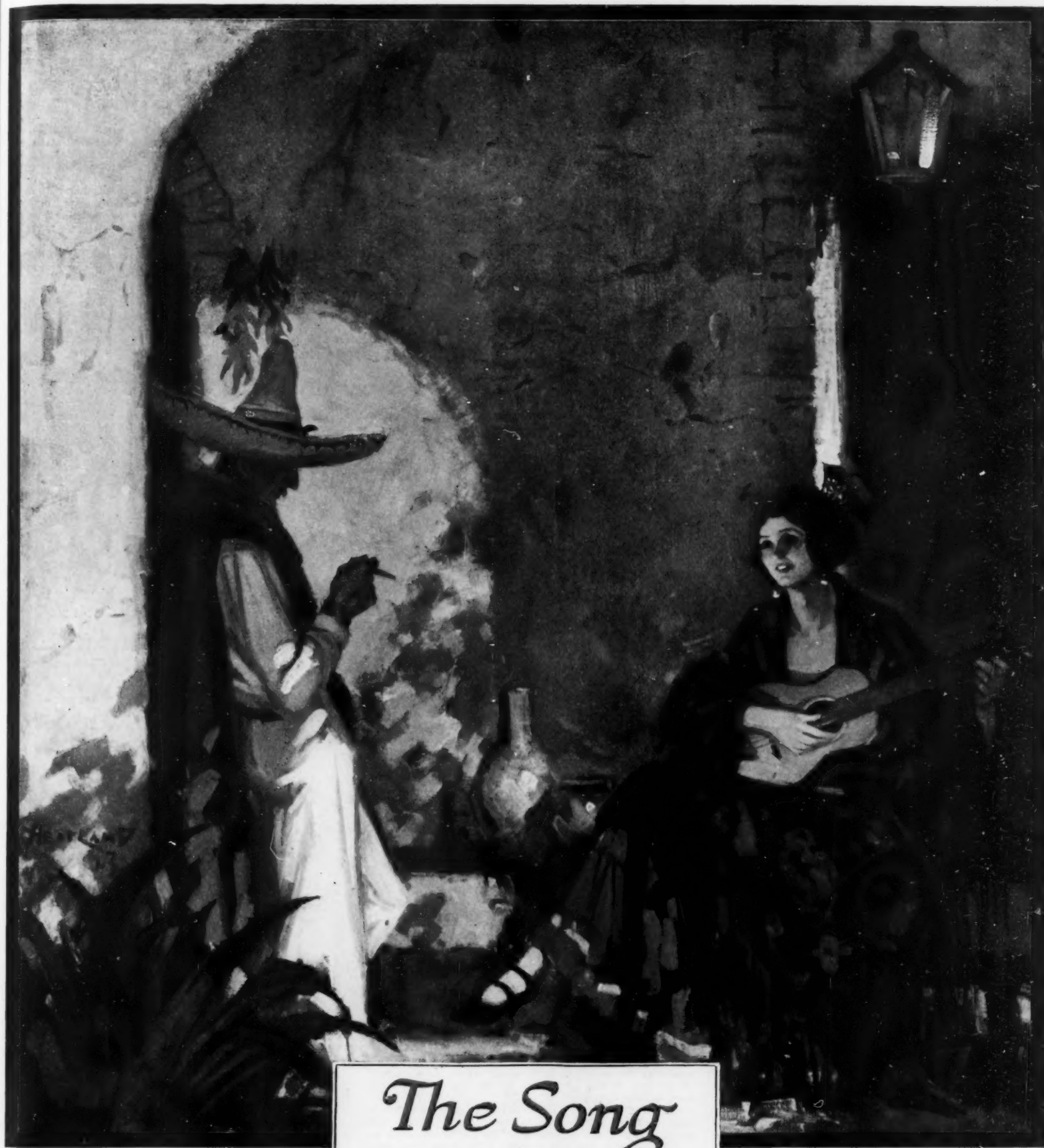
Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is.

Guest Ivory will acquit itself becomingly on your washstand.

As fine as soap can be. Yet five cents is Guest Ivory's modest price.





Illustrated by W. E. Heidland

The Song in the Desert

By
Charles Saxby

HE was known to the district as Pablo Sepulveda, and he came riding up from Mexico like some brilliant leaf blown along on the first chill puffs of the autumn *santaña*. A lean, brown fellow, half of him a pair of white cotton trousers, the rest of him wrapped in a serape of scarlet and green, topped by a battered sombrero. He rode gaily, drumming his heels against the flanks of a piebald pony with a wicked white eye. A flash of grinning teeth under his little black mustache, a sultry Spanish song on his lips, for Pablo's business was the pleasant one of courting a girl—and of winning her too, for he had a way of his own in such matters.

Above him the sky was an expanse of hard blue, beginning to redden in the west. To the north a range of mountains glittered like amethyst, to the south another range stood up like shapes of blue slate; and between them spread this hundred miles of arroyo and mesa, mottled with yucca and sage, with a line of white monuments running across it. To the north of that line were the smoke cloud from the copper smelter, the snaky thread of the railroad and a few gray cubes that marked a town. To the south of it was only emptiness, vast and sullen.

In that pitiless clearness his gay colors, visible for twenty miles around, marked the innocence of his errand.

There were other times, other occasions when, under cover of darkness, Pablo could slip over the border like a gray rat, hardly to be seen or heard at twenty paces. A picturesque fellow, with his hawk profile and black curls, rolling brown paper cigarettes in the palm of one hand, shouting his wicked little song:

*Proque no se lavan
No se lavan con romero. . . .*

IT was Los Nietos, the Ortey ranch, that he was seeking, far out beyond where the huddled houses of Ysleta melted into a fringe of Kafir corn and pumpkins. A lonely place, marked by a few tall cottonwoods. The adobe house, built round three sides of a square, perched on the edge of a deep arroyo at the bottom of which ran a thread of water that, a hundred miles farther on, would become the Rio Grande. A wind-swept place, alternately bleak or sun-smitten, its nearest neighbor the copper smelter five miles away.

*Her father and brother, far down the river,
the wind wailing through those empty
rooms, and Pablo standing be-
fore her—a man vaguely
threatening*

Lonelier than usual it looked in the waning light. Its doors were closed and the first puffs of the desert wind rattled the shutters, swaying the scarlet strings of chilli peppers hanging to dry upon the walls. But as he tied his pony and drank from the great dripping olla, he heard a voice singing in the half courtyard enclosed by the three sides of the house—a voice which could belong only to Antonia Ortey, singing a foolish American song.

Striding round the corner of the house, he called out:
"Ohe en la casa, quien esta alli?"

The song stopped at that. With a haste almost breathless the answer came back.

"Entrar, señor—entrar."

SHE came to meet him. A girl of Spanish blood but born north of the border, warmly rounded by good food and safety. Some touch of race must have come down through the centuries to give her that ivory pallor, those hands, and the arched insteps above her slippers. One could imagine a long-gone Ortey, all pride and threadbare velvet, setting out from old Spain to find a fortune and finding these barren plains of New Mexico. But his blood had come down to this descendant, endowing her with taste, or perhaps coquetry, enough to retain something of her native air. An ancient comb of tortoise-shell and silver,

Something was happening to her—something which brought the gaunt specter of fear into her eyes

a shawl of torn lace draped about hip and bosom, a fan which was entirely superfluous in the chill of that increasing wind.

As she saw Pablo there came surprise, a momentary clouding of her eyes.

"Ay de mí, is it then you?"

"Who else you think it was?" he demanded quickly.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Maybe you think it was that gringo from the copper works, eh?" he suggested sullenly.

"Maybe, and maybe I thought it was one coyote come chicken stealing," she retorted. "What do you this side of the border?"

"Oh, I just come," he answered vaguely, but with a glance which took in the whole place. "Where your mother and sister."

"They go for Yaleta to buy some things."

"And Jose?"

"He go too, to drive that old pig of a mule."

"And your father and Pepe?"

"They go down river, hauling rock." A hint of railleury crept into her tone. "It is too bad, yes, for everybody to be out when you come to make visit."

"You know who I came to see."

"Do I?" Her eyes glowed with an almost unbelievable innocence, coupled with perplexity. "But how shall I know that when you have not told me?"

"I come to see the girl I love."

"O—oh!" She stared in studied pity, sinking her tone to a sympathetic contralto. "Poor Pablo! That mean sister of mine, she go away. Never mind, you just wait and you go see her yet."

"Sister—!" He flung his hat on the ground in exaggerated disgust. "What I care for your sister—eh? It is you I come to see, yes."

"Me—?"

Her surprise seemed so genuine that one imagined it as actually deceiving herself. Then came a laugh, bubbling and irresistible.

"Then that is all right—no? Because, you see, here I am."

"When you go marry with me, Antonia?"

"Marry—?" She drew away, her eyes widening as if it were the first time that she had heard the word. "You want me for marry?"

"Want you? Ah—!" Like some geyser suddenly unpent he poured himself out. A torrent of words as he moved about her, blown like a flame by his own passion. Snapping his fingers he threw them up toward the sky above the walls, then, seizing her hands, he covered her wrists with kisses, all the time murmuring endearments.

"Rosita niña—cor de mi alma—bellissima—"

HE meant it all so; Pablo always meant everything, every instant. But with another laugh Antonia pulled her hands away.

"Not so fast, Pablo mio. You think that Antonia Ortiz is going make marriage with one man from that Old Mexico? No water there, no railroad, no nothing; and you sit and play guitar all day, and at night you sneak across the border for sell aguardiente to those indios at Ysleta."

"But I love you, Antonia."

"Love is good—yes. But the man I marry must have one good job, too."

"One hundred and fifty pieces the month from those copper works, eh?" he sneered. "Too many gringos come for this country now."

"Then if you no like it this side, stay for your Mexico," she flashed.

"Yes, and I going keep you that side the line, too."

"You no got me there yet, Pablo."

"No—not yet," he agreed.

Smiling words, but at the sound of them Antonia, for the first time, realized how alone she was that afternoon. It was only Pablo, of course; Pablo, rather a joke amongst the girls. But somehow she wished that she had gone with her

mother, that she was sauntering in the Ysleta plaza, chaffering for wares, slipping into the old church to bow to the staring-eyed Virgin on the altar. And that Mexico just across the line, into which no one willingly went, and from which no good ever came, seemed suddenly very close.

If she only knew what time it was! But the sun had gone out in a wrack of cloud and flying sand coming up from the south. The place was suddenly dreary in that

"Anybody home?"

Sherwood's voice, echoing gaily from the hitching-rail. Now that it was gone, Antonia realized how great her fear had been; she tried to cover it with assumed annoyance.

"Ah mai—somebody has come. Never mind, I give you one lesson some other day, Pablo."

SHE did it well, but that instant of relief had shown in her eyes, and Pablo gritted his teeth at her in a snarl of understanding.

"So that was your game, eh? 'sta 'ueno, I understand."

Muffling himself again in his serape he stared insolently as Sherwood came around the corner of the house. A sun-burned, bright-haired fellow in work-stained khakis. One of that legion of restless young men who, since the war, have marched across the country like the remnant of some scattered army. That this one chose to work gained him the respect of men, just as his sunny head, and the melting accents to which he could twist his tongue, brought him the favor of women. Still young enough to believe in Romance, he seemed to have found it at the rancho Los Nietos. With a fling of his gaudy serape, Pablo turned for a last word, smolderingly dramatic.

"I come again—yes."

"Any time, Pablo. It always good to see one friend."

As Pablo stalked away, Sherwood turned to Antonia.

"I hope I didn't interrupt?"

"Ah, but you did," she teased, in English. Then her courage left her, and she was merely a girl, white-faced from strain, murmuring incoherencies. "Oh—I been listen, listen for your horse—He frighten me, yes—and I no hear that whistle—I no know if you go come."

It was only the sun breaking through that western cloud wrack, but with his arrival the little courtyard had become a place of light. The dead leaves of the cottonwoods, whirling downward, seemed like flakes of falling gold.

"Frightened you, did he?" Sherwood cried. "Are you alone?"

"Yes, all alone. I been stay for see if you—I mean—"

"Antonia—do you mean that?"

They swayed toward each other, and she was somehow in his arms. A place of amber light and fluttering gold, the wind, which before had seemed so bleak, now playing like a harp through the branches overhead. She leaned against him, a storm of breath and heart-beats upon his young strength.

"You love me—love me—really, really love me?" he asked.

"I think maybe I—like you—just a little. And you—you like me, eh?"

"I love you—love you—love you—"

He said it over and over, that undying litany of love, and with closed eyes and parted lips she drank her fill of the sound of it.

copper-colored light, the strings of scarlet peppers like blood upon the walls. Such a secret place—and with that wind there would be no hope of hearing the four o'clock whistle from the smelter. And even so, it was not certain that the señor Sherwood would come that afternoon. Of course she was sure—but there had been no definite engagement, she had merely stopped at home because she hoped—and there was always the chance of something going wrong at those old copper works so that he could not get away. Her father and brother far down the river, the wind wailing through those rooms empty of any human presence, and Pablo standing there with raised eyebrows, rolling another cigarette! She could not say how, but in some way she seemed to have caught sight of another Pablo, a stranger to her—a man vaguely threatening.

He could not really mean anything, of course, but her voice trembled a little, and to cover it she laughed again, taking up the mandolin which lay on the bench beside her.

"Ah, no talk foolishness, Pablo. Sit down then, smoke your cigarito, and I sing you one song. You won't understand the words, because you do not speak this language, but maybe you like the tune."

She struck a chord in the most ragged of time, then lifted her voice in the approved half-shouting that goes with such songs:

She's mah honey,
Mah huggy honey-bunch of kisses,
Mah ra-bag time Honolulu gal.
She's the only one Ah misses,
Mah huggy honey—

Silly words, set to an air that was a bit of froth from that wave of revolt which has so swept the world these last years. But it might serve for a few moments at least. She remembered the rumors which followed Pablo—that he had been a member of Villa's gang, that he was the most pestilent whisky-runner on this section of the border. And now that smoldering witch-fire in his eyes—she became aware that she was secretly fighting for time. She sprang lightly up.

"There one dance goes to that. Come, I will teach you, then you can dance with all the girls at the next baile in Ysleta; all the girls go just crazy over this dance—"

She caught at his hands, pulling him about, rattling on: "See; like this—one, two—one, two, three—flat on the feet. We got plenty time, nobody come before six o'clock." Laughter and gay unconsciousness were her only weapons, and behind them her ears were quick for the possible sound of trotting hoofs upon the road.

"Again! You must learn it well, and we dance it together at the fiesta. Now, again—one, two—"

Was that really a horse that she heard; did that waning light mean that the smelter whistle had long since blown? She hummed the air more loudly, dragging him through the motions of the dance. Then came relief, so suddenly that it brought weakness with it.

"That more better, yes," she sighed. "I been know it, of course; but I just wanted hear you say it."

"I never got the chance to say it before," he told her hair, her eyelids. "There was always your mother or your sister in the way."

"Yes; that was why I been—stay home, all alone—"

"You did?"

To him that confession seemed as wondrous as if the skies had opened. The grace and wonder of it—and done for him! But something was happening to her—something which blanched her cheeks and brought a gaunt specter of fear into her eyes. She tried to speak, tearing herself away, but the words died in her throat with a choking scream. There came a tearing pain under his shoulder blade, the cottonwoods whirled in enormous menace, the sky went black.

A fallen body, sprawlingly inert, which an instant before had been a young man in all the glory of new-found love—and standing above it Pablo Sepulveda, sneeringly wiping his knife.

"That hombre never going come between me and my girl no more."

"You—you—"

It was all that she could say, her hands about her throat to relieve that terrible pressure from within.

"Yes, me," he answered. "Now you going come with me for Mexico."

MEXICO—that forbidding land so close and yet so removed! She saw herself dragged over into that waste, leaving this prone thing to accuse the skies with its silence. And Pablo going free, while Sherwood lay there! She was a girl, helpless and alone; there was nothing she could do—no, not tears—the time for them would come, but it was not now.

"Mexico—" she heard herself saying. "You go take me there?"

"You think I going leave you here to tell about this?"

"But, Pablo—"

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Beginning an Exquisite Novel of the Orient by the Author of "Red and Gold"



Before me sat the Virgin Queen of Balkh; with a shock I realized that her face was wholly unveiled

Silk

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

A LEGEND . . . AS NARRATED IN THE JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JAN PO,

native of P'ing ling in Shansi, pupil of Ma Ch'ung at Lo yang, mandarin of the eighth rank with button of worked gold.

Arranged and edited by SAMUEL MERWIN. The time is near the end of the first century after Christ; the "So kui" of our Jan is the city of Yarkand. Trajan, newly emperor at Rome, had not yet begun his conquest of Parthia. In China the dynasty of the Later Han had ripened fully in commerce, military power and the arts.

So kui—forenoon.

THIS inn, unlike the more than a hundred caravansaries along the great northwestern highway, is foreign. It is built of a mud that hardens and endures in the dry climate, two stories in height, roofed with poplar poles over which reeds are laid, the whole surmounted with sod. It was strange but rather charming, when I looked out this morning, to see a pleasant array of spring flowers growing on the roofs. And I lay not upon the familiar k'ang of our taverns but on a frame of wood. For thus, in this remote land, they make their beds. And the rug that covered me, in lieu of a quilt, though skillfully enough woven, was barbarously rich in color and design.

Even the window is an oddity, for there is neither wooden grill nor oiled paper, but merely a large rectangular opening through which, as I write, I can see, far in the west, the white summit of the T'song ling, that immense mountain barrier beyond which lie Yue che, An hsi, Ta tsin and the edge of the world.

A note from Wen Fui advises me that General Pan will receive me at noon. It was something of a surprise to learn on my arrival last evening that the commander is here in person on this farthest of frontiers. His general headquarters lie far back to the eastward, near the Lob Nor.

It is one hundred and twenty-six days since I rode out of the Ch'ien gate at Lo yang and turned my face toward Shensi and the great desert beyond. Eight days have been taken up with unavoidable delays, one hundred and eighteen in travel. I have traversed the world, from very near the eastern edge to a point very near the western. I am utterly weary of mind, but my skin is bronzed and my health excellent. Why old General Pan sent for me I cannot imagine. To be sure, he was my father's friend, in P'ing ling. As a child, I remember sitting on his knee. Evidently he has not forgotten me. And if I am really to have his

interest in whatever work I may be set at out here, there should be opportunities to make money and to advance in rank. I shall keep my mouth closed but my eyes open.

Wen Fui said in his note that he would look in on me during the morning. Perhaps he will advise me regarding funds. The cost of this long journey has been distressing. Wen has been here more than a year now, and should know the ropes pretty well.

AS I look back over all I have been able to observe during this extraordinary journey, it is the silk trade that stands out. Silk is shipped westward both raw and in finished forms, but the merchants with whom I have talked at the inns tell me that by far the greatest bulk of it is made up into a thin gauze such as we see very little of in China. Apparently there is a tribe somewhere beyond the frontier that demands it in this form. It is said that their women wear it that way. Really, however, I can't imagine what sort of tribe it can be that will permit its women to array themselves in transparent silks.

The really striking fact regarding this export, however, is the extent of it. I am told that of all the camels traversing the great highway, fully two-thirds carry silk on the westward journey. The other third of the traffic is

made up of furs—martens and foxes—porcelain and bronze, cast iron, lac, jade (which they pick up in Kho tan), incense, rhubarb, cubeb berries and other odds and ends, but much of this lesser traffic is borne by asses and mules or in ox carts.

I relieved the tedium of the journey by trying to estimate the magnitude of this traffic in silk. As my instructions were to travel at express speed, I was continually overtaking large numbers of camels moving along in their deliberate way or resting by the roadside, sometimes fifty or seventy-five in a caravan, sometimes two or three hundred. Every night the inn-compound would be filled with them, and hundreds grouped outside the walls. Lying at

night on my k'ang, in the mood of pleasant contemplation that is the gateway to slumber, I could every night hear them munching and breathing and stirring about. At the larger centers, like Tun hwang and Char chan, there were thousands. Frequently I rode all day, on my pony or in my litter, between long strings of the creatures that often extended as far ahead and behind as I could see. And it is true that nearly all of those westbound were laden with bales of silk.

It is reasonable to conclude that we ship not less than, say, five thousand *tan* of silk a day. That, of course, would be five hundred thousand *chin*. That much in one day! In a year, even making full allowance for the somewhat lighter traffic of winter over these northern wastes, the value of this amount of silk in our own cities would amount to about twenty million *mace*. It is worth much more out here on the frontier; probably double that, after all the costs of carriage are paid and the local trader has taken his profit. . . . And now I cannot resist asking myself what manner of tribe this can be that is in a position to pay upward of forty million silver *mace* a year for our silk—far upward, for there is still more transporting to be done beyond the mountains, it seems, and further profits to be taken—merely because its women must be indulged. The



My confusion, I think, derived from my complete unfamiliarity with this sort of thing. I sat breathless, watching the strange exotic creature before me

Hiong nu, in the days of their strength, when the Emperor Hwang ti built the Great Wall to protect our people from their marauding attacks, couldn't have bought a tenth as much. Furthermore, the western edge of the world is not more than forty days' journey from this very So kui. I have my map spread before me as I write, and can measure precisely. Where is there room for so powerful and numerous a people? The name of this nation is Ta tsin.

This very inn is a humming center of the traffic in silk. The spacious courtyard is crowded with camels. Porters are constantly at work carrying the bales of silk to and from the warehouses that stand within the compound. I find, indeed, that the merchants who frequent the inn are all connected with the silk trade. . . . At this point I should record an odd custom. There is a river in the T'song ling mountains (known among the natives as the Pa mir) which marks the westernmost boundary of the Empire of Han. Beyond this stream no Chinese subject may step. This is the law, enforced by the soldiers of General Pan. It is further the law that our traders may not communicate in any way with those of Yue che, which is the tribal name of the people immediately beyond the T'song ling. Accordingly, it is the practice of our traders to carry the silk up into the mountains and deposit it in open warehouses that stand for a great distance along the bank of this certain river. They indicate on each bale the price they are willing to accept, in silver or rubies or in other foreign commodities—for example, a remarkable red shell known as coral, a brownish gum called amber that may be carved into ornaments as we carve jade, skins of a delicate, sweet wine made of grapes (a fruit unknown to me), boxes of raisins, which are the same dried, and also boxes of a curious dye called henna, kegs of honey (a sweet liquid), wool in bags, broken almonds, laudanum, copper and tin.

WHEN our traders have thus marked their wares and withdrawn, those of Yue che come down to the warehouses, remove the bales of silk and leave in their stead precisely the goods demanded. For so widely are the sons of Han known and respected for their probity in all commercial transactions that neither the prices nor representations as to the contents of the bales are ever

questioned. So it has been, they tell me, since the beginnings of this trade, and so it must be wherever the glory of Han civilization illuminates the outer barbarian night.

Evening. The same day.

MY writing, this morning, was interrupted by Wen's call. Wen has changed. He is no longer the sunny, comical Wen Fui of our student years, but a shrewd and reserved young mandarin. He doesn't laugh as he used, but smiles in a knowing, even in a condescending way. He went to the Yamen with me for my audience with the General Protector, with the understanding that we should afterward visit his quarters for luncheon.

The Yamen grounds, with their three ceremonial gates, their dragon walls, and the roofs of green tile curving up above the poplar trees, were like a bit of the homeland. My reception was more like that of an honored friend than that of an under-secretary. Instead of dismounting at the second gate, we were driven through the third to the inner courtyard. Wen, I could see, was astonished. And his manner stiffened for a time. He knows no more than I why I was sent for.

General Pan greeted me cordially as the son of his friend. He begins to show his years, which must number nearly seventy; his hair and mustache are white. But he still stands erect and moves and speaks with commanding dignity; a majestic figure, indeed, in his embroidered robes, with a ruby thicker than my thumb on his hat and the peacock feather slanting over his shoulder.

He took the seat by the left-hand wall. Wen and another secretary sat opposite, while I had the place of honor on the cushioned k'ang. After a few moments of general talk, His Excellency fingered his teacup and glanced at the two secretaries. Naturally they had to bow and leave. And of course I took pains that my jubilant feelings should

not appear on my countenance, but bowed courteously. It was a delightful moment.

His Excellency then said, "I am told that you have knowledge of the Hunnish tongues."

Recalling the precept of Confucius, "The truly good man is slow of speech," and naturally desiring to make the best impression possible, I considered this remark thoughtfully, and then replied:

"It has been my privilege to learn somewhat of the Hiong nu language, less of the Shan shan, and a little of the Wu sun."

"And you find them, I imagine, not widely dissimilar."

"Yes, Your Excellency. All three are syllabic and based on simple alphabets from some common root. Even the word forms are similar."

"So I have understood." I could see plainly enough that he was studying me. "I am pleased to inform you that I have chosen you for a certain rather important task. We are told that an artisan who wishes to show good workmanship must begin by sharpening his tools, and therefore you will do well to familiarize yourself with the language of the Yue che who live beyond the mountains. You will find it not unlike the Wu sun speech. The only marked difference is a recent mixture with it of phrases from the An hsi, farther west. A teacher will be sent you this evening."

I bowed gravely.

"And now," he continued, "let me ask about your journey."

"It was in itself an education, Your Excellency."

"Indeed! And what thing in particular caught your interest?"

"The enormous quantity of silk that is being shipped to the westward. I am told that most of it is purchased by a people known as the Ta tsin."

"That is so."

"And if I may venture the remark to Your Excellency, I am at a loss to find on my map the space for so considerable a people as these."

He smiled and said, in his gentle way: "A great deal lies beyond the mountains." Then added: "But your remark about the magnitude of the silk traffic indicates a thoughtful



She was as slim as a boy, and danced with a lightness and suppleness of body and arms and hands unlike anything I have ever seen

and inquiring mind. That traffic is the cornerstone of our vast Western Empire. Without it, I and my armies would not be here, the great highway across the desert would again be a mere trail. The wealth it brings to China would support any other empire in the world—save one. And it is a complete monopoly, the greatest monopoly in the world. Not only is the produce of the silk worm confined to our own Middle Kingdom, but the means of its production is unknown in other lands. Many have been the efforts of the Yue che and others to penetrate this secret. It is generally believed beyond the mountains that the silk is made from a plant, as linen is, though some hold that it is a floss scraped from the leaves of a certain tree.

UNDERSTANDING this," he concluded, "you will readily perceive why it has been necessary to guard our secret with the utmost caution. Let the western peoples begin raising their own silk and China will suffer an irreparable blow. Therefore I have been forced to decree that whoever discusses the culture of silk within the hearing of natives on the frontier shall be slain. There are spies here. Trust no one. Particularly as your own work may soon prove to be of peculiar importance."

And then, in high spirits, I departed.

I knew from the expression on Wen's face that he would find adroit ways to pump me regarding the interview from which he himself had been excluded. Among my presents from General Pan were two bottles of the delicious wine of the Yue che. Naturally, I had these set at once on the luncheon table; and I felt that Wen seized eagerly on it as a means of loosening my lips. Certainly he drank much less of it than I did.

"I am delighted to see you beginning your life out here in this auspicious way," he said, as we drank. "From the first, it is plain, you are to be one of us. There is much that you should know by way of background to your particular task. The Yue che, you will understand, are an ambitious people."

"They are ruled now by a girl of seventeen or eighteen and they are making a remarkable effort to reach the court at Lo yang. Early in the winter two envoys appeared, bearing royal credentials and a caravan of presents, and

innocently enough asked permission to travel onward to Lo yang and offer their gifts in person at the throne.

"Pan seized them, of course. They knew well enough that none of the Yue che or the Sogdians or other border tribes are permitted to cross our lines. The presents, from the virgin queen—"

"Virgin?" I cried, incredulously. "An eighteen-year-old Hunnish girl?"

Wen nodded. "That is the common belief. They guard her as the most precious of rubies."

I bent my mind now on the task of following his narrative, concluding it better to exhibit no surprise however wild his statements might seem.

"Among the presents," he continued, "were rubies such as the world has never known. I was given the interesting task of questioning the older of the envoys. We had found on his person a picture of his queen that was painted quite charmingly on an oval bit of ivory. From this"—he spoke drily—"I should say she might be regarded as a rather attractive young person. But the general, naturally, acted without hesitation. This leader of the envoys was a kindly old man. We tortured him slowly and with care, leaving his tongue in to the very last in order that he might yield his secret instructions."

THE Yue che did not resent this treatment of their envoys?"

"Oh, yes. They went so far as to send an embassy to the Wu sun to arrange an alliance against us. But General Pan seized those envoys as well and packed them off home. The queen submitted then, and sent tribute as usual."

"General Pan has great power," I remarked.

"He must have. You will soon come to see the necessity. The fact is, nobody in Lo yang is capable of understanding the conditions out here."

Wen poured more wine and continued: "Possibly General Pan told you of Kan ying's journey?"

He was pumping me again! I gave no sign. But I felt a pleasant glow in all my veins from the wine; and decided, shrewdly, I think, to sip it more slowly.

"That was last year. You recall Kan?"

"Not the five-bottle poet?"

"The same. During the fighting out here he became a general of brigade. General Pan sent him out across the Yue che country to the Southern Sea, there to take ship for faraway Ta tsin. He was gone five months. Kan himself told me much. While at this seaport, he became acquainted with two envoys from this same queen of the Yue che who were bearing gifts and messages of loyalty and submission to our Prince Imperial. These men actually set sail thence. Naturally I reported all this to General Pan."

"The Yue che, perhaps, are too smart for us. We may yet be forced to invade their country and destroy it." He filled my cup again. "I presume General Pan outlined your work for you. Did he speak in particular of the silk?"

I RAISED the cup to my lips; and then, because my hand shook in a telltale way, lowered it. I was about to relate my brief experience at the Yamen when a young woman came into the room, stopped short as her eyes fell on me, and then smiled, as unabashed as any boy.

Wen greeted her with a smile, called her to his knee, and filled his own cup for her. She drank the wine, laughed merrily, and held out the cup for more.

The incident is so close in memory that I cannot yet analyze it dispassionately. I was positively not drunk. The woman—or girl; she was quite young—certainly wore no veil. The civilized custom which prohibits the young women of a man's household from appearing in the presence of other men might quite as well have never had so much as an origin. Either she was ignorant of it, or she ignored it. After the second cup she laughed immoderately and (I must admit) musically, and throwing her arms about Wen's neck placed her lips against his in a curious manner.

Naturally the scene was repugnant to me. I rose, and with a courteous bow walked toward the door. It was necessary,

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They had been dancing indoors at the Country Club. "Well," he said, "it doesn't seem to me I can stand it, but I suppose I've got to"

AMONG the girls who were fond of young Holly Keyes it was thought the knowing thing to say that he had "the Latin touch." By this they did not mean that he had any of the naive grossness sometimes caught third-hand by young America, here and there, from imitations of translations of "Latin" novels; nor did they mean that Holly had any of the Latinism sometimes made known to traveling American ladies in the streets of "Latin" Europe. On the contrary, they meant that he was a lightsome spark, flexibly expressive and of a contagious gayety.

He could do "positively anything" they said, meaning that he had many devices to entertain them; for this tall gentleman was a master of light accomplishments. He was a willing player upon the pianoforte; being one of those dashing young amateurs whose hands sweep the keys like sea-birds running to rise from the water; and he would play you anything you asked for, were it "modern" or "jazz," or both together. He improvised and composed; he had written several charming little songs, both the music and the words, for he "wrote poetry, too," and almost without an effort, at that! Of course he "danced like an angel"—a fallen one—and he drew recognizable caricatures, but not malicious ones.

Moreover he had a light barytone voice with some such touchingly wistful tones in it, even when the song was but vaudeville patter, that Holly's singing could "fairly charm the birds down from the trees."

To the eye of a tired girl he was a refreshing sight, though this is not to say that comrades of his own sex found his appearance fatiguing—the only unmanly thing about him was the perfection of his evenly pale complexion. His features, well enough shaped, were but the adjuncts of his expression, which was what caught and detained the glance of a stranger; for he looked whimsically intelligent. "He seems to know *all* about you!" a young visitor said. "But, in spite of that," she went on, being twenty-two, "he seems to overlook the worst of it and like you. How adorable his hair is, and how perfectly he wears his clothes!"

Holly's mouse-colored hair, apparently varnished and then lightly rubbed down without disturbing the contours, had a slight wave, and his coats were "shaped" a little at the waist. With this he was always of that sparkling neatness attributed in an elderly folk-saw to the new pin; and on top of all these positive virtues he had, as a crowning negative, no vanity at all. He took his accomplishments and himself not seriously but carelessly; he was the friendliest soul alive and would do anything he could for anybody. Consequently he was asked to do a great deal, and the general impression about him was that with all his gifts he would "never amount to anything."

"Why don't you?" a girl asked him one afternoon on the Country Club veranda. She was the visitor from out-of-town who had spoken of the beauty of his hair and the perceptiveness of his glance. "Why don't you amount to something and fool 'em?" she urged him. "Anyhow, why don't you try?"

"I've thought of it sometimes. Why do you think I won't amount to anything? I don't mean I think I shall, myself; I only mean I wonder why they think I won't. What reasons do they give?"

"They don't give any," the girl replied. "They just say, 'Oh, yes; Holly's charming, but of course he'll never amount to anything.' They don't stop to analyze why they think so, you see. They just have that impression of you and let it go at that."

"Well, why do you think they have it?" he asked. She looked thoughtful, concentrating. "I think it's because they all use you," she said. "They know you'll do everything they ask you to, and a lot of polite, thoughtful things, besides, that they don't ask you to. On top of that, you're always the 'life of the party'—you've certainly been the life of every party I've been to since I came here. The trouble is you don't charge anything for it. I mean by that, you don't act as if you were conferring a favor. You let 'em take it for granted you'll do all the 'entertaining,' and carry all the baskets, too. You're expected to run ahead and open the door for everybody, and then be the last to go

The Coincidence

By Booth Tarkington

Author of "The Fascinating Stranger," "Penrod," etc.

Illustrated by W. B. King

How the grasshopper and the ant met at the country club and how the famous fable was reenacted in terms of contemporary life for lovely Virginia Peel; and how a funeral finally provided a modern solution to the eternal question of whether it's the part of wisdom or of folly to "eat, drink and be merry."

out of it. They love you, of course; but they know that they use you and that they don't have to make any returns for it; so they really feel you'll let everybody else treat you the same way, wherever you go and whatever you do."

SO that's it," Holly laughed. "Amounting to something is just getting returns, is it?"

"Well, isn't it? Look at the handsome little man with the 'strong jaw,' Thompson Rennert. He makes everybody feel that he's out to get returns for himself, and they all think he has a great future before him. If you and he both wrote to papa that your intentions were fairly honorable, and if papa *had* to take one of you, it would seem much wiser to let it be the good-looking little Rennert man with the jaw."

"I see," Holly returned, nodding. "You're ambitious." "Not so very, but your wife would have a poor time of it, my friend. When you were a star in theatricals she'd hear 'em say, 'He ought to have gone on the stage!' When she'd sit in the gallery to hear you make an after-dinner speech she'd have to listen to everybody whispering, 'He ought to have been an orator!' And when you'd play or sing: 'Oh, he ought to have been a musician!' Your wife'll always be hearing what you ought to have been; and that's the painfulest thing a wife can hear about her husband."

"Whereas, with little Tommie Rennert—" Holly suggested. "Whereas, with little Tommie, she'd have a husband with a lot of selfish energy, and she'd get to be prosperous and important some day," said the visitor. "Little Tommie Rennert is rather narrow-minded, but he's 'good,' he's affable, he's 'devoted to business,' and he wouldn't do anything for anybody unless he got credit for it. He sent me some sensible flowers—just about a third as many as were in that enormous stack you sent me yesterday—and at the dance that night he expected me to make a fuss over him for it. You sent me a bouquet for a dance you couldn't go to, yourself. No; I'd take Tommie, because he'll get on in the world, and you'll probably be working for him some day."

"What a horrible prophecy!" "You see," she explained, "he'd hire you because he'd think he could make your popularity useful to him in his business. Don't you really see that you'll be working for him some day?"

Holly shook his head ruefully, and for a serious moment he had the look of a person who tests a distasteful morsel in his mouth. Then he seemed to swallow this morsel and to find it a little worse than he had expected. "Lordy!" he said. "What *did* give you that idea? Are you a good prophet usually?"

Miss Virginia Peel, of Lemington, the visitor, looked at him thoughtfully, considering him and his two questions with some gravity before she replied. "I think I'm a good prophet in this case," she said. "I'll tell you why. Wherever you go you find more or less the same types, don't you? Of course everybody's an individual, and in some things different from any other person in the world; and there are lots of people you simply can't get into a catalogue; but when you go from one town to another, or even from one set to another, you're pretty apt to find people that correspond to people you knew where you came from. The way it is with me, when I'm visiting in a place like this, I meet a woman, for instance, and pretty soon I begin to think, 'Oh, yes! I know a lot about you. You're just another Mrs. Calvin Jones; that's what you are!' You see, Mrs. Calvin Jones is a type I've always known in my own town."

"I see," Holly said, and, without any great enthusiasm, he pressed Miss Peel for further explanation. "And when you met me, you said to yourself—"

She nodded. "Yes, I said to myself, 'I know him because he's another Harry Loyd.'"

"Oh, then the Holly Keyes of Lemington is named Harry Loyd?"

"Well, our Harry Loyd isn't quite a Holly Keyes," she said. "Yet he is a lot like you in a great many ways. He's—well, if you'll please bow I'll tell you one thing about him, Mr. Keyes: he's charming."

"Thank you." "You're not very enthusiastic," she said. "Of course we none of us like to be told that we're like some one else, and



"Why don't you amount to something and fool 'em?" she urged him. "Anyhow, why don't you try?"

yet most of us really are. Harry Loyd is like you in other ways than being gay and charming. He plays and sings and tells stories wonderfully, too. He's been 'the life of the party' for years, and carried the baskets and changed the tires and done everything for everybody, and let people use him and walk all over him, and he's always been friendly and ready—and never got any returns for himself."

"But what made you think I'd be a hired man of Tommie Rennert's some day? You said—"

"I know," she interrupted. "That's what I'm explaining. You see we have a Tommie Rennert in Lemington, too. Ours is named Lohrman, Theodore Lohrman. He doesn't look a bit like Mr. Rennert—Mr. Lohrman isn't nearly so good-looking—but he's the same type; the aggressive 'successful business man' and not much else. He started with very little and he's already at the head of what my father calls a 'tremendously rising industry.' Isn't that like Mr. Rennert?"

HOLLY frowned. "I see," he said. "Ah—which do you like best?"

"Do you mean which do I like best: you or Mr. Rennert?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to ask that just yet," said Holly. "I'd be afraid to, especially since you've already told me you'd rather marry Tommie Rennert."

"Oh, no, I didn't; I only said it would seem wiser."

"But you say this Harry Loyd in your town is like me and a Mr. Lohrman is like our Tommie Rennert. Which one do you see the most of: Loyd or Lohrman?"

"Mr. Lohrman."

"You do?" Holly said, and he looked depressed. "You see Lohrman oftener than the one that's like me?"

"Yes. Mr. Lohrman married my cousin."

"Well, that's quite a relief!" the young man assured her, and though he laughed, his relief appeared to be genuine.

"That's some comfort, anyhow!"

"They're both married," Miss Peel said demurely. "Mr. Loyd, too."

"That's some comfort!" Holly returned, brightening still. "I'm glad Mr. Loyd's married, too—though of course he'd never have had any chance with you!"

"He's quite a lot older," she explained. "So is Mr. Lohrman. They're both about forty now, I suppose. That's why it seems to me I can see what you and Mr. Rennert will be like when you two are about forty."

At this Holly's expression became one of dismal foreboding. "Oh, murder!" he said. "I see! That's why you

think I'll be working for Tommie Rennert, some day. My prototype, Loyd, works for Tommie's prototype, Lohrman. Don't tell me it's true!"

"Yes, I will," she said, and laughed at his burlesque gesture of dismay. "They grew up together, just as you and Mr. Tommie Rennert did, and in their youth Harry Loyd and Theodore Lohrman lived the fable of the grasshopper and the ant, just the way you and Tommie are living it now. Theodore had his nose to the grindstone every day while Harry Loyd was out at the Country Club making things lovely for some 'visiting girl'—the way you're doing that for me today. You see it was the summertime of the grasshopper and the ant. The grasshopper was singing in the field while the busy little ant was piling up stores in the ground. Well, when winter came; and Harry and Theodore were middle-aged, the grasshopper's singing and amiability hadn't laid by any stores. Theodore and his wife, my cousin, Judith, have a beautiful big house, and their children go away to the best schools; but Mr. and Mrs. Harry Loyd look almost shabby sometimes; they live in a little frame house that's been needing paint ever so long, and their children won't be able to get anywhere except through high school—not on poor Harry Loyd's twenty-two hundred a year! They say Theodore pays him that just for his popularity, though Harry isn't much use to him as a business man. Couldn't you take it as a warning, Mr. Keyes?"

"I don't suppose so," he said. "Grasshoppers can't be anything but grasshoppers, can they? It's a pretty dismal prospect, though—the winter!" With that he shivered, then laughed. "Well, it's summer still," he went on, cheering up.

"And besides, you aren't a 'type,' and that's a comfort!"

"Why, of course I'm a 'type!'" she returned. "Every town in the world has a girl like me—dozens of 'em!"

"No," he said earnestly. "Lemington is the only place that's got the one. There's only one of you."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because there couldn't possibly be anyone else anywhere that could look so warm-hearted and be so cold-blooded!"

AT this her charming color heightened. "What makes you think I'm cold-blooded?"

"My goodness!" he exclaimed. "Why, the calculating iciness of the way you discuss Tommie Rennert and me! You figure us out as if you were a mathematician with chalk and a blackboard!"

He had become so earnest that she looked at him gravely.

"I don't—quite," she said. "Don't you see I was just warn-

ing you?"

"You mean you were trying to stimulate me out of being a grasshopper," he said. "And at the same time you're sharp enough to see it can't be done."

"Don't you really think it could?" she said, and gave him a clear, full look, wholly serious.

As serious as she was, he returned her look, but shook his head. "I'll never make a 'good business man,'" he said. "It just can't be done. I think I'll probably be lucky if I'm getting twenty-two hundred a year at forty, like your Mr. Harry Loyd. Suppose both Tommie Rennert and I do write to your father: Which do you think you'll vote for?"

SHE laughed aloud and jumped up from the wicker settee. "It isn't necessary to go that far to keep a visitor amused," she said. "Come in to the piano and sing some funny songs: I might begin to take you seriously, if you didn't, and then I should have to think it over!"

"It's my opinion you will, before you leave," Holly said, detaining her. "Tommie Rennert thinks so, too, darn him! We're both getting serious, Miss Peel!"

He laughed, but she saw that he meant it—or, at least, that he was beginning to mean it, and she was far from sure that she wanted either Holly or Thompson Rennert to mean anything of the kind. So she ran to the door that led into the club-house. "Come on!" she cried. "Come and sing for the lady while it's still summer!" Then, abruptly, she turned back to him, blushing a little. "Murder!" she said. "Here's Theodore Lohrman!"

"Who?"

"I mean Mr. Rennert," she explained, hurriedly. "He's coming through the club-house. He didn't see me; but—but he has an expression that makes me think he's looking for me."

"That settles it!" Holly said ruefully. "You already know his looking-for-you expression and he's actually left his old factory to run itself in the middle of the afternoon because you're out here. He's never done such a thing before. I told you it was serious."

"Oh, he may be," she admitted. "But that's only half of—"

At this point she checked herself sharply, for the small and neat figure of Mr. Rennert appeared in the doorway. He was more than small and neat, however; nor was the jaw she had mentioned unpleasantly obtrusive. This young man had a blue eye that could be a cold one, perhaps, on occasion, but it was warm enough now, at sight of Miss Virginia Peel, and, although there was a dryness about him, he had the fortune to be strikingly good-looking.

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Clad in a kimono and with her hair in thick braids, Polly dashed through the night. Satan plunged up a side road

Polly-Put-the-Kettle-On

By Nalbro Bartley

Author of "Up and Coming," "A Woman's Woman," etc.

Illustrated by James H. Crank

IN THE midst of lovely Fanny Duveen's indecision whether to accept an Italian nobleman or a Western millionaire, Gaitwood met, wooed and married her within a fortnight.

Gaitwood was an inventor, with the usual genius's history of prodigally spent money and youth, with the usual genius's impracticable, impulsive temperament, and finally, the tardy reward of international fame. He had come to America, the youngest son of an English county family, impoverished a dozen times at the gaming-tables of Monte Carlo, glowing with the glamour of gipsylike wanderings about the globe. Here he had invented a machine gun about which the government grew secretive when pressed by the curious for details, had followed his first invention by a second and a third. As a result, his bank account had waxed fat; he had been welcomed at the best clubs and finally had found himself in a position to bear away with him, on his return to Europe, the exquisite Fanny—a Virginia belle from her shining hair to her adorable, miniature feet—who left her exclusive circle dazed and gasping with the suddenness of her capitulation.

On the return of the Gaitwoods to America several years later, the world learned that their marriage had been completely successful. There was a little daughter, who was left at the Duveen country homestead while her parents stayed in a house in town.

Two years after Gaitwood's death, when Polly, the child, was a rosy-poly, rosy-cheeked thing of eighteen she was a strange contrast to her mother who, in her late thirties, was as exquisite in her widowhood as she had been in her girlhood. It was then that Polly openly rebelled. The occasion was Mrs. Gaitwood's decree that Polly should make her bow to Washington society.

"I won't be introduced," said this unnatural daughter. "Let me stay at the

Homestead—it won't cost one-tenth as much. It's different with you, darling. Everyone expects you to remarry; you're too sweet and helpless not to. I wish you could be content at the Homestead too, but you'd be bored to tears."

"But what shall I tell them about you?" demanded her mother, more in embarrassment than concern.

"You have seldom told them anything. Why begin now?" Because she was gracious and hated scenes, Mrs. Gaitwood laid her small hand on her daughter's substantial arm. "My dear," she began, "my modiste, Madame Alda, can do wonders—and I shall be very generous about your marriage settlement."

"I don't want any more of father's money. He left it to you because he wished it that way," Polly argued. "A still beautiful coquet needs it more than a wallflower."

Mrs. Gaitwood's pleased protest bore out the statement.

"But promise you won't go in for woman's rights?"

"No; and I shan't trade father's name for a government appointment. I'll just be Polly Gaitwood of the Homestead—"

The Quick and the Dead

ARE the living influenced many times at crucial points in their careers by those who have passed on?

There are those who firmly believe so, who credit the power of dead hands to reach out beyond the grave and to shape the lives of the succeeding generation.

Certainly the mysterious force known to science as heredity is the inescapable heritage of every human being that walks the earth—the contribution of countless ancestors to each child's mental and physical equipment.

With such a central theme—the power of the dead to influence the quick—Nalbro Bartley, famous author, has just completed for McCall's several stories, all exceptionally dramatic and full of strong, swift action.

The first of these, presented herewith, tells the story of Polly who, without her vain mother's beauty or her father's luck, had to get along with only an inheritance of a homely ability to "put the kettle on." But what she did with her asset provides a fine tale filled with stir and human interest from start to finish.

Her mother asserted her authority. Perhaps she suffered from the conviction of having left Polly too entirely to her own resources and wished to make amends. Certainly she could not entirely enter into her daughter's enthusiasm for the charming, historical Homestead, where generations of Duveens had warmed themselves before enormous open fireplaces and grown old with the rotation of the seasons across the quaint old garden behind the white gateposts. She held forth her one inducement while, with pleasing results, she examined her shell-like complexion. "Come; get on your wraps. When I was your age, shopping always sent my spirits soaring."

So Polly "came out"—only to go sleepless to bed after tiresome, unpopular evenings. Her common-sense, well-bred heart hoped persistently that her mother would become engrossed enough in Indian summer romance to forego parental inquisition—perhaps even, in time, to allow her to return to the simplicity of life in the Homestead under the unexacting and indulgent guardianship of dusky Aunt Rachel and Uncle Saul.

YET Mrs. Gaitwood persevered in her dutiful sponsorship for three years. Then, realizing that her daughter was hailed everywhere as "a good pal but not the marrying kind," she permitted Armand Blinet, the poet, on tour in America, to make love to herself. With the subsequent announcement of her mother's second engagement came Polly's second rebellion.

"I'm glad for you, dear," she had told her beautiful little mother. "Armand will worship you—and father's money will buy you good-looking pedestals! You will preside over another gold-and-blue salon, and you'll fade beautifully—like a butterfly under glass. Armand will remain adoring and poor. I can picture everything about it, excepting me." (It was this "excepting me," that marked the second rebellion of Polly.)

There was a heart under the silk frills and diamond bar pin which caused Mrs. Gaitwood to ask tenderly: "Can I leave my big girl all alone?"

"You left the little one," Polly reminded her. "She survived. Oh, I'll get on famously. Perhaps when I turn a futile fifty, I may take to cats and a paid companion, but I'll do nothing more impossible. You'll be a marvelous seventy-odd by then, with your white hair set off by jet combs."

"Be sensible!" her mother argued briefly. (It was almost time for Blinet to call.) "What will you do when I marry?"

"I refuse to use father's genius as my vaulting-pole to shoddy notoriety. But then, you can't understand how I feel. Father and you—" she paused, but went on "—were never my friends."

"I shall give you the homestead and ten thousand dollars," her mother decided; "just now that is all I feel I—"

"Ample!" Polly spared her the conclusion of that sentence. "I realize I haven't seemed

worth ten thousand! I hope this isn't bitter—but you've made it very clear that I was the *tertium quid*."

"How will you get along?"

"I'll be Polly-put-the-kettle-on," answered her daughter.

After her mother's remarriage, Polly indulged in introspection. Her immediate quarrel with the universe was based on the fact that she had had too unusual parents to be credited with a normal life of her own. They had left an exaggerated yardstick with which the world insisted upon measuring her.

She must, she decided, live down her marvelous parents!

So she retired to the time-worn, white Homestead, with its wide porches, its cracked hearthstones, its store of unique, treasured, unreplaceable heirlooms, and became Polly-put-the-kettle-on



to the tune of dollars and cents. While Madame Blinet, in Paris, presided over her blue-and-gold salon, social Washington whispered that Polly Gait-wood had turned the Duveen Homestead into a tea-house. She permitted tourists to linger in the sacred rooms!

She featured Virginia fruit-cake made by the skillful hands of Aunt Rachel! One might almost suspect Polly of accepting tips! Shamelessly she had sent out cards announcing her venture. She even showed herself hopeful of receiving mail orders.

It was like converting a deserted shrine into a souvenir booth. But, recalled her pleasantly horrified critics, had she not displayed impossible common sense from the first?

Cantering home from the post office on her black saddle-horse, Satan, a month after her twenty-third birthday, Polly gathered that something unusual had taken place at Homestead. At its gates hovered the faithful figures of Aunt Rachel and Uncle Saul. As soon as they saw her they began agitated gestures. Uncle Saul, unable to wait until Satan turned into the drive, tottered down the road, holding up an excited hand.

"What's broken loose?" Polly demanded, reining Satan down to a walk. "Don't tell me that last batch of cake is burnt. It's all ordered for Sam Blatchford's wedding. It can't be the 'hants'!" She laughed down at the old darkey. "'Hants' only come when the wind blows woo-o-o, and it's dark, and you bark your ankles getting upstairs away from them."

"Tain't no hants, Miss Polly," the old man assured her. "But hants dey is in dat cellar, efn I ain't—"

"The haunted tea-house. What an ad!" She let Uncle Saul lead Satan. "Well, at least they're considerate hants. They don't eat up our cake and nick our teacups, as some people do!"

UNCLE SAUL chose to ignore her reproachful glance. "Miss Polly, dem hants is a-screechin' and a-yellin' ebry time I—" "Oh, come, Uncle Saul!" She flicked him with the tassel of her whip. "It's just a game you play with Aunt Rachel, to see which can be the more afraid. If we have any ghosts at Homestead, they are sweet old heirlooms that slip about in the sunshine. Now, what else has happened?"

"Honey chile," they had entered the driveway, and Aunt Rachel contemptuously set her husband aside,—"dey's a pow'ful fine-lookin' man asleep in yo' li'l parloh. He's—" She cast about for delicate but definite phraseology—"he's done imbued hisself with sperrits, so's he can't fo' to stand. When he fust come in, I didn't see how imbued he was—"

"Den she calls me," Uncle Saul broke in. "I see he wan't fit fo' to be moved, kase he's a gen'leman, a handsome, pow'ful-built gen'leman. And so, honey, I axed him to sit down twell his head cleared; den folks come in fo' tea, an' I showed him out into yo' li'l parloh—"

It was Aunt Rachel's turn. "An' after my ole man got him in, he fell in a heap. Dah he lay, eber since."

"Charming!" said Polly, as she dismounted. "As long as Uncle Saul knows he's a gentleman, I suppose he may sleep in my little parlor. Has he been here before?"

Aunt Rachel's face registered suspicion. "No, honey," she answered. "An' I has de feelin' he neber oughta come heah now."

"He probably didn't consult a road map," Polly suggested.

"He's dat much a gen'leman," insisted Uncle Saul, "when he done wake up an' finds hisself in yo' li'l parloh, he neber come back no mo'."

Polly's little parlor was a place of past treasures and present business transactions into which no transient guest was ever invited. It still seemed to her to bear an atmosphere of sweet, faded romance—a ghostly aura of long-gone generations of Duveen beauties who had sewed on their trousseaux within its time-scarred walls. She turned toward the house, a little resentful of the inebriated gentleman's intrusion.

She went around to the side entrance and down a short hall, then opened the parlor door softly. The "pow'ful-built gen'leman" lay outstretched on the floor, one slim

hand tightly clenched as if his spirit-imbued dreams were far from peaceful.

He was rather young, she observed sympathetically, as she knelt beside him, and something or someone had hurt him deeply; for there were queer, half-defined lines of pain around his mouth. His uneven black brows grew almost together above the uneven, long nose of a philosopher. His parchment skin was proof that he had lived under a tropic sun. She liked his aggressive chin; and before he opened his eyes in half-awakening she knew that they would be large and the color of topaz.

She did not move as he looked at her and lapsed back into sleep. It was Aunt Rachel's appearance at the door that caused her to rise and draw the shades low.

"Let him sleep it out," she ordered, her expression more tolerant than horrified.

"Bless us, chile, dey's mo' folkses a-turnin' in!" Aunt Rachel seemed convinced that the entire world would come poking into the little back parlor. "What we gwine do?"

LET them come. I've locked the door. He can get out of the window if he's too ashamed to stay and explain." The simple directness of her answer silenced Aunt Rachel.

Until after seven that evening the Homestead tea-house seemed the most popular spot in the surrounding Hybla Valley.

The fruit-cake for the Blatchford wedding had to be rifled and a new batch stirred.

Two guests begged to buy pieces of china, another stole a fork. Uncle Saul received a dollar tip, which Aunt Rachel

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The door flew open, and a man, holding a rifle in open hostility, demanded "What do you want? Be quick, woman!"

Tetherstones

By Ethel M. Dell

Author of "Charles Rex" "The Lamp in the Desert," etc.

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

What Has Happened in the Preceding Instalments

WHAT was the mystery that brooded over the Dermots—that strangely cultured family who cultivated the great farm called "Tetherstones" because of its nearness to the famous stones that had marked the site of ancient druidical sacrifice?

Frances Thorold could only guess that there was such a mystery—could only feel it, vaguely, pulsating through the air of that strange place. She had found shelter in the rambling farmhouse when she had fled from the too ardent wooing of Montague Rotherby, and, penniless and ill, had remained, loving little Ruth, the blind child of the household, feeling a growing sympathy closely akin to love for the bad-tempered son, Arthur, pitying old Mr. Dermot, scholarly and, she suspected, not quite sane.

Now, in the conversation of kindly old Dr. Square, her physician, she is given a further hint of the thing that makes the Dermots unlike other families.

Part Four

FRANCES told the doctor of her drive in the dog-cart to the Stones, and he expressed some surprise that Arthur had taken her there. "He usually avoids the place like the plague," he said. Her curiosity awakened. "Do you know why?" she asked.

"Yes, I know," said Dr. Square.

She looked at him. "Is it a secret?"

She thought his red, wholesome face had a dubious look, but he answered her without actual hesitation. "Not that I know of. Naturally they don't talk about it here at Tetherstones. It was the scene of a very unhappy tragedy some six years ago." Her eyes rested upon Ruth, busy among the corn-sheaves at a little distance. "It was one of the sisters," he said, "the child's mother—a lovely girl. She died up there in a blizzard one winter night. She was out of her mind at the time. She took the little one with her. When we found them, she was frozen stiff, but the child still lived. Poor mite! She'd better have gone with her mother. She is not like other children, Miss Thorold. She never will be. She is just—a little bit of heaven strayed down to earth. She is one of those the gods love."

"But they take so little care of her!" said Frances.

"It is far better she should lead a natural life," he said.

"She is just like a flower of the field. She will have her little day, Miss Thorold. They are wise to leave her alone. Cooped up within four walls she would never have lived so long. Freedom is life to her. She is one of the happiest little souls I have ever met. We need not pity her too much."

MIDDAY came, and with it Lucy and Nell to take her back to the house. It was no great distance across the field to the garden, but it taxed her powers somewhat.

At the house Maggie joined them with kindly concern on her rosy face.

"You do look tired," she said. "Come and sit down in the kitchen for a little and see mother scalding the cream!"

Frances went in and was welcomed by Mrs. Dermot in her gentle, tired fashion, and made to sit down in a high-backed, wooden arm-chair.

The girls buzzed around her, and she had almost begun to forget her own pressing problem in the homely atmosphere when a sudden angry shout rang through the house, and in a moment every voice in the kitchen was hushed.

Frances, who was speaking to Mrs. Dermot at the moment, saw her put her hand to her heart. Maggie came to her quickly and put an arm around her. But she spoke no word, and the silence was terrible. Then from the stone passage outside came a voice, Arthur's voice, short and peremptory.

"I'll stand no more of this, and you know it. Let me pass!"

There was a brief pause, then an answering voice—the broken, quavering voice of an old man. "I have no wish to keep you here. You come into my room, tamper with my belongings, threaten me. I only ask you to go. What have I done that I should be treated like this?"

"What have you done?" A sound that was inexpressibly bitter followed the words. "Well, not much on this occasion perhaps. But I warn you, it had better not happen again. I will have no more of it. You understand?"

"No." Sudden dignity dispelled all agitation in the rejoinder. "I do not understand how my son can bring himself to treat his father with a brutality that he would not display toward the dog in the stable. I protest against your behavior, though I am as fully aware as you are that I have no remedy."

"None, sir, none." Again that horrible jarring note was in Arthur's voice. "It would be as well if you always bore that in mind. I am the master here."

"You are a damned blackguard," said the old man in a voice that was deadly cold. "Now leave my room!"

There came the instant closing of a door, a step outside, and Arthur entered. The veins stood out on his forehead; his face was terrible. He looked round the kitchen, paused for a moment with his eyes upon Frances as if he would speak; then, without a word, took a glass from the dresser, and went out to a pump in the yard.



The others stood about with slightly bowed heads, staring tenderly at the little

Mrs. Dermot drew a deep breath and gently released herself from Maggie's arm. She turned and busied herself over the fire.

He entered again almost immediately, the tumbler half-full in his hand. He went straight to his mother and murmured something in a low voice. She shook her head in silence. He drained the glass and set it down. Again his look went to Frances. Then a faint sob came from Lucy, and he swung round upon her with a scowl.

SHE recoiled from him, and instantly Nell the valiant sprang into the breach. "Oh, for goodness sake, Arthur, stop ramping!" she said. "Go away if you can't control yourself, and come back when you feel better! We'll have dinner ready in twenty minutes."

"Then you can send mine out to the farmyard," he rejoined curtly. "I'll wait for it there." He was gone with the words, and there went up a breath of relief from the kitchen at his exit.

"Hadn't we better get to work?" said Mrs. Dermot in her weary, subdued voice.

Frances stood up. "I will go up to my room," she said. She passed on, feeling oddly shaken. As she rounded the corner of the stairs, Oliver came clattering in. He stopped her without ceremony.

"I just want a word with you, Miss Thorold."

"Oliver, what's the matter?"

"A friend of yours was outside here today, asking for you. That is to say, he asked Ruth about you, for I asked her what he wanted and she said he gave her a message for you."

"Yes; that is so," Frances said. "But what—what—"

"What business is it of mine?" he said. "It isn't my business, that's straight. You get that friend of yours out

of the way—quick! Understand? There's no time to be lost. If he stays in the neighborhood there'll be trouble. You tell him to go, Miss Thorold! It's a friend's advice, and for Heaven's sake, take it!" He spoke with great earnestness.

"He's in danger. I can't tell you what it is."

Oliver saw her distress. "Don't be upset!" he said. "There's no harm done yet—not so far as I know. But don't let him hang round any longer! If Arthur were to get a sight of him—" He broke off. "Hope we shall see you in the field again. It's good weather for harvesting."

She knew from his tone that he was speaking for the benefit of a third person. She knew that Arthur was standing at the end of the passage, and she began to ascend the stairs. She knew that he was coming up behind her.

In her room, she could only fall panting into the nearest chair. She heard his feet upon the stairs. He reached the open door and stopped. "Miss Thorold!" he said.

He came in without further ceremony. He bent over her; then suddenly knelt beside her, and she felt the strong grip of his hand on hers.

"There's nothing to frighten you," he said, in his deep voice, and she knew that for some reason he was moved.

SHE leaned her head against the back of the chair, battling with her weakness. "I am not very strong yet," she managed to say. The gentleness of his voice amazed her; it had the sound of a half-suppressed appeal, and something within her stirred in answer. Again that sense of comradeship possessed her in spite of all misgiving. She smiled at him without speaking, and somehow his answering smile sent a quick thrill to her heart.

"I've found your letter," he said, "the one you lost in the garden. Do you want it back, or may I destroy it?"



broken form, and Frances sat upon the bed to wait, as all in that house were waiting, for the coming of the Angel of Death

She looked up at him. "Where is it now?"
 "In my pocket," he said. "Do you want it?"
 "I think I had better have it," she said.

The next moment she found the missing letter thrust into her fingers, but she did not even look at it. She was staring at his retreating figure as he went out and closed the door sharply behind him.

SHE had it in her hand at last—that letter which had caused her so much doubt and anxiety. He had found it—he must have found it—under the cedar-tree the night before. Why had he kept it back? An odd thought came to her, born of that strange new note of appeal that she had begun to hear in his voice—a thought which sent the blood to her face in a great wave and for a moment almost dazed her. Was it jealousy that had prompted him? He had known that her letter was from another man. He had almost openly done his best to counteract that other man's influence upon her. He had taken her to the Stones only that morning in the hope of inducing her to be frank with him regarding her adventure there. It was not curiosity—it could not be mere curiosity—that had actuated him. And then Oliver's warning flashed upon her, illuminating all the rest. With a gasp she faced the situation, suspicion merging into certainty, amazing but irrefutable. He cared for her, this extraordinary man. Frances arose and went unsteadily to her dressing-table to stare in stupefaction at her own reflection. What on earth did they see in her—the faded, the drab, the tired? She gazed for a long, breathless space, and slowly her eyes widened. What were those words he had said to her that morning? Vividly the memory rushed upon her, and his eyes—the look in his eyes, as they had rested upon her. . . . "You were not intended for a slave."

Was it this that they saw in her—a slave who had broken free—her shackles in the dust? Was it this that she had suddenly seen in herself? It was this that had stirred within her in answer to that unspoken appeal for understanding. It was this that had inspired that sense of comradeship between Arthur and her.

She had called it intuition, sympathy. But now—she knew now that it had another name. And what was she going to do? Was she prepared to yield herself to it, her cherished independence, her very life, and become a slave again, perhaps to cower as Lucy had cowered from his ungoverned fury! But no! She would never do that! Sheer pride came to her aid, and she straightened herself with a little smile of self-ridicule.

"Well, we will put a stop to this anyhow," she said with decision. "And then we must consider the best and safest way of leaving Tetherstones without giving rise to foolish conjecture. I shall get over it all right. It's a pity of course, but it isn't big enough yet to hurt me much. If I had been younger—" She lifted her head suddenly. "But, dash it, I'm not so old as that. If Arthur loves me he must get rid of his retinue of slaves and take the trouble to win me."

BUT even as she said it, a little gibing voice rose up in her soul and mocked her. Who was she to say from what small beginnings Love the Immortal might spring? She opened her letter almost absent-mindedly, and began to read it.

Circe—beloved enchantress, (so the letter ran). Am I to have no word from you? It is getting urgent, and I have news for you. First, let me make a confession! When I left you that evening at the cottage, I stole one of your sketches—the one of the stepping-stones. I sent it to a friend of mine in town, and have today received it back.

He speaks very highly of it, and declares you have a living in your talent, if not a fortune. How does that appeal to you? The old woman tells me you are better, but that you are staying on at Tetherstones. I must see you somewhere where we can talk, undisturbed. Will you come to the Stones tonight at ten? I will wait for you there.

Yours with all my love, as ever,

M. R.

So that was why he had written a second time! He had news for her. Such news as she had little expected—news that made her heart leap wildly. This was freedom. This was deliverance. Both came to her by his hand!

No further doubt existed in her mind with regard to meeting him. She would certainly meet him. She put his letter away with a businesslike precision that wholly banished her agitation. It was the best tonic that she could possibly have received.

SLOWLY the harvest moon mounted in the sky. Frances rose at last and wrapped her shawl about her. The night was warm, and she would not be long. She had not heard Arthur pass her door, so she concluded that he was still in the kitchen. She had thought the whole matter out and decided upon her plan of action. There was a casement window in the parlor, easily opened and near the ground. She would not need to pass the kitchen to reach this room, and only the window of the old man's study overlooked that corner of the garden. She felt sure that he would have retired long since, and even if he had not, he was the last person in the world to act the spy.

She crept to the head of the stairs and paused. As she did so, she heard the soft opening of a door a few yards behind her, and a chink of light gleamed along the passage. It was impossible to return to her room unobserved, but she was dressed in gray and the shawl she wore was a dark

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one. She knew herself to be invisible against the wall in the gloom, and she stood up against it and waited.

Arthur came up the stairs heavily, as if weary. He carried no light, but he had not extinguished the glimmer below.

Slowly he ascended the stairs. But he came on and passed her without a sign. Then she heard him go into his own room and close the door.

It was her opportunity, and she seized it. Swiftly she began to descend the stairs. They creaked beneath her feet notwithstanding her utmost caution, but no sound came to her from above. Reaching the foot, she discovered that the glimmer of light came from the half-open kitchen door. Evidently a lamp was burning within, and that seemed to indicate that Arthur meant to return. She slipped into the dark passage that led to the parlor.

She thought she knew the place by heart, but there was one thing she had forgotten. Half-way to the parlor, in an angle of the wall, there stood an old oak settle, and into this she suddenly ran headlong. The settle scraped on the stone floor with the force of the impact, and she herself fell over it with arms outstretched, bruised and half-stunned with the violence of the collision. It all took place so rapidly, and her dismay was such, that she scarcely knew what had happened to her ere the sound of feet on the stairs told her that she was discovered. She sank down in a quivering heap on the floor, gasping and helpless, no longer attempting any concealment. And in another moment Arthur had reached her, was bending over her, feeling for her, lifting her. She gave herself into his hold with a curious sense of fatalism.

He carried her to the kitchen and set her down there in the leathern arm-chair. His face was a mask of anger. He did not speak to her, but went to a cupboard in the wall and took therefrom a bottle and a glass. Weak and trembling from her fall, she watched him pour out a small dose of spirit and add water from a jug on the dresser. Then he came back to her, stooped and put it to her lips. His arm was behind her head as she drank.

The dose steadied her, and she sat up.

"I am so sorry to have given you this trouble," she said. "You will think me very strange, but I am

afraid I can't explain anything. I will go back to my room."

He set down the glass with decision and spoke. "I am sorry to appear unreasonable. But I am afraid I can't let you go back to your room at present." She turned and gazed at him. "What on earth do you mean?"

His look came to her, and his anger seemed to smite her as with physical force. "My reasons, like yours, won't bear explanation," he said.

"Are you mad?" she said.

He was standing squarely in front of her. He smiled—a smile that turned her cold. "That I can't tell you. I have got you here—in my power. And I mean to keep you. If that is madness, well—he lifted his shoulders slightly—"then I am mad."

She stared at him in growing apprehension. He was so deadly calm in his anger. He had looked away his fury as if it were a flaming furnace behind iron doors. But his strength was terrible, unsparing. But her spirit was reviving. Very suddenly she rose and faced him. "This is more than I will endure," she said, speaking briefly and clearly. "Nothing on earth shall keep me in this room against my will!"

SHE needed to pass him to reach the door into the passage. He stood squarely in her path.

"There is such a thing as brute force," he said.

She looked him straight in the eyes. "You wouldn't dare!"

His eyes leaped to flame, holding hers. "Don't tempt me!" he said, between his teeth.

"Do you think you are going to treat me as one of your slaves?" she asked contemptuously, and made to pass him.

He flung out an arm before her. His voice came, low and passionate. It was as if the locked doors were opening. She felt the scorching heat behind.

"If you attempt to pass me, you do it at your own risk," he said. And very slowly his arm fell. She stopped. His eyes seemed to be consuming her. In spite of herself, she shrank, averting her own.

There followed a silence that was appalling.

She spoke at length. "I don't understand you. What is the matter?"

"Do you really wish me to be more explicit? Why are you trying to creep out of the house by stealth? Answer me!"

She lifted her head and faced him.

"What is that to you? Does the fact that I have been your guest—your helpless and involuntary guest—entitle you to control my movements? You may keep me here against my will, if you are coward enough. But you will never induce me to confide my affairs to you. And let me tell you this! When I leave this

There was something in his eyes that besought her. Involuntarily she thought of a wounded animal

house, I shall never—no, never—enter it again!"

Fiercely she flung the words, realizing that it was only by launching

herself on the torrent of her anger that she could hope to make any headway against him.

She saw sudden mockery that gleamed in his eyes. He spoke, and his words cut with a stabbing accuracy straight through the armor of her indignation. "Had I known—what I now know," he said, "what I might have known from the beginning from the manner of your coming, I certainly would not have entertained you in this house. I have my sisters to think of."

"Ah!" she said, and no more; for words failed her. The horror of it overwhelmed her utterly and completely. It seemed to her that she had never known the meaning of pain until that moment—pain that bereft her of all normal self-control—pain that made her gasp in sheer agony. And then there came the consciousness of his arms surrounding her. He lifted her, he held her to him, and she felt again the awful flame of his look, consuming her.

"And I loved you!" he said. "I—loved you."

She fought against him breathlessly, feeling that if his lips touched hers life would never be endurable again. But he mastered her without apparent effort. With that dreadful smile upon his face he overcame her spasmodic struggles for freedom. He kissed her, and by his kiss he quelled her resistance; for she felt the fires of hell, and fainted in his hold.

LATER, when consciousness was returning, she lay gazing at the oak rafters of the kitchen. Her brain was groping for the truth, and the truth was coming to her gradually. She remembered her flight down the stairs, her headlong fall in the passage. She remembered the coming of Arthur, the brief interview in the kitchen, his terrible unspoken accusation. She remembered his kiss. . . . Again the anguish burned her soul; she thrust it from her with a sick shudder. Then she awoke to the fact that she was lying on the stones before the fire with a man's coat spread under her. Trembling, she raised herself and found she was alone. The lamp that had burned on the dresser was gone. She found the table within her reach and dragged herself up by it. At last with difficulty she made her way to the door that led into the passage, turned the handle and found it locked. Her heart stirred oddly within her like a stricken thing too weak for violent emotion. She crept round the room to the door into the yard. This also was locked and the key gone. The window was barred. She was a prisoner.

She went to the window and stood before it. It looked out on thick laurel bushes that successfully screened the farm-yard from view. Standing thus, there came to her a sudden sound across the stillness of the night, a sound that seemed to galvanize her to a more vivid consciousness of tragedy—the report of a gun. It was followed immediately by another, and then the silence fell again—a silence that could be felt. Tensely, with every nerve stretched, she listened. But the moonlight and the silence possessed the world.

She began to think of the Stones, of Rotherby and his fruitless vigil. And then—a thing of terror leaping out of the darkness—another thought seized upon her. Oliver's warning—Rotherby's danger—the gun-shot she had just heard. Following that, came the memory of her letter, delayed and at length delivered. That brought illumination. The letter had been opened and read. It was from that letter that Arthur had framed his conclusions. Recalling it, she realized that it had been couched in the terms of a lover. But what vile impulse had induced him to open it? And by what means had Oliver become aware of the danger? Her brain was alert now and leaping from point to point with amazing rapidity. Oliver's knowledge had come from Ruth. Then there was some reason apart from that letter to herself for which Montague Rotherby was accounted an enemy. Remembering Oliver's very obvious anxiety, she marveled, seeking for an explanation. Was he aware of Arthur's passion for herself? Had he really feared that jealousy might drive him to extremes? She found herself shivering again. Had Rotherby been surprised at the Stones, waiting for her? Had Arthur—

Slowly the minutes crawled away.

Her lips were repeating the words of a prayer when through the dreadful stillness there came at length a sound—the soft trying of the handle and then the turning of the key.

FRANCES raised her head. A small white figure stood on the threshold, barefooted, with face upraised, listening.

"Are you here?" whispered a childish voice.

"My dear!" Frances said.

The little figure came forward. The moonlight fell upon the upturned, flowerlike face. "Please will you take me to sleep with you tonight?" she said.

Strength came back to Frances. She got up and went to the child.

"What made you come to me here, Rosebud?" she said.

"I thought you called me," Ruth answered. "But perhaps it was a dream. I thought you were frightened, as

[Turn to page 48]



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you were that night at the Stones. You are very cold. Are you frightened?"

"I have been," Frances said.

"Shall we go upstairs?" said Ruth, with soft fingers entwined in hers. "And perhaps you will be able to sleep."

They went out into the passage. But here a sudden sound made her pause—it was the opening of the door that led into the garden.

Ruth pulled at her hand. "It is only grandpa. He is always late to bed."

But Frances drew back sharply. "You run up, darling!" she whispered. "I can't come yet."

"Oh, please come!" said little Ruth.

BUT though she heard a piteous note in the child's voice, she could not. "Run up!" she repeated. "I will come afterward—if I can."

She saw Ruth start obediently but somewhat forlornly up the stairs, and she drew herself back into a deep recess under the staircase and crouched there, not breathing. It was the old man who had entered. She discerned him dimly as he came up the passage, moving with the weary gait of age. He paused at the kitchen door as though he were listening. But in a moment he pushed open the door and entered, closing it behind him.

Then the impulse to escape came to her. She saw the place as a monstrous prison, herself a captive guarded on all sides, helpless. And then this solitary chance of freedom.

Swiftly upon the closing of that door, she left her retreat, stole along the passage to the door, lifted the latch and was out upon the brick path in the moonlight. She saw no one and as a thief she crept along in the shadow of the house to the gate that led into the farmyard. It opened at her touch. She reached the further gate and found it stood open to the lane. Very steadily she passed through and began to walk down the hill between the steep banks.

Then there sounded on the hill behind her the whirr of an engine, the slipping of wheels in the mud. Quite calmly still she turned and faced the lights of a small car coming rapidly down upon her.

"Who is it?" cried a man's voice. "What the devil do you want? I'm in a hurry."

The voice was agitated; it had a desperate sound.

"Will you take me with you?" she said. "I am going your way."

"Frances!" he said in amazement.

"Will you take me?" she repeated.

"Of course I will take you! Get in! Get in!"

The next moment they were rushing down the lane into a gulf of blackness, and she knew that the prison-walls would menace her no more.

Of that wild rush through the night Frances never recalled any very clear detail. Her companion never spoke to her, his whole attention apparently being occupied in forcing the utmost speed from his car. In the end they ran into a little town and straight up the one broad street to an inn.

"Is this where you are staying?" Frances said.

"Yes," said Rotherby. "Will you get out?"

She turned in the seat and faced him. By the light of the moon he looked ghastly pale, but he managed to call up a smile.

"If there is another inn in the place I'll go to it," said Frances.

"I'm afraid there isn't," said Rotherby. "But you needn't be anxious on that account. I'll call you my sister if you like."

His manner reassured her. Moreover, he had the look of a man at the end of his strength. She wondered what had happened to affect him so. She got out of the car. He extended a hand to push the door back for her, but very strangely the intention was frustrated.

He suddenly uttered an inarticulate exclamation and grabbed at her arm. She was aware of his whole weight flung abruptly upon her.

Several dreadful seconds passed, then he made a determined effort and straightened himself. As he did so, she felt the sleeve of his coat at the elbow and found it wet through. A ghastly doubt assailed her.

"What has happened?" she said through trembling lips. "Your arm! Is it—is it?"

"Blood? Yes. I got it in the shoulder. Don't be frightened! I shall get over it. Can you open the door?"

His voice was low, but like an agonized scream, smothered in restraint.

Frances opened the door with a sick wonder if the horrors of that night would ever pass. Rotherby staggered in, and she followed him closely. He had mastered himself to a certain extent, and she heard him speak with some authority to the shock-headed landlord who came sleepily out of the bar-parlor to meet them.

"This lady is my sister. Can you give her a comfortable room for the night?"

"There's the room you told me to prepare, sir," said the man, with a loutish grin.

"That'll do. Take her to it! See that she has everything she wants! Good night, Frances! You follow him! I shall see you in the morning."

Frances stood hesitating. The landlord waited at the foot of a steep, ill-lighted staircase.

"That's all," said Rotherby. "I'm sorry I can't do more tonight."

He was obviously putting strong restraint upon himself. Frances waited a moment longer, then spoke.

"I can't—possibly—leave you like this. You have been hurt."

"I shall be all right," he said again. "It isn't serious. I'll see a doctor in the morning if necessary."

"You must let me help you," she said. "You must."

He yielded the point abruptly. "Very well—if you wish it. Get some hot water, Jarvis! I've had a bit of an accident."

THEY went up together, Rotherby stumbling until she gave him her arm to steady him. He directed her into a room with an open door, and they entered, he leaning upon her. The moonlight flooded in through the uncovered window, and she saw that it was a bedroom with an old four-poster bed. She helped Rotherby to it, and he sank down upon the foot with a sigh of relief.

She lighted the gas that flared starkly in the shabby, old-fashioned room. With the utmost care she helped him remove his coat, and was shocked to find that the shirt-sleeve was soaked with blood from shoulder to elbow. The landlord was too sleepy to be curious. He merely set down the can, wished them good night and stumped away.

Then Frances bent to her work. She found a jagged wound in the shoulder, from which the blood was still oozing, and she proceeded to bathe it with a strip of linen. And when she had finished, he told her where to find some handkerchiefs for bandaging purposes.

"You will go to a doctor in the morning, won't you?" she said, pausing. "I have only cleansed it. There is bound to be some shot in the wound."

"Some what?" said Rotherby, and looked at her with one of his most quizzical glances, though his face was still drawn with pain. "Oh, didn't I tell you that I tore it on some barbed wire?"

Late in the morning she awoke in response to a persistent knocking at the door, on the opening of which she found a bare-armed country-girl who informed her that the gentleman was waiting breakfast for her downstairs. The thought of meeting Montague Rotherby gave her no dismay. Somehow, as she entered the room where he awaited her, she had a



"She is one of those the gods love"

feeling that he had never really mattered very greatly in her life.

She came forward to him, faintly smiling. "Are you better today?" she said.

"I've had a foul night," he said. "But it's not serious. I'm going up to town. Will you come with me?"

She looked at him, startled. "Oh, no!"

He bit his lip. "Are you still disliking me?" he asked.

It was a difficult question to answer, so little did he seem to matter now.

"No. But I am not coming up to town with you."

HE stared at her for a few seconds. "What have they done to you at Tetherstones?" he said. "Since you accepted my protection last night—more, asked for it—I should have thought there was quite a good reason why you should be willing to come to town."

"Then you are quite wrong," she replied very clearly. "I am not prepared to do anything of the kind."

"Shall we have breakfast?" he said. "Then you can tell me what your plans are. I am quite willing to fall in with them, whatever they may be."

Her plans! What were her plans? The old pitiless problem presented itself. "I have got to think," she said.

He nodded. "Perhaps I can be of use. I'll tell you, when we've finished breakfast, what I meant by suggesting that you should come up to London with me."

Perhaps he was going to talk about her sketches and the possibilities therein contained.

When they had finished breakfast he pushed back his chair and spoke. "There's only one way out of this tangle," he said. "What I want you to do is to come up to town and—marry me. Will you do that?" He smiled at her with the words.

Frances was on her feet. She had to stifle an almost overwhelming sense of indignation before she could speak.

"It is quite impossible," she said then, with the utmost emphasis. She spoke with an effort, but her voice was clear and had about it a tone of finality.

"Impossible!" He stared at her. "But why? I understood it was what you wanted. I have a distinct recollection of your telling me so."

"But that was long ago," she said. "I thought I loved you, but it was a mistake. As to whether you ever loved me, I have no illusions at all. You never did."

He got up. "You seem very sure of that," he said, and turned from her to light a cigarette. "So I am struck off the list, am I? Do you think you are altogether wise to do that—after what happened last night?"

She answered him in a low voice, for the first time conscious of the dread of giving pain. "I have really no choice. I couldn't do anything else."

"What do you propose to do?" he said. If he felt the appeal of her helplessness, he did not show it.

"I will work," she said. "I am not afraid of work."

"Yes; it sounds all right," he said. "But you haven't the strength, and you know it."

She shrank at the blunt words, for they struck her hard.

"Why don't you marry me, Circe?" he continued. "You might do very much worse."

She drew back from him. "Oh, don't you see that it is out of the question?" she said. "I don't love you."

"Are you sure of that?" He spoke insistently. "You kissed me. You let me hold you in my arms."

She flinched at the recollection, but she compelled herself to face him. "That was a mistake," she said.

He shifted his ground. "Are you also sure you know what love is?"

SHE clenched her hands as though in self-defence. "Every woman knows that," she said.

He seemed to be watching narrowly for something. He spoke abruptly. "What I don't understand is why you came with me last night."

She answered him with an effort. "I had to get away."

"Ah!" he said. "You weren't coming to meet me after all—in spite of my message? Did you get my message?"

She bent her head. "Yes. I had your message. Ruth told me. I was coming to meet you. I didn't mean to be late. But they are a strange family. I didn't want them to know."

"You knew I was going to be shot?" he questioned.

"No. I knew you were in some sort of danger. I didn't know what. I was coming to warn you."

She wondered that he did not press the point of the mysterious attack upon him further, but was thankful that he refrained. She turned from the subject with relief.

"You're not going back?" he questioned.

Something rose in her throat. "Never, no, never!" she said.

"Perhaps—if you were independent—you might regard me differently," he said. "Circe! May I hope for that?"

He stood before her. "I swear to you," he said forcibly, "that no one on this earth wants you as I do." He put out his hand to her.

She did not know what moved her—his obvious earnestness or her own utter friendliness. But somehow her mood answered his. Her hand went into his grasp.

"But I must be independent first," she said. "You'll help me to be that?"

"I'll help you," he said.

In the days that followed, Frances found a bedroom over the little post office at Fordestown, and here she established herself, after collecting her few belongings from her former lodging at Brookside. She had very little money left, but she built on the hope that her sketches might find a market. Rotherby had undertaken to do his best to dispose of the one which he had taken with him, and she had plans for making more while the golden weather lasted.

On the second day of her sojourn at Fordestown, she wrote to Dolly at Tetherstones. She found it impossible to give any adequate reason for her abrupt departure, so she barely touched upon it.

And then one day there came a letter from Rotherby. He had sold her sketch for five guineas, and he could dispose of more if she cared to send them. His letter held no endearments. She sent him all the sketches she had by the next post, and with them a note expressing her earnest thanks and asking how he fared.

Then she sat down to think. It seemed to her in the first flush of excitement that this was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to her. She heard the trampling of a horse's hoofs outside, and looked forth in time to see Dr. Square just rolling off his old white horse. A moment later, he greeted her with outstretched hand. "Ah, here you are, Miss Thorold! May I come in?"

"Please do!" she said, and led the way back into her room.

"They're in bad trouble at Tetherstones," he said. "And when Dolly told me you were here, I said I'd come over and see you. It's the little girl—little Ruth. She's had an accident, and she's very ill."

"Oh, poor mite!" said Frances. "How did it happen?"

"It's difficult to say. The child was lost for some hours the day after you left. Then they found her up at the Stones. She had been looking for you, she said. And that was all they could get out of her. She had had a bad fall off the Rocking Stone, and couldn't move. She keeps on asking for you, Miss Thorold. I said I'd tell you."

His words reached her through a great chaos of emotions. She leaned against the window-frame with closed eyes. She heard again the doctor's voice, and realized that he was pleading for something very near his heart.

"It won't be for very long," he was saying. "She's fretting her heart out for you because she had got hold of the idea that you are in danger."

With a sharp, catching breath, she turned. "I will go—of course," she said. "How can I get there?"

HE smiled at her with instant relief, and she realized that he had hardly expected to gain his point. He got up. "Oliver is in the town now with the cart. Do you mind going back with him? It may be for a few days, you know. You're prepared for that?"

"I will stay as long as little Ruth wants me," she said.

At Tetherstones, she found Nell and Lucy in the kitchen, very subdued and troubled though they gave her a ready welcome.

"You're a brick," Nell said. "And we'll none of us forget it. You might run and tell Dolly, Lucy."

Lucy came running down again with an eager message. Dolly said would she go up at once? Little Ruth was in their mother's room. They traversed two or three rambling passages before they reached Mrs. Dermot's room. It contained two beds, and in one of these lay Ruth.



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The Story of The Bible

by Hendrik
Willem
van Loon

The Babylonian Captivity

THE Jews would not listen to the warnings of their prophets until a long period of exile in Assyria and Babylonia had brought them to a realization of what they had done and what they ought to have done. Far away from their old home, scattered among the towns and villages of the valley of Mesopotamia, they began that close study of the ancient laws and the early chronicles which, in time, was to bring them back to a more sincere and eager worship of Jehovah.

The new masters of the Judean people, the Babylonians, were highly civilized and cultured. Much of the knowledge of the ancient peoples had come from them. The system of weights and measures upon which modern commerce is based was devised by them.

Exile, in the case of the Judean people, did not mean slavery.

From a purely worldly point of view, the change from Palestine to Mesopotamia was an improvement for the great majority of the Jews. The Israelites, a century and a half before, had been taken to four or five widely separated villages and towns and had been lost among their Babylonian neighbors. But the Judean exiles of the year 586 were allowed to remain together and to settle in the same spot which became an honest-to-goodness Jewish colony.

They did not suffer undue violence at the hands of a foreign taskmaster, as they had done in Egypt a thousand years before. They were allowed to retain their own leaders and their own priests and their own religious customs.

Eventually, even the highest offices in the state were opened to Jewish ability.

In short, the exiles had everything that can make men happy, except the liberty to go and come at will.

With the gradual growth of the art of writing, the Jews developed an alphabet, and now the prophets more and more issued their warnings and exhortations in written form instead of by word of mouth.

Two of these later prophets stand out from the others. One of them was Ezekiel.

Of the other we do not know the name. He was "the evangelist among the prophets." He spoke a new language, the like of which had never been heard either in Israel or in Judah. His works you will find hidden in the latter half of the twenty-third book of the Old Testament which is called Isaiah. This book contains sixty-six chapters. The first thirty-nine may have been the work of the Prophet

king, had conquered that remnant of the old Jewish state which was known as Judah, and had transplanted several colonies of Judeans (or Jews) from the shores of the Mediterranean to the banks of the Euphrates. His relations with his Jewish subjects were pleasant enough, although somewhat indifferent.

Like all stern monarchs, Nebuchadnezzar took a great interest in fortune-telling. The man who could successfully explain a dream was certain to find favor in the eyes of the king.

Such a man, it seems, was the prophet Daniel.

Daniel won favor with King Nebuchadnezzar through interpreting for him a puzzling dream, and when that monarch died and a new one ascended the throne, he still retained his high position at court.

According to the book which bears his name (but which was written four hundred years later) Daniel was a young Judean prince who several years before the great exile had been taken, together with three of his young cousins, to Babylon that he might there be educated at the Chaldean court.

The four boys were very faithful servants of Jehovah. They obeyed His holy laws in all details. For example, when they were given the regular palace food, they refused to eat it and insisted upon meat and vegetables which had been prepared according to those ancestral regulations which prescribed in detail how cows and sheep should be slaughtered and how vegetables should be cooked.

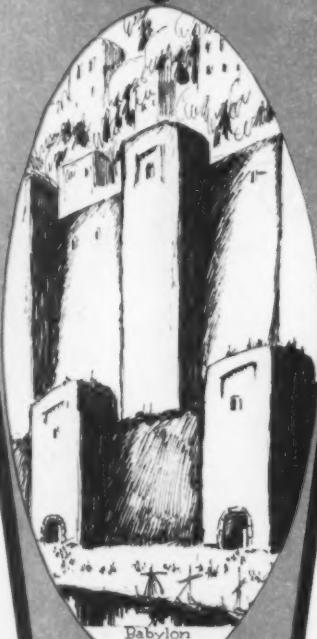
Fortunately, the Chaldeans were tolerant and easy-going and the little captives were given whatever they asked for.

It was in the reign of a later king, named Nabonidus, that Daniel gained his great fame as a prophet of future events.

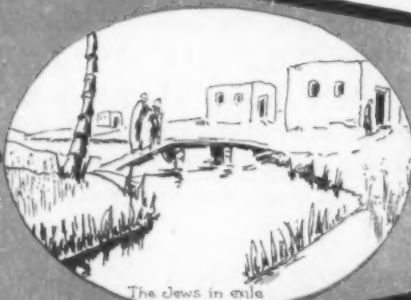
This Nabonidus seems to have had a son-in-law named Belshazzar, who shared the throne with him.

Belshazzar, so the story goes, had invited more than a thousand nobles to a party. They ate and they drank and the hall was full of the noise of very drunken people. Suddenly, on the wall opposite the king's couch, a hand appeared and wrote four words upon the stones.

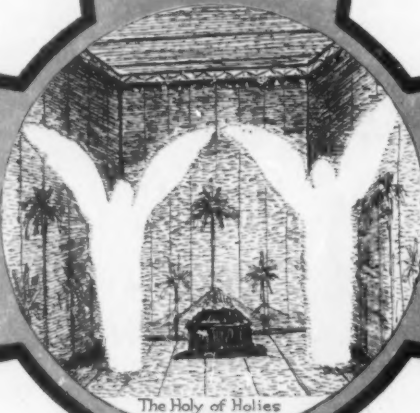
THE words were in a strange tongue—neither Chaldean nor Hebrew. The king could not understand them. He sent for his magicians, but they too failed to decipher them. Then someone remembered Daniel, just as ten centuries before at the court of Pharaoh, someone had remembered Joseph.



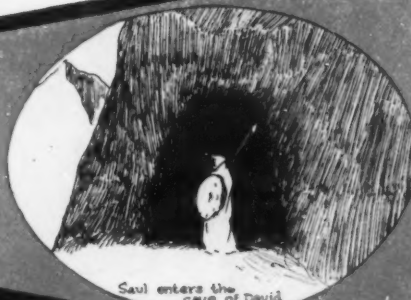
Babylon



The Jews in exile



The Holy of Holies



Saul enters the cave of David



Haman's plot

Isaiah, but the last twenty-six chapters are most evidently the words of a man who lived several centuries later and who used a different language and a different style.

WHAT makes his work so valuable is his new and unique vision of the power and character of Jehovah. Jehovah, to him, is no longer the tribal God of a small Semitic nation. His name is written across the high heavens of all lands, and He is the ruler of all men, who offers His love and compassion even to those who live in darkness and who have never heard His Name.

This talk of a God Who loved all living things did not appeal to a small community which depended for its existence upon its daily hate quite as much as upon its daily bread and which prayed incessantly for the days of vengeance when Jehovah should destroy the detestable Babylonian captors. And eagerly they turned to other men who had been carefully grounded in the strict doctrines of an older day.

Among the popular prophets of the Exile, Ezekiel stands forth with granite strength.

His father had been a priest, and the boy had grown up in the highly religious atmosphere of Jerusalem, where he undoubtedly listened to the sermons of Jeremiah.

The literary quality of his work is far beneath that of the unknown author of Isaiah. But withal he was a man with a good deal of practical sense. Like Jeremiah, he never ceased to argue against those misguided fanatics who believed that Jerusalem was bound to be impregnable because the town happened to be the capital of God's chosen people.

But when the city had been taken and many people of little faith became at once despondent about the future of their race, Ezekiel stood forth as the triumphant advocate of a better future.

Early during the seventh century before the birth of Christ a small Semitic tribe, called the Kaldi (or Chaldeans) had left its desert home in Arabia and had moved northward. Finally, with the aid of some of their less civilized neighbors, the Chaldeans had established a kingdom upon the ruins of the old Assyrian empire. Nebuchadnezzar, the Chaldean

Daniel came. He was well versed in the different arts of mystic writing, and guessed that the sentence must mean something in Aramaic. And this is what he spelled out—MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN.

He gave the following explanation of this very frightening riddle: "Jehovah has weighed you in the balance, O King Belshazzar, and He has found you wanting."

As a reward for his prophecy and hoping to find favor in the eyes of the Jewish God, Belshazzar made Daniel his viceroy. But this honor meant little. The Persians were at the gates of Babylon. The days of the empire were indeed numbered.

[Turn to page 60]

BECAUSE he needed absolute quiet for his great work of putting "The Story of the Bible" into popular form, Dr. Hendrik Willem van Loon, who is contributing this great serial to McCall's, sought it far from the rush and frenzied hurry of the United States in the cloistered, academic halls of Cambridge.

In an interview given the British press, Dr. van Loon explained his purpose in retelling the sacred narrative as follows:

"There are a lot of people who don't read the Bible as it appears now. Yet it is full of some of the most fascinating stories in the world, and everybody ought to know them. I have written this book only to induce them to read the Bible itself."

Thousands of girls have built up a fresh, clear skin - by using these special treatments

Perhaps you feel that *your* skin is the kind that can never be really beautiful.

You are wrong! Give your skin the special care it needs, and you can make it what you will!

Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place.

By caring for this new skin in the right way, you can overcome defects that have troubled you for months, or even for years; you can gradually build up a *new* complexion—soft, smooth, exquisitely fresh and clear.

A special treatment for each type of skin

The right treatment for each different type of skin is given in the booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. (Three of these treatments—how to care for an oily skin, a sensitive skin, and a pale, sallow skin—are reprinted below.)

Every one of these famous Wood-

bury skin treatments is based on years of study and experiment. By using them, thousands of girls and women have brought about an improvement in their complexion, that they never dreamed was possible.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today, and begin, now, to use the right treatment for *your* skin. It will be a revelation to you to see what just a few minutes every day of this special care will do for your complexion.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations— guest size—for 10 cents

For 10 cents we will send you a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing
A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1509 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1509 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.



1—If your skin has a tendency to be too oily, use treatment No. 1 given below.

Your skin probably belongs to one of these three types—Are you giving it the right treatment?

1. For an oily skin—

EVERY night before retiring, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

2. For a pale, sallow skin—

ONCE or twice a week, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

3. For a sensitive skin—

EACH night before retiring, dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Now make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse first with warm water, then with clear, cool water, and dry carefully.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today—begin your treatment tonight! Within a week or ten days your skin will show marked improvement.



2—If your skin is of the pale, sallow type, use treatment No. 2 given at the right.

3—If your skin is sensitive and easily irritated, use treatment No. 3 given at the right.



"It's been just a dream—a long, dreadful dream," she whispered

Part II

(Conclusion)

CHRISTOPHER was brewing the usual midnight pot of tea when Bruce got back to his room. They talked little; but just as they were going to bed, Bruce said suddenly:

"I've engaged a flat in Jermyn Street, and paid a month's rent in advance, so I can move in tomorrow, if that suits you."

"My dear sir—any time! any time will suit me."

After a little silence, Bruce said: "I don't know how to thank you for all you've done for me; but I hope you'll remember that as long as I live, anything you want, anything I can do—"

Christopher's sallow face flushed with pleasure; he held out his hand. "I am proud to have been of service to you," he said. "Very proud."

Bruce went away early the next morning.

He spent most of the morning in arranging his newly bought clothes and in contemplation of the quiet luxury of his new rooms. At a quarter before two he was at the Marble Arch.

There was a torturous hour of waiting and then Charmian came. She was better dressed than usual, and her face was innocent of paint or powder. They walked to the corner of the street without speaking, then Bruce hailed a passing taxicab. As he took his seat beside her Charmian asked:

"Where have you told him to go?"

"To Marylebone Station; I am going to take you down into the country for the day."

Her lips moved as if to make a quick protest, then she closed them again.

Bruce went on talking quietly as if there was nothing strained or unusual in the situation. "I am no longer with Christopher, you know. I have taken a small flat in Jermyn Street. I think you will like it, Charmian; I want you to see it some day."

She made no reply to that, and they reached Marylebone in silence. Bruce took two tickets to Harrow. They had a carriage to themselves on the train, and Charmian said: "You must let me go back in time for my work."

"I will," he promised.

They reached Harrow and walked up the steep hill which leads away from the station and up to the church.

They walked silently through the little churchyard, then they came out onto the other side, to the steep descent, and

the miles of fields and villages that lay bathed in sunlight in the valley below.

Charmian leaned her arms on the low railing of the terrace, and for some moments neither she nor Bruce spoke, until looking down he saw that there were tears on her cheeks, and that her lips were quivering. The sunshine was warm on their faces, and everything around was very still. When Bruce laid his hand on Charmian's, she did not move, but he felt her fingers trembling as his own closed about them.

"Forgive me, Charmian," he said, and then again as if he could find no other words, "Forgive me, forgive me."

She stood very still then, her eyes fixed on the far horizon, her hands clasped in his, and after a moment Bruce said in a firm voice:

"I love you, I have never ceased to love you. Can you forgive me and trust me enough to forget the past, Charmian, and be my wife?"

"Be—your—wife!" She repeated his words in a slow, expressionless voice, then after a moment she caught her breath in a little sob and drew her hand away.

"Be your wife," she said again in a high-pitched voice.

"You're mad. The past is gone—gone hundreds of years ago. The world will forget what you did, and take you back again, but it will never take me. You're a man; you've got money and rich relatives. They'll make a hero of you; they'll find it romantic because you're good-looking. They'll say that if you killed . . . that man—it was done in a moment of passion, and under extreme provocation."

CHARMIAN, Bruce cried. "I want you as I wanted you six years ago, because I love you—because there will never be another woman for me as long as I live. When I was in prison I tried with all my soul to hate you, and the one thing that kept me from going mad was the hope of meeting you and Hardingham again—my two best friends who had both forsaken me!"

"Hardingham!" Her quivering lips formed the name in a whisper. "And—have you . . . met him again—yet?"

Bruce Lowry laughed roughly. "Not yet; but I can wait . . . my time will come."

Her eyes wavered and fell. "Let us go—please let us go," she urged suddenly.

"When you have answered my question." Her face quivered.

through Wembly and the fields were vanishing and giving way to houses and streets on the outskirts of London, he interrupted something she was saying, leaning across and taking her restless hand in his.

"Charmian, you have not said that you no longer care for me."

SHE sat very still, her lips parted, her eyes wide and piteous, then suddenly she dragged her hand from his and covered her face.

"I wanted to spare you—I wanted not to hurt you—again," she said, the last word falling almost to a whisper.

Bruce left his seat and sat down beside her. Very gently but determinedly he put his arm round her, drawing her to him. Suddenly she gave in; her hands fell from before her face; she turned her head, and her eyes, dark with tragedy, sought his.

For an instant they looked at one another silently, then Bruce Lowry bent his head and kissed her, a long kiss that seemed to wipe out the past, and the many tears and great bitterness they had each known, transporting them back to the sunshine of their youth where they had parted six long years ago.

"Charmian, forgive me! Love me again! Be my wife—"

For a moment she seemed held by the spell of his voice, and the passion of his lips, then with a stifled cry she tore herself from him.

"No, no—I wanted to spare you—I wanted not to hurt you again."

He drew back from her.

"To spare me! Not to hurt me again? You mean . . . you don't—care? You can't forgive?"

She wrung her hands.

"If I tell you—oh, I am afraid! afraid!"

"Of me? Charmian I would not hurt a hair of your head."

She was suddenly still; her restless hands lay palms upward in her lap, motionless, as if they had lost all their strength, and he could only just catch her whispered words.

"I am not . . . free." She gave a little sobbing laugh. "I have been married . . . nearly five years."

"Married!"

A great emptiness seemed to fall on the world, and a great silence, out of which he woke presently to the rushing sound

[Turn to page 24]

The Romance of a Rogue

By Ruby M. Ayres

Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy

What Has Happened in Part I

ABOUT to be married to Charmian Lee, Bruce Lowry discovers that he has been swindled by his two business partners, Biscoe and Hardingham. He goes to Biscoe's office and, in the fight that ensues, unfortunately slays him. On the day of his incarceration for manslaughter, Charmian sends him a letter of dismissal. Six years later, Bruce Lowry leaves prison an embittered rogue, vowing early vengeance upon those who had ruined and deserted him. Scorned by his affluent brother he is befriended by Christopher, an old violinist, in whose cheap dance-hall orchestra he finds Charmian, now a broken, friendless bit of flotsam. The Rogue, his love rekindled, wants to care for her with the remaining fragment of his fortune; he proposes marriage, but Charmian is hostile and refuses.

"But I must have time to think; just a little time."

"You do not trust me—that is it," he said swiftly; but she shook her head.

They left the inn and walked down the winding hill and back to the station.

Bruce Lowry looked pale, but there was determination in his eyes. Charmian sat opposite him in the train and kept up a running conversation about anything and everything, to which he hardly listened, and when they had run through Wembly and the fields were vanishing and giving way to houses and streets on the outskirts of London, he interrupted something she was saying, leaning across and taking her restless hand in his.

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"Married!"

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Play Fair with the Youngsters



THERE they go trudging off to school with shining morning faces—books tucked under arms—your greatest treasures—our country's Future Citizens! What a wonderful privilege to have these little lives in your keeping.

Do you love them enough—these children of yours? Are you going to play fair with them? Are you going to make sure that they are physically able to stand the strain of the school year?

Just because they have rosy cheeks and bright eyes, don't make the common mistake of taking it for granted that your youngsters must be perfectly well. What do you know about eyes, throats, ears, teeth, lungs, hearts, posture, etc.?

Wherever tests have been made, records usually show that the boys and girls who are backward in their studies are suffering from some physical defect which, if taken in time, could be easily corrected. They aren't *dull*—they're *sick*.

These helpless little children are dependent upon you to save them from the lifelong unhappy consequences of neglected health and neglected education. Do not let sickness keep your boys and girls from getting the education they will need in future years.

Health Examinations in Schools

Splendid work is being done in some places in advising parents as to what is the *real* trouble with their children. Many little lives have been saved

ing people held the idea that health was purely a personal matter—to be dealt with at home. It is *not*. The health of the children in your schools concerns *every one* in your community. You know the danger of everybody's business being nobody's business. It is *your* job to do your part.

Things You Can Do

Make sure that *your* children are in fit condition to go back to school. There are four things at least to do immediately.

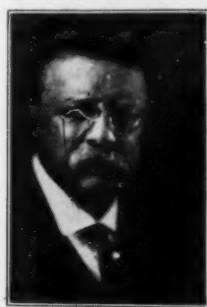
1. Eyes. Children who cannot see clearly are under a constant nervous strain which is bound to affect their health. Have your children's eyes examined by a competent eye specialist.

2. Throats. Have your children examined for adenoids and diseased tonsils. Total deafness and many serious illnesses often come from neglecting this danger zone.

3. Ears. Thousands of children are thought dull in school because they cannot hear distinctly. If anything is wrong with your child's hearing consult a specialist.

4. Teeth. Much sickness comes from decayed teeth. Physicians say that poison may be carried in the blood from the tooth to other parts of the body. Take your children to a dentist. Teach them the necessity of brushing the teeth thoroughly—night and morning.

Send your boys and girls back to school this fall as healthy as possible. The day is not far off when these youngsters of ours will be the backbone of the Nation—*make them strong!*



© Pirie Mac Donald

And He was a Sickly Child!

Can you imagine that the Theodore Roosevelt you have always known—the man of indomitable strength—the tireless reader and doer and thinker—was a delicate, fragile child?

Some parents might have sighed over the fact that little Teddy was so sickly and let it go at that. Instead, Theodore Roosevelt's parents gave him the special care and attention that he needed and he grew strong and well. Theodore Roosevelt, famous President of the United States, student and naturalist, intrepid hunter and explorer, athlete, leader of men, might have been a useless bit of driftwood in the stream of life had his parents been less wise. They built his body first. His schooling followed.

In writing of his delicate boyhood, Theodore Roosevelt said, "The recollection of my experience gives me a keen sympathy with those who are trying in our public schools and elsewhere to remove the physical cause of deficiency in children, who are often unjustly blamed for being obstinate or unambitious or stupid."

through free health examinations in schools.

The teachers and committees responsible for this work need all the help and co-operation you can give them. Formerly, a good many honest think-

Dr. S. Josephine Baker, former Director of the Bureau of Child Hygiene of New York City, states that "approximately 35% of the children of school age have one or more physical abnormalities;" and she adds that this condition is "universal".

There is a remarkable uniformity in various communities as to the percentage of the physical defects that are found each year.

According to the law of averages, 35% of the school children in your own town or city are suffering from some disability which, if not corrected, will hold them back in their studies. Where tests have been made results prove that an immedi-

ate gain in weight and height follows the correction of physical defects.

It is most important that health examinations be made regularly in the public schools for the sake of those children who could not otherwise be taken care of.

In many cities this work is first undertaken by a group of benevolent, public-spirited men and women who through private donations have supported a program of medical examinations and free clinics in the public schools. The work is usually taken over later by the city and an appropriation voted to cover necessary expenses. That may be the way in which the work can best be begun in your community.

Important as it is to safeguard the health of school children, the best time for preventive work is in pre-school days—from babyhood to six years. Just as the best time to take care of the health of the baby is before it is born, so the best time to take care of the school child is before it enters school, rather than after.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has published three booklets on the care of children which it will be glad to send you—"Care of the Teeth", "Tonsils and Adenoids" and "Eyesight and Health". You will find them helpful.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year





This was their last night together. The shadow of parting hovered over them, dampening their joy like a waiting shroud

of the train, and the grip of his own nails cutting deeply into his flesh. Married! He had never once thought of that. Married! nearly five years . . . Such a little while after they had shut him away from the world; she had forgotten him so soon.

"I didn't tell you because I didn't want to hurt you again," she continued. "I love you. I suppose I've always loved you, and now . . . I'm to be punished for forsaking you . . . when you most needed me."

"You—love me?" Her eyes were filled with tears, though her lips smiled. "Always—with all my heart."

He put out his hand blindly and found hers. "And . . . this—other man, Charmian?"

She closed her eyes as if to shut out the thought of him. "I never cared. He didn't seem to matter. I was so unhappy—and he was always there—always there! begging—pleading. It was a failure—my marriage—like everything else I have tried to do since . . . since you went away!" Her voice rose with sudden passion. "Oh you'll never know what I've gone through—how I've suffered. It is my punishment I suppose—my punishment."

"And mine," said Bruce.

They sat silent for some seconds, then he broke out abruptly. "Tell me about him—tell me his name"—and then with revulsion of feeling he went on: "No, no—I don't want to know; tell me nothing."

She looked away from him, her face quivering; then suddenly she said desperately:

"Bruce . . . I must."

"Must?"

"Yes—if I . . . didn't . . . love you, it wouldn't matter, but now . . . oh, let me tell you—let me tell you, dear."

FOR a moment he sat staring at her, bewildered, not understanding, then he suddenly released her hand.

"Yes . . . tell me Charmian . . . This man you—married! Who is he?"

But he knew before she spoke the name.

"Leonard Hardingham."

"Hardingham! my God! of all the men in the world." He broke into horrible laughter.

Charmian sat very still. She felt a great tenderness for this man whom she had loved and forsaken, and—still loved. Bruce raved on, hardly knowing what he said.

"You let me go to prison without a word of forgiveness. You sent me a letter that killed all that was best in me. And all the time that man—the man who ruined me was with you, making love to you—"

His voice was strangled with passion. "Oh, my God, if I could only find him; if I could only find him—"

He brought his clenched hands down heavily on the arms of the seat, his breath came in hard passionate gasps; he seemed to have forgotten Charmian.

Hardingham of all men! that lying coward!

The train ran into the London terminus and stopped, and Bruce Lowry flung open the carriage door, letting it swing anyhow behind him, forgetful of Charmian, forgetful of everything but this devil of hatred and revenge that had been roused from the depths where he had let it slumber. He strode away with never a backward glance. He came to himself again hours afterward as he stood fumbling at the lock of the flat in Jermyn Street. A clock somewhere in the distance struck midnight.

Three evenings later Charmian did not play in the orchestra. She went early to the Elixir Hall and obtained leave of absence from Christopher.

The rain was falling as she left the Hall, and street lamps twinkled like wet eyes, but Charmian's thoughts were back in the sunshine of the past. Tonight she was going by appointment to Bruce's apartment; it was their last evening together, their last meeting in this world.

WHEN she reached the flat, she was cold, but her heart beat warmly. She knocked at the door. It was opened instantly by Bruce himself, and he stood aside silently to let her enter.

There was a bright fire in the sitting-room, and supper was laid for two.

"Do you like it Charmian?"

"Yes."

With a quick little gesture she threw aside her hat and turned to him, laughing and blushing till she looked like a girl again. He laid his hands on her shoulders; his face flushed with a deep emotion. "Tonight we've gone back six years, Charmian," he said hoarsely. "We've gone back six years and you are here in my arms again."

"It's been just a dream—a long, dreadful dream," she whispered. "And now I'm awake again, dear, and so happy to be awake."

She went to him and laid her head on his breast, her arms clasping his neck, her eyes closed. For the moment she was perfectly happy, blinded to the future and the coming separation by the joy of being once more with the man she loved.

It was Charmian who moved first, unclasping her arms and looking up at him with a little laugh. "Bruce, I think it would be nice to have supper now, and then talk afterward."

He fell in with her mood readily.

When supper was brought and the landlady had gone, Bruce caught Charmian's hand as she moved to the table.

"Charmian . . . you haven't kissed me."

She bit her lip to hide its sudden trembling.

"You must be patient with me," she whispered, and for an instant her courage seemed to fail; but the next moment she was laughing and chatting as if no shadow of parting lay between them, and Bruce watched her with fascinated eyes. She was the old Charmian tonight; the sad-faced woman he had found in her place had vanished into a mist of ugly dreams, and given him back his love.

They drank one another's health in the bottle of white wine, and soon the poor little pretense of eating was at an end. The evening was slipping away so fast; already it was nine o'clock; half their precious last hours together had gone. Then Bruce put his arm around her, and drew her down into

a big chair by the fire, and dragging up a low stool, sat down at her feet and hid his face in her lap.

And the tears came into her eyes then in very earnest, and fell unheeded down her cheeks, splashing onto his cheek. He looked up quickly, and with a little stifled exclamation raised himself and took her into his arms, and their lips met in a kiss such as they had never known before, which they could never know again.

For in it to her at least was all the passion of a great love which had gone through fire and deep waters, and the tenderness of a wide forgiveness and understanding that wiped away the last trace of bitterness and reproach, and blotted out forever the sin of the man she loved.

"Charmian . . . we're neither of us young . . . and we've lost years of happiness which we might have had—" He spoke jerkily, with little intervals between the words, as if he found them only with difficulty. "There's nobody in the world who cares for—either of us—if we don't care for each other; there's nobody in the world who would lend us a hand if we were utterly down and out . . . without a shilling." He rose suddenly and faced her with defiant eyes. "Are you going to spoil what little chance of happiness still remains for the sake of petty conventions? We're outside the pale now—but we're together, and I love you . . ." He broke off, breathing fast, his hands gripped.

Charmian sat very still, looking up at him, her eyes wide and bewildered.

"I don't . . . I don't understand," she said at last, but the color faded a little in her cheeks.

Bruce laughed roughly.

"I love you. If things had gone as God Almighty meant them to go before I—before that . . . devil came into my life, you would have been my wife. Come to me now, Charmian—come away with me! No wife could be more loved, more honored—"

"Bruce!"

He took her hands and drew her up into his arms.

"You've been lonely; you shall never be lonely any more. You love me—you belong to me doubly now; we need never part again. I'll take you away—abroad! where you like! Smithers has promised to help me find work—he'll keep his word. We'll start over again—you and I together; we'll be happy yet. Kiss me, Charmian, and say you'll come."

HE bent to find her lips, but she turned her face sharply away. "Bruce . . . I trusted you. You gave me your word."

He laughed recklessly. "The word of a rogue and an outcast whom nobody wants. Be kind to me, Charmian. Life is so short, and we've never known real happiness. It's madness to sacrifice everything for an old-fashioned scruple—Charmian—"

She laid her hands on his breast, holding herself as far from him as she could; the tears running down her cheeks, but there was no fear, only pity, in her eyes.

"And—afterward?—when the first glamour had gone, Bruce! I wonder what you would think of me afterward?"

"I shall always love you."

"And—respect me?"

"Nothing will matter, if only I have you; don't you see that I can't do without you now? That you're all that

[Turn to page 27]



This, then, is real economy

In purchasing Premium Bacon in the piece one adds an economy to the satisfaction of having in generous quantity that which is acknowledged to be the very best.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

It is
not necessary
to parboil
Swift's Premium
Ham

Look for this blue identification tag
when you buy a whole ham
or when you buy a slice



Premium Bacon with Broiled Tomatoes

Slice tomatoes in half and
place in a shallow pan; cover
with strips of Premium Bacon
and broil ten minutes

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

A Twin Skin-Treatment for Your Complexion



Protection by Day, with
Pompeian Day Cream

IT is hard to think of the sun and the wind as injurious influences; yet to the delicate skin of the refined woman neither is an un-mixed blessing.

Both sunburn and windburn are drying, roughening, and coarsening to the complexion; while the dust that accompanies wind tends to clog the pores.

Pompeian Day Cream is a harmless preparation of exquisite fineness made to protect the skin during the activities of the day from exposure to the elements.

Not Entirely Oilless

Unlike some "disappearing" creams, Pompeian Day Cream is not entirely oilless; on the contrary, it contains just sufficient oil to make it desirable for naturally dry as well as for normal or oily skins, and to offset the drying effects of sun and wind.

To all appearances Pompeian Day Cream vanishes upon application; actually it leaves an invisible film on the skin which serves as a protection against weather; furthermore, this soft, dull film eliminates and prevents shine and makes a powder foundation to which Pompeian Beauty Powder will adhere evenly and smoothly for a long time.

POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM (New style jar) 60c per jar
POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (vanishing) 60c per jar
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER 60c per box
POMPEIAN BLOOM (the rouge) 60c per box

Mary Pickford Panel and Samples

Send the coupon with ten cents for beautiful new 1923 Pompeian Art Panel of Mary Pickford. With this panel we send samples of Pompeian Night Cream, Day Cream, Beauty Powder and Bloom.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2009 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian Creams

The sleeping hours may be made a period of benefit or of harm to the complexion, according to whether the skin is properly prepared for natural restoration or carelessly left to the heavy hand of time.

If a woman retires with her pores filled with the dust and grime of the day, with her skin dried and roughened, wrinkled by mental concentration or worry, then the night hours will serve to perpetuate these faults.

How to Keep the Skin in Condition

But if she will follow the simple night treatment recommended in connection with Pompeian Night Cream she can clear the pores, soften and soothe the skin, relax the facial muscles, subdue the wrinkles, and nourish the underlying tissues.

First, a cleansing with Pompeian Night Cream, then a second application gently smoothed into the pores, and she is ready to let the great restorer, "balmy sleep," repair the ravages of the day.



Restoration by Night, with
Pompeian Night Cream

The twin complexion treatment of Pompeian Day Cream and Pompeian Night Cream provides the two essentials of day-time protection and night-time restoration. If faithfully used, these two preparations alone will enable any woman to greatly prolong her hold on a youthful complexion.

Your Skin Needs Special Care in Autumn

By MME. JEANNETTE

As a rule a woman is in her best health with the beginning of the autumn. She has probably spent a great part of the summer out of doors and has exercised rather consistently.

But how about her skin?

Frequently she is aware that she has been negligent in her care of its delicate surface during the lazy months of summer. It may seem dry, and lacking in that youthful softness.

I have said it before, and I will continue to say, "Consistency is the virtue in caring for your skin." You are nourishing its tissues—and it is very like your body—you can't eat a surfeit of good food for a week and then forget to eat for the week that follows! Yet you do this when you use complexion creams only part of the time.

And I would earnestly advise you to observe the following rules every night and every day.

One cream can't do all things, but Pompeian Night Cream can be used as generally as any cream made.

At Night—

Soap-and-water is the habitual way of most women in cleansing the skin; but Pompeian Night Cream is, in many cases, more thoroughly cleansing; furthermore, it softens the surface of the skin, and it feeds the delicate tissues against the aging influence of exposure.

Pompeian Night Cream may be used as lavishly as the individual user desires; there is no such thing as using too much, but enough should be used to cover every part and feature of the face, as well as the neck and the arms, if they too would be kept in beautiful condition. As this cream seeps into the delicate fabric of the skin, it rids it of all impurities by aiding the natural excretions.

I do not advise too much rubbing and massaging—just enough to thoroughly distribute the cream, saturate the pores, and flex the muscles. When you remove it with a soft cloth you will find that all dirt and dinginess is also removed, leaving your skin soft and smooth, and lovely to the touch.

In the Morning—

In the morning you will find that the night treatment has prepared your skin to gratefully accept an application of Pompeian Day Cream. This is a foundation cream for the day's powder and rouge, and it is a protection to the skin as well. It adds greatly to the delicate finish given to the skin by Pompeian Beauty Powder, and insures a smooth and even powder application.

Then the Powder—

If the autumn finds the skin still somewhat darker than usual, you should use a darker tint of powder than you customarily do. Pompeian Beauty Powder in the Rachel tint may be used on naturally fair complexions until care has restored their own delicate pinks and white tones, when one may again use the White or Flesh shades.

Cover the face and neck well with the powder, and then dust it off lightly and evenly, moistening the eyebrows, eyelashes, and lips to remove any traces of powder from them.

Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES,
2009 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Pompeian Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

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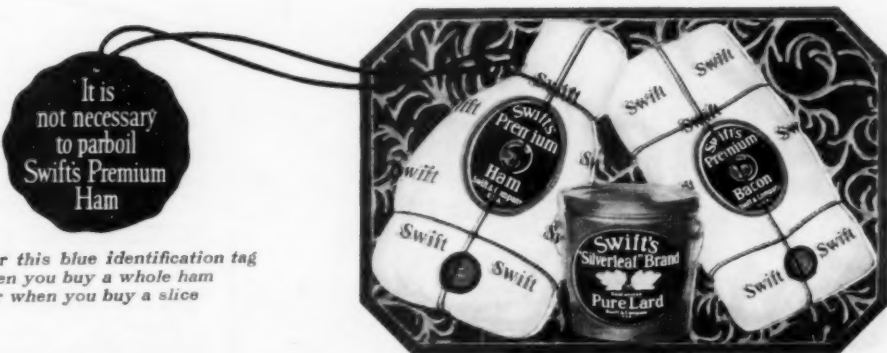
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This, then, is real economy

In purchasing Premium Bacon in the piece one adds an economy to the satisfaction of having in generous quantity that which is acknowledged to be the very best.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



It is
not necessary
to parboil
Swift's Premium
Ham

Look for this blue identification tag
when you buy a whole ham
or when you buy a slice

Premium Bacon
with
Broiled Tomatoes

Slice tomatoes in half and
place in a shallow pan; cover
with strips of Premium Bacon
and broil ten minutes

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

A Twin Skin-Treatment for Your Complexion



Protection by Day, with
Pompeian Day Cream

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The Romance of a Rogue

[Continued from page 24]

is left to me. Don't you think you owe me anything after all I have suffered?"

"I owe you so much, I love you so well, that what you ask is impossible. I couldn't bear it, Bruce—it would kill me to know that I was less to you than the best."

"Is it worse to live with me—loving me—than to live as you did—with Hardingham?"

"I married him."

"Did you love him?"

"No—no."

"Then why do you hesitate? Come to me, Charmian; let's make something out of the wreck of our lives. I swear to you by all that I ever held sacred, that I'll be good to you—eternally faithful—"

"I can't . . . I can't . . . Have pity on me, Bruce, and let me go."

His face flamed with jealous rage.

"It's that swine; you still think of him."

"I hate him. I was mad ever to marry him. He told me he was your friend; that if you had gone to him in your trouble he would have helped you."

"My friend! Helped me! I did go to him, and he laughed at me. He told you that—and you believed him. My God!"

"I was mad, Bruce; mad with the misery of it all."

"Mad enough to marry him, but not mad enough to come to me. I ask nothing better than to make you my wife, but it's not possible."

"Tomorrow you will be sorry."

"I care nothing for tomorrow; it never comes."

"You said you loved me; this isn't love!"

He seemed to have lost all self-control; he was deaf to her pleading; he only thought of his own loneliness; he saw the future lying before him in nightmare gloom, a second prison with walls closing all about him. He rained passionate kisses on her lips and tear-wet face; he urged his great need of her, and her responsibility for the rest of his life, but she would not listen. "I'd rather die, Bruce."

"I adore you—I'll teach you what love really is."

She was faint and breathless with his kisses, but when at last he let her go he knew that he had not even shaken her resolution. He stood for a moment, pale to the lips, and with baffled eyes, looking at her irresolutely; then suddenly he strode past her to the door.

"If you will not stay because I ask you to, you will stay because I refuse to let you go."

"Bruce! You gave me your word—"

He looked down at her, a queer wild light in his eyes, then he laughed.

"You broke your word to me, six years ago," he said harshly.

He shook her hand from his arm; the better side of his nature was completely conquered by his passion, and she could only stand helplessly by.

He flung open the door, and crossed the narrow hall; his hand was on the bolt when from the outside came a gentle insistent knocking.

BRUCE stood like a statue, his hands clenched, his breath coming fast. The knocking came again.

Bruce turned round slowly and looked at Charmian; she saw his lips move, but no words passed them, then mechanically, as if his action was not of his own will, he drew the bolt back and opened the outer door—and it was John Christopher, with Beauty at his heels.

There was a moment's tense silence, then Christopher spoke.

"Miss Lee asked me to call and take her home."

Charmian closed her eyes. Would Bruce refuse to let him in? For an instant it seemed as if he intended to do so; then she heard him laugh—a reckless, unhappy laugh that cut her to the heart.

"Come in, come in, by all means. Miss Lee is just ready."

Christopher came forward.

Charmian began to fasten her coat.

So it was all over, this last tragic evening which she had hoped to treasure for the rest of her life as some wonderful, priceless memory; she felt sick with despair and dread of the empty future.

Bruce had gone back to the fire; he stood looking down into the flames, his head averted, but in the narrow mirror above the mantelshelf she could see his face, and the deep lines which suffering and hardship had carved there.

Presently Charmian said: "I am quite ready, John."

Her face was very pale, and her eyes infinitely pathetic as she looked across the room at Bruce Lowry. She was parting with him of her own wish and will, not his! Perhaps by this refusal to share his life she was giving him into the keeping of another woman—a girl perhaps—young and pretty. She knew of Stella Smithers.

She went to him, and touched his arm.

"Bruce—I am going now."

He neither moved nor answered, and she turned away.

THERE followed some strange days for Bruce Lowry; he kept to himself, shunning even Christopher.

But on the fourth day he capitulated, and in the evening he went round to the Elixir Hall.

Christopher was there but Charmian's place was empty.

"Where is she?" Bruce asked, suddenly panic-stricken.

"I wish I knew," said Christopher. "She came here as usual until three nights ago, and I have not seen her since. She has given up her rooms, and they do not know where she has gone."

Bruce believed that Christopher was keeping something from him, and little by little the friendship between the two men grew strained, and their meetings more infrequent. Then one night Mrs. Smithers invited him to supper. Half reluctantly he dressed and went round to her house.

Stella was there, and greeted him with her pleased, shy smile, and a little warmth crept into Lowry's heart.

"I've heard of an excellent opportunity for you, Bruce," Mr. Smithers said to him when the two men were alone. "A friend of mine in California wants a capable man for his fruit-farm."

Bruce sat staring at the floor; this was just the opportunity he had wanted a week ago; he could have taken Charmian, and begun life all over again in a new world; but now . . . He looked up. "You are very kind—but I don't want to leave England."

There was a little silence, then Smithers rose; he looked hurt. "There is nothing more to be said then. Shall we go to the drawing-room?" Bruce followed silently.

It was a beautiful evening, and the drawing-room windows were open to the garden, and the night air filled with the scent of spring flowers.

"Your garden smells good, Miss Stella," Bruce said.

"Yes—" she looked pleased. "I love flowers. It's not quite dark yet. Come and see the garden."

He followed her willingly enough, and together they walked down the narrow pathway, the soft folds of her dress brushing against him as they went.

"I planted all these violets," she told him presently. "Can you smell them, Mr. Lowry?" She stooped in the gray light and picked some of the tiny, scented flowers, offering them to him.

"Are you—is it really true, that you are going away—to California, Mr. Lowry?"

He looked down at her, amazed at the emotion in her voice.

"It is true that I have an offer to go, Stella, a kind offer, which I have refused. Are you so anxious for me to accept?"

There was a short silence, then she said in a low voice. "Is it because . . . you would have to go alone?"

"Yes."

His heart leapt and then seemed to stand still when out of the darkness he felt her hand on his.

"Mr. Lowry—Bruce, I would go with you . . . if you asked me."

For a moment the scented dusk and the starry sky overhead seemed blotted out as Bruce stood like a man turned to stone, the echo of those lovely broken words in his ears, and the girl's soft fingers clinging to his.

"I know you think I'm only a child," she continued softly, "and that I don't know what I'm saying; but you're wrong. I know everything about you—all that happened six years ago, and I'd be so proud—so happy . . . if I could—if you wanted me to . . ." She broke off, and he heard her sob.

The touch of her hand on his was a mute caress.

He gently raised Stella's fingers to his lips before he let them go.

"God bless you, little girl . . . we shall see . . . perhaps! perhaps!"

He heard the smothered cry of joy she gave as he drew her to him, and kissed her soft, cool lips.

He stood looking after her, as, in confusion, she ran back to the house, and the scent of the violets she had given him rose to his senses with subtle intoxication. They seemed to speak of spring, and youth—innocent, untried youth, and of all the things that had gone from him into the rag-bag of the past. A thousand regrets rose in his heart, and a thousand longings for what might have been, as he stood there alone in the night.

BRUCE Lowry left London the following day, leaving no address. He went down to the West Coast and lived out of doors, walking miles by the sea. And it was there that slowly the knowledge came to him that, after all, he had only

[Turn to page 28]



Prettier Teeth

If you fight the film

While you leave teeth coated with a dingy film, their luster cannot show.

Look about you. Note how many teeth now glisten. And mark what they add to good looks.

The reason lies largely in a new method of teeth cleaning. Millions now use it daily. Accept this ten-day test we offer, and learn what it does for you.

methods by many careful tests. Then a new type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. In that were embodied these two film combatants for daily application.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over now advise it. Careful people of some 50 nations are employing it today.

Multiplies two agents

Pepsodent does two other things which research proved essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

This test amazes

This 10-day test of Pepsodent amazes and delights. The results are quick and conspicuous.

Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

In one week you will realize what this new method means. You will see results which old ways never bring. Cut out the coupon now.

Why teeth lose beauty

A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush alone does not end it. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

So much film remains. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Those cloudy coats hide the teeth's luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That's why so few escaped tooth troubles.

Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that became alarmingly common.

Better methods now

Dental science studied long to correct this situation. It found two film combatants. One of them acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 1174

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 173, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family



You wouldn't appear at breakfast with your hair in curlers

DECIDEDLY not. Emphatically not. You wouldn't dream of such a thing.

Why? Because it isn't proper? Not at all—that's not the point. You wouldn't, because curlers are unbecoming.

You'd look a fright.

It's your pride. You want your friends to see you at your best, and you're right.

But how about appearing at your best in the letters you write? What impression of you does your stationery carry to your friends? Are you sure your letters do not picture you as unbecomingly as you think curlers would?

Girls who know the value of looking fresh, dainty, chic, often hastily scrawl an acceptance note on showy, cheap paper, ask a favor on a sheet torn from a scratch pad, use an envelope that doesn't match or shapes and shades of paper that fashion doesn't recognize.

Eaton's Highland Linen in five smart envelope styles and all the fashionable shades may be bought wherever stationery is sold.

*Style is a greater Social Asset
than Beauty*

*And these things "place" a girl
just as surely as bad dressing.*

They lay her open to misjudgment just as unfairly. They sometimes cost her the acquaintance of people she would like to know.

Begin now to form the habit of using letter paper that is as smart, correct and dainty as yourself. Such a paper is Eaton's Highland Linen. It is pretty, inexpensive, made in the correct shades and shapes.

If there is anything you would like to know about such things as invitations, acceptances, regrets, bread-and-butter letters, visiting cards, etc., write me. Or, send me *fifty cents* and I will mail you my book, "Correct Social Correspondence," which answers every such question, together with usable samples of Eaton's Highland Linen.

Caroline De Lancey

Address me in care of
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

The Romance of a Rogue

[Continued from page 27]

himself to blame for all that had happened. He had come out of prison with his heart full of hatred and bitterness instead of remorse and a fit humility, and with full intention of being avenged on those who had forsaken him in his hour of need. And down there by the sea, with only the wind and the sky to witness his repentance, Bruce Lowry slowly found his true self at last. And the first prayer that he had uttered for years, came faltering to his lips as he walked by the sea with the warm sunshine on his face: "O God, help me to find Charmian, help me to help her, O God!"

It was the end of June when Bruce Lowry went back to London. He was tanned by the salt air and the sunshine, and he looked a healthier, happier man.

Bruce found a letter on the mantelpiece. He opened it with misgiving:

"I am ill. Will you come to me. It is for Beauty I ask you, not for myself. Christopher."

Bruce gave a smothered exclamation, and looked hurriedly at the headline; but there was no date, and he turned agitatedly to the landlady standing behind him.

"When did this come? How long ago?"

"I couldn't say exactly, sir, but it wasn't long after you went away."

He hurried away and took a taxicab to the Edgware Road. He was filled with distress and misgiving. He bounded up the narrow staircase to the room which had afforded him such a kindly haven.

The room was clean and tidy, and the blind was half drawn down. He saw Christopher lying on the bed, his face gaunt and drawn, his eyes sunken like dark wells of pain.

"I've been away. I only came back this afternoon and found your note."

Christopher smiled faintly. "I understand; it was for Beauty's sake I wrote. I thought I was going to die. It worried me at first what would become of her. I caught cold, and I did not stay at home when I should have done so, and it settled on my lungs."

"If I had only known. Have you had a doctor?"

Christopher shook his head. "My dear friend, doctors cost money, but I am getting well now."

Bruce looked at the roses on the table. "Who has been looking after you?" he demanded. There was a little pause before Christopher answered: "Charmian Lee. She came here quite unexpectedly about a week ago. She did not know I was ill. She came to ask me if I knew what had become of you. She has been here every day since; she is an angel."

It was some time before either of them spoke, then Bruce said: "I am going to take you away from here. You and Beauty must come back with me."

Bruce took a quick step toward the door.

"I must see about getting you moved," he said eagerly. "I must—" He broke off, falling back a little as the door opened and Charmian walked into the room.

Her arms were laden with little parcels, and she dropped them all nervelessly at her feet when she saw Bruce, and for a moment they looked at one another.

"Charmian—" The faintest smile quivered over her face; she tried to speak, but no words would come, and she took a faltering step toward old Christopher.

"John—" He held out his hand to her, and she fell down beside him sobbing and hiding her face in the shabby quilt.

Above her bowed head, Christopher looked at Bruce Lowry's white face.

"It would be kind to go away and leave us," he said, and Bruce obeyed without a word.

JOHN CHRISTOPHER and Beauty were moved round to the flat in Jermyn Street that night in a hired car.

Charmian and Bruce attended to his wants and the old man was soon sleeping comfortably.

When the two were alone in the room that had witnessed the tragedy of their last parting, Bruce said suddenly:

"Charmian . . . before you go, will you say you forgive me."

"There has never been anything to forgive."

They went out together into the street. "Where have you been—since you left me?" Bruce asked.

"I took a post in a shop. I sell ribbons and things. I like it better than the Elixir."

It was growing dark now; they could hardly see one another's face, and Charmian was glad, for the tears were wet on her cheeks.

Bruce said suddenly: "Charmian, will you promise me something."

"If I can."

"Let me give you and Christopher half of what I have. It won't be a great deal, but it will keep you both so that you need

never work any more. . . . After all—" he turned his face away. "After all, you might have been my wife."

And then for a long time neither of them spoke, till suddenly Charmian's hand stole into his. "I promise," she said.

"Thank you, dear."

She checked her breath on a quick sob and stood still.

"Don't come any further, Bruce. Say good night to me now."

"Good night then, and God bless you, Charmian, my dear! My dear!"

BRUCE LOWRY was round at Mr. Smithers' office early the following morning; he felt that he could not rest until he had set his affairs in order and Charmian's future was assured.

Mr. Smithers greeted him a little coldly, and Bruce said at once: "I've come to say that I've changed my mind, and if that offer for California is still open, I'll go."

"My dear boy, I'm delighted."

They sat down together at the table, and Bruce explained what he wished done with his money.

"Miss Lee is to have everything I have or am likely to have. I want enough money settled undisputably upon her so that if anything happens to me, she will always have enough to live on. I can work and keep myself, but she . . ." He broke off, to ask again after a moment:

"Will your promise to see to this, and soon?"

"At once, I promise you."

He wanted to question Bruce, to ask about Charmian; what she was doing and where she was, but he did not like to do so.

Bruce rose to his feet; he was rather pale. "I should like to marry Miss Lee, but she is already married," he said. "Her husband left her some years ago."

"I'm sorry," Mr. Smithers said vaguely. "In the meantime . . . your ship sails in two days."

"I should like to say good-by to Mrs. Smithers and Stella before I go," he said as they shook hands. "If I may come round some evening—"

"Do! Any evening! We shall be pleased to see you. I'm afraid you won't see Stella, though," he added. "She's gone to Italy with some friends for the vacation."

"I'm sorry," Bruce said punctiliously.

"Good-by, Bruce, and good luck."

After leaving Smithers' office, Bruce walked on, the sunshine warm on his face, more light-hearted than he had felt for weeks.

It was not such a bad world after all; it was, at any rate, far better than he deserved to have found it, and his heart glowed as he thought of all he hoped to do for Charmian; and his mind leapt ahead to a summer, perhaps many years distant, when Fate would be kind to them, and let them meet again.

He crossed Piccadilly and turned the corner into Jermyn Street, quickening his steps. Christopher would wonder why he was so long—good old Christopher, his best friend. There was a crowd of people on the path gathered around the fallen figure of a man—a shabby figure judging by the patched boots and frayed trousers, which were all that Bruce could see of him.

He went on a step or two, then hesitated and turned back, pushing his way a little forward, peering over the shoulder of a woman to look at the man lying on the path in the morning sunshine.

A police constable was kneeling beside him, and a man who looked like a doctor had just risen from the pavement.

Bruce saw him shake his head, and saw his lips form the word, "Dead."

People in the crowd were talking together with the morbid curiosity of onlookers. "I saw him fall—walking along quite well he was a moment before; it must have been heart failure. I saw him fall."

The crowd began to disperse, but Bruce lingered.

The constable had unfolded his cape to throw over the dead face, when Bruce took a quick step to the front and checked him. "Wait, wait, let me look at him . . ."

The constable asked an official question. "Do you recognize him by any chance, sir?"

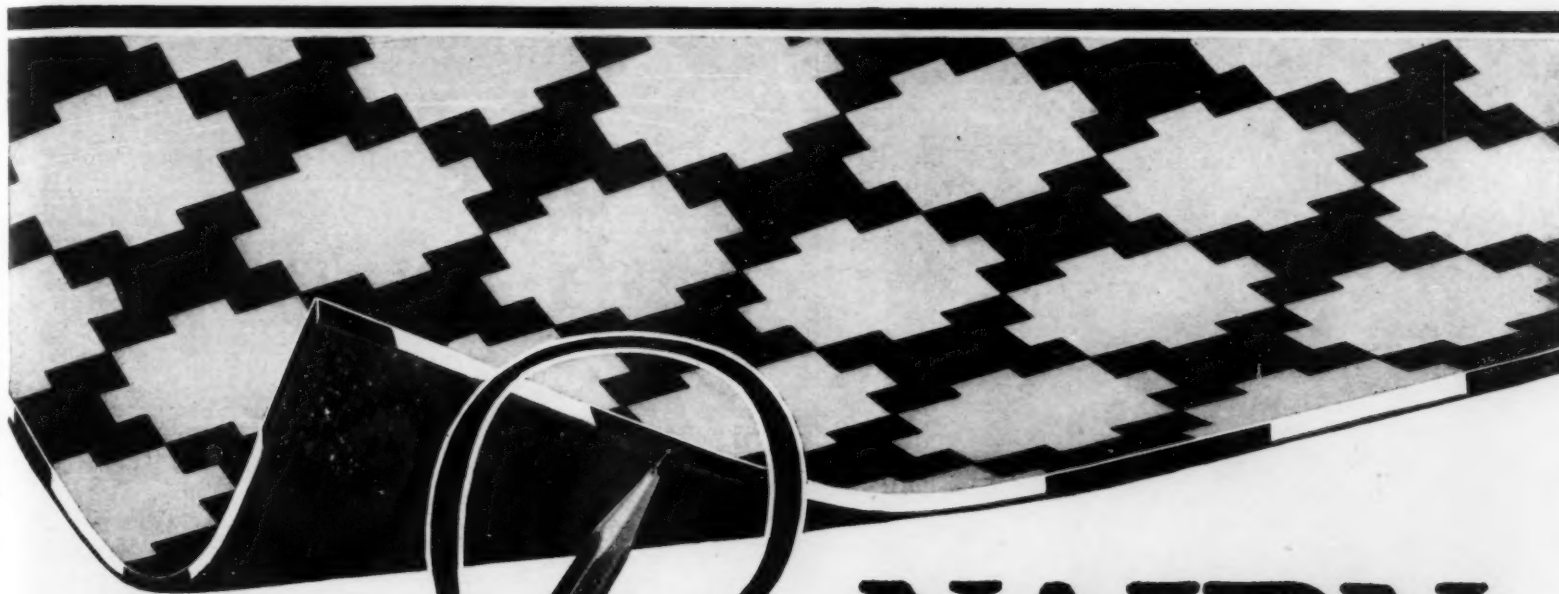
Bruce seemed not to hear; he was kneeling on the pavement, peering blindly down at the dead, dissipated face upturned to the sky.

Imagination was playing a strange trick with him, so that he felt as if he were back again on the day of his release from prison, walking along the dusty road through the autumn sunshine, with the fire of hatred searing his soul, and the desire which he had cherished in his heart for six years finding expression over and over again on his lips.

"Hardingham! . . . God! If I could only find him . . ."

For six long years he had waited—for the day that had now come.

[THE END]



The edge shows you that the tile designs are built in. The colors go through to the burlap back.

NAIRN

Straight Line Inlaid Linoleum

What is it?

A solid, yet resilient flooring—made of linoleum tiles pressed together and on to a tough burlap backing under tremendous pressure.

The *Straight Line* patterns are as clean-cut and regular as the finest tile floor. And this linoleum floor is sanitary, easy to clean and durable.

The patterns cannot wear off—the colors go through to the burlap back.

Your dealer knows Nairn. Before flooring the new home or refinishing old floors, consult him about permanent, economical Nairn *Straight Line* Inlaid Linoleum.

Write for booklet showing patterns in full colors.

NAIRN LINOLEUM COMPANY, 102 Belgrove Drive
Kearny, New Jersey

Largest Manufacturers of Inlaid Linoleum in America

W. & J. SLOANE, Wholesale: Sole Selling Agents
New York San Francisco



Pattern No. 5091/1. In old blue and ivory. Also made in two other color combinations, in one thickness.



The Three Thistles on the
back of every yard



Why did he leave her?

SHE had met him only that evening. And—on Margaret's part, at least—it was love at first sight.

He was that tall, dark, strong-but-gentle type of fellow with large, sympathetic, brown eyes. You know the kind. Women simply raved about him wherever he went.

Margaret was all a-thrill when he asked her to dance. And what a glorious dance it was!

They seemed to get on wonderfully together and naturally she expected him to ask her to dance again.

But that one dance was the last. He left her and devoted the balance of the evening to another girl much less attractive than she.

"What can he see in her?" she kept asking herself as bitter envy choked her throat.

It proved to be the most uncomfortable evening she ever spent.

* * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouthwash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath

deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For
HALITOSIS



use
LISTERINE

The Coincidence

[Continued from page 21]

"Ah—I thought perhaps you'd come for a drive with me," he said. "I understood you to say, yesterday evening—"

"Of course," she responded, giving him her hand with what seemed to the other person present a little too much heartiness; but she at once made up for it. "Mr. Keyes is going to play and sing for us a while, and then we can all three go out for a run in your car, Mr. Rennert. I'm so glad it isn't a runabout."

Rennert accepted this somewhat dampening disposal of the situation, and accepted it with a stiff sort of grace, as well. "That will be very pleasant," he said. "Especially if Holly's going to be kind enough to entertain us before we go."

Nevertheless as the two young men followed the graceful figure of Miss Peel indoors, they exchanged a quick little estimating glance in which they both recognized the beginning of a rivalry.

It was one of those Country Club summer rivalries that are like dramas composed of dozens of little scenes. The settings shift continually; now it is a putting-green, now a corner of the veranda, or the border of a grove of trees, or a table in the grill; often it is the dancing floor. The three roles are played with fervor, and though the heroine may laugh sometimes, the laughter of the other two is infrequent and never genuine: they show great strain. Such a play is always sure of the interested audience so readily supplied by any Country Club.

Certain of the scenes, however, were enacted at the house of the heroine's aunt, Mrs. George Peel, where Virginia was staying, and it was Mrs. Peel's opinion that Holly Keyes 'had a chance.' True, Virginia usually arrived at the Country Club with Rennert in his car, while Holly went out there by the trolley, but Mrs. Peel was naturally aware that when Mr. Rennert came to her house for her niece he seldom failed to find Holly taking a most temporary leave of her upon the veranda steps. Moreover, Virginia had said that she 'liked' Holly.

For that matter, she liked Rennert, too. She had the pleasant infirmity of being unable to be cold to anyone who was warm to her. When anyone showed that he liked her, she was inevitably pleased with him—when anyone showed that he loved her, she was more than pleased, she was profoundly touched. In a word, she was a creature of great susceptibility to kindness; and Mr. Thompson Rennert, being in love with her, grew kinder and kinder.

If she had not known the Harry Loyd at home, who was so like this Holly Keyes, and if she had not so often seen Mrs. Loyd patching the children's clothes and "turning" skirts for another year's wear, Virginia might have let herself be more impulsive with Holly; for of course, as he became more and more serious in his feeling for her, she could not prevent herself from being moved by it. Indeed, she finally became distressed by it, and told him so. That was the evening before she went away.

They had been dancing indoors at the Country Club, and for a little while he had persuaded her to walk with him in the strip of forest grove outside, where they could not be seen. "Please, let's not talk any more about it," she said, in a voice tremulous with her great earnestness. "I just can't say 'Yes' to you Holly. I can't!"

"But you're going tomorrow, and if you get that far away from me I know I'll lose you." He laughed sorrowfully.

"Listen," she said. "I never meant it to go this far. At first I enjoyed having you seem interested in me; I can't deny it. But honestly, I thought you were such—such a light sort of person—"

"Yes," Holly interrupted, with a little bitterness. "You made it pretty plain you're familiar with my 'type'—I'm just 'Harry Loyd,' I know. We're only minstrels, of course; the light comedians that were never meant to be taken seriously. But we do feel a little ourselves, sometimes. We really do, you know."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you guess. But not enough to think I want to marry you."

"Well—" he said, "it doesn't seem to me I can stand it, but I suppose I've got to." Then, for a moment, in the darkness he walked away from her, but turned quickly and came back to where she stood grieving. "It's all that confounded Harry Loyd!" he said. "I believe if it weren't for him I'd have had a better chance to make you like me."

She echoed his unhappy laughter and her response came to him in a whisper: "Like you? You don't know how much I like you! But—"

"Yes—I hear the 'but!'" he said. "Do you think you'll say 'yes' to Rennert before you go?"

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"Can I come to Lemington to see you?"

"N—no."

"Will you let Tommie Rennert come there?" he asked, huskily.

"I don't know."

Holly laughed again, and his bitterness returned. "I see. You want to make it clear that there's no chance at all for me. Though you won't say 'yes' to Tommie definitely, you're going home to think it over about him, because maybe you will decide to say 'yes' to him later. Isn't that the way of it?"

That was, indeed, "the way of it," but Virginia could not admit it. For some reason she felt that it would be shameful to make such an admission; and the unhappy young man heard premonitory sounds of approaching tears. "I just can't talk about it any more, Holly," she said. "I—you don't know how it all hurts me!"

This had the right effect at once. "For heaven's sake, don't cry!" he said, of course; and patted her shoulder lightly. "There's nothing for you to really worry about. You're right about me; I'm not a heavyweight, and I'm not going to be in such a bad state of mind. Cheer up, d'ye hear?"

"I—I can't," she whimpered. "I know you do care, Holly!"

"Well, what of it?" he said brusquely. "Listen!"

From the club-house veranda, two hundred yards away, there came a chorus of boys' and girls' voices calling: "Holly! Oh, Holly! Oh, Holly!"

"What you want?" he bellowed.

"How about 'Spaniard O'Reilly'?" Everybody's waiting!"

"I'm coming!" he called. Then he turned to his agitated companion, and laughed. "It's that fool new song," he explained. "I promised 'em I'd sing it with the orchestra. Don't worry any more about us Harry Loyds. We're all right so long as it's summertime, you know. Come along!"

She came along, but she knew it wasn't "all right" with him; and she wept to her pillow that night when she thought of how gayly he had sung "Spaniard O'Reilly," and had been the "life of the party," as usual, for her sake—to keep her from "worrying." And the next morning he said good-by over the telephone as gayly—he explained that a "tournament foursome" prevented him from coming to the station. Orchids, candy and a copy of "Venetian Letters," bound in leather, with her initials stamped on the cover, were waiting there for her, however, in the hands of a messenger, when she arrived with the troubled Mr. Rennert in his car. Mr. Rennert was more troubled when he beheld these parting gifts.

"I thought you—that is, I understand you to—imply," he stammered; "I understood you'd implied to Holly Keyes—"

"Yes," she said sadly, her arms full of Holly's farewell, "I did. I did imply."

"And about me, you implied—"

"I only implied, though," she protested defensively. "You mustn't make any more of it—yet."

"But when I come to Lemington—"

"If you do come," she said.

"But you told me—"

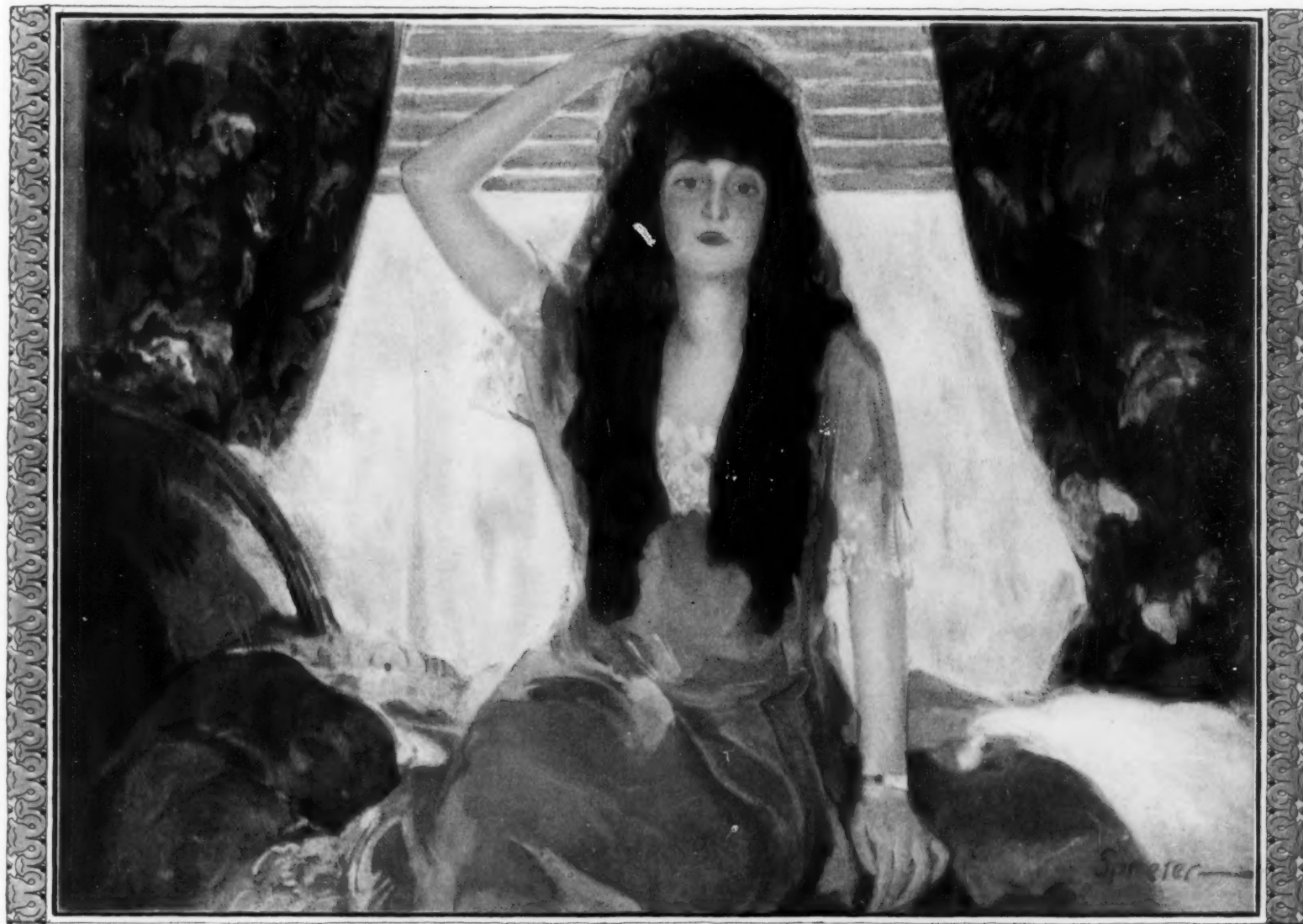
"I said I'd write to you that you can, if I decide that you can."

"But you will decide that way, won't you?" he begged as they reached the gate where her porter waited. And he looked so earnestly her lover, and so handsome, and so troubled, that she was unable to repress an impulse that brightened him magically. "At least," she said hurriedly, "I hope I will!"

Then she ran through the gate, following her porter; and on the train she thought of how Tommie Rennert would look, the next time he met Holly Keyes. Tommie would look triumphant—and Virginia winced a little when she thought of that; her journey was not a happy one. All the way she accused herself, defended herself, acquitted herself and convicted herself; the principal charge brought by the prosecution being that she was mercenary.

But whether she was guilty or not depends on the definition of the word "mercenary"; and many intelligent people would have thought her merely sensible. She was one of a large family, and a happy enough family, too, though the head of it was only a country court judge with a salary of four thousand dollars a year. Virginia had "scraped along on nothing" and she was tired of doing it; she liked "pretty things" and hoped to be able to buy them, some day. She hoped for a moderate amount of luxury, and, above all, if she married, she wanted a change from the life of continuous little self-denials that she had always led. Moreover, she liked the hard-working, scrupulous Rennert. He was a dry little man, mentally; and not open-handed; but neither was he so "close" that he would be stingy as a husband. She reached her destination, a little before

[Turn to page 33]



My wife asked me to do this

*Now I offer you a new delight
—an olive oil shampoo*

By V. K. CASSADY, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist



My wife told me she wished someone would invent a shampoo that would not leave hair dry and brittle. She said all women wanted it. And asked me to try my hand—I am chief chemist at Palmolive.

Now I have one—Olive Oil as advised by world authorities on hair beauty.

I should esteem it a favor for you to test it. And then to give me your opinion.

A more gentle way

I found that most shampoos were too harsh; that while they cleaned they took the life and lustre from the hair. Scores of women told me this. And, too,



famous specialists of the scalp. So I set out to perfect a thorough cleanser, yet one mild and gentle, which would leave that dainty sheen which adds so to one's charm.

A scientific creation

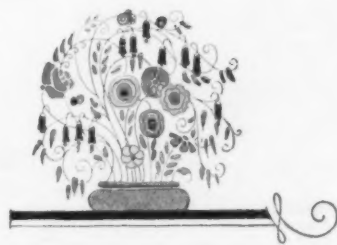
Thousands of women, many famous beauties, have written me already. They say results are a revelation.

Your hair clean.

The scalp tingling—dandruff-free and healthy.

Yet—gleamingly, gloriously alive, immediately after a shampoo!

I think you will thank me for offering this scientific way to you.



PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO



**Principal uses
of Bon Ami—**

*for cleaning and
polishing*

Brass, Copper and
Nickel Ware
Bathtubs
Aluminum Ware
Fine Kitchen Utensils
White Woodwork
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows
Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
The Hands
Linoleum and
Congoleum

Bon Ami

*for
windows,
etc.*

There now! You hold the cake — it won't soil your hands — and I'll whisk this Bon Ami off in a jiffy. This window will be so clear you won't know it's there.

Cleaning windows with magical Bon Ami is no work at all. Apply a little Bon Ami. Wait just a minute till the white film dries. Then off it comes with a dry cloth—and you've finished the task in no time.

Bon Ami is as wonderful for cleaning everything else in the list above as it is for cleaning windows.

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

"Hasn't
Scratched
Yet"



THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

The Coincidence

[Continued from page 30]

nightfall, in a state of depression. But the startling and terrible thing that had just happened in Lemington made her own trouble seem nothing.

She had not let her family know by what train she would arrive, and no one met her at the station; whereupon she was inconsistent enough to feel more depressed than ever. She tried to prepare a bright face for the meeting with her mother but failed so completely that she came into the house pale and almost unsmiling. Her mother, hurrying downstairs as the daughter entered the front door, cried, "Virginia!" excitedly, embraced her, and then stepping back from her, said: "So you've heard it! I can tell from your face that you have!"

"Heard what, mother?"

"About poor Harry and Theodore!"

Virginia was so astonished that for a moment she could not speak, but only stared incredulously.

"Did you see it in the paper on the train?" her mother asked.

"I don't know what you're talking about, mama. What is it?"

"They were killed this morning, both of them," said Mrs. Peel. "I thought from your face you must have known it."

A little later she brought Virginia a newspaper with an account of the accident.

"Shocking Accident Kills Prominent Manufacturer"

Theodore Lohrman Dies Instantly Express Crashes into Limousine

H. J. Loyd also Victim Dies with Employer "At 10:15 this morning Theodore Lohrman, one of the most important figures in the financial and industrial life of the city was crossing the L. B. & C. tracks in his limousine on the Southport turnpike, when his car was struck by the eastbound express traveling at a high rate of speed. The body of the limousine was thrown at least sixty feet by the shock and both of the occupants, Mr. Lohrman and H. J. Loyd who was accompanying him to inspect Mr. Lohrman's Southport mills, were instantly killed. The chauffeur was taken to a hospital badly hurt and unable to tell how the accident occurred, but it is thought that something went wrong with the engine of the limousine just as it reached the railroad tracks. The shock to Mr. Lohrman's business associates is particularly severe at this time, as a member of the Lohrman firm stated to a representative of this paper. A far-reaching enlargement of the Lohrman industries had just been planned, and although Mr. Lohrman's death will make no difference in these plans, which will be carried through immediately—"

Virginia stopped reading to stare pallidly at her mother. "What a horrible way to put it!" she said. "Although Mr. Lohrman's death will make no difference—"

"It only means it won't make any difference in the plans for carrying out the enlargement," said Mrs. Peel, gently. "Naturally it makes a dreadful difference to poor Cousin Judith. Of course, though, she has a great deal to live for. She's lost him, but she has the children and—and other things. She'll be immensely well off."

"Poor Ruth Loyd has children to live for, too," said Virginia. "The paper scarcely mentions Harry; it seems to think Theodore's death so much more important!"

"Well, in a way, it is," her mother returned sadly. "But as your father tried to say when he telephoned me the news, it'll never seem like the same town again, without poor Harry."

"As father 'tried' to say?"

"Yes," Mrs. Peel explained. "He choked up and I could hardly understand him, but that's what he meant. Everybody seems to feel the same way about him."

"Everybody except the newspaper!"

"Of course poor Theodore's death will be greatly felt in a business way," the mother said in a sympathetic tone.

"But the newspaper says that's just where it won't be felt. The 'enlargements' and everything else will go on just the same. Why, that's awful!"

Mrs. Peel sighed. "I haven't been to see poor Cousin Judith, but sister Amy says she's being so brave! I thought I'd let her get the first shock over, and so I waited for you to go with me tomorrow. The funeral isn't until Thursday, and neither is poor Harry's. We'll go tomorrow after lunch, shan't we?"

Virginia assented wanly; adding that she would then go on to see Mrs. Loyd. And the next day, early in the afternoon, they set forth upon these painful errands of condolence. They found the effect of the shock well dispersed when they arrived at Mrs. Lohrman's. She kissed them sorrowfully, showing some emotion; then she sat with them in her spacious and luxurious drawing-room, and spoke resignedly of her loss. "Everything will go on just the same," she said. "Theodore Junior enters the technical school in the fall, and both Judith and Mary will go to Miss Bursley's in Boston—all the children are bearing it splendidly. Theodore's trust company will have charge of the estate's interests, and we

can all feel that my dear husband is still taking care of us."

"Judith dear," Mrs. Peel said impulsively, "I can't tell you how glad we all are to see you keeping such splendid control of yourself. I do hope poor little Ruth Loyd has something like your serenity of spirit!"

"Poor Ruth!" Mrs. Lohrman said, and she shook her head sadly. "I hear she has no resignation at all. Of course it makes things just a little harder for me to realize that Harry would still be alive if Theodore hadn't taken him with him, and the terrible part of it is that he *didn't* take him because he needed him. Theodore told me, the night before, that he was going to run down in his car to look at the Southport Mills. 'I think I'll take Harry along,' he said. 'It's quite a drive and he may know a new story or two.' He never counted on poor Harry for business, of course; though he said Harry's personality helped to make business for him. I can't bear to think of Ruth; they say she's about crazy. If she could only show more bravery!"

Mrs. Peel said admiringly, when she and her daughter had come out of the house and reached the sidewalk, "Did you ever see such courage? She's so wonderfully serene and resigned, I think she must have a perfect faith."

The pallor of Virginia's face had a seeming permanency, as if she would never regain her usual color; she had slept not more than an hour since her journey, she had been so shaken by the catastrophe; and she looked ten years older than she was. She also looked profoundly thoughtful. "Do you think it's faith?" she asked. "Do you think Judith cares a great deal? Don't you think she's still got what she really cares most about: her children—and—and the rest of it?"

Her mother was shocked. "Virginia!" "You wouldn't call her 'stricken,' would you?" Virginia said. "I don't think the children are precisely that, either."

"My dear, people can't just sit down and cry all the time."

"I know," said Virginia gravely. "But he died only yesterday."

"Well, but—"

"I'm not criticizing it," Virginia interrupted, and her eyes seemed to rest upon something far, far distant. "I was thinking—I was thinking—"

"Thinking what?"

"I was thinking that this was really the most satisfactory kind of a marriage possible," said Virginia. "I mean so that you wouldn't be too unhappy if he dies. I believe—oh, I believe that's the answer!"

"Virginia! What answer?"

"It's something I'll tell you about later," said Virginia, and paused; for they had come to a street corner. "Are you going home, mama, or are you coming on with me to Ruth's?"

Mrs. Peel looked nervous. "I believe if you don't mind I'll let you go alone, dear. You know her better than I do, and it might seem a little intrusive if I went. You tell her everything for me, if she can listen to you. I think I'll go home, dear. The truth is I—well, I dread seeing her, and, well—I just feel as if I couldn't go into poor Harry's house without breaking down, myself."

She stopped, and fumbled for a handkerchief, whereupon her daughter gave her a little push that moved her a step toward home. "For heaven's sake go home and don't let's cry on the street, mama!" she said brusquely, and went on to Ruth Loyd's alone.

Two hours later, she passed this corner where she had parted with her mother, and it seemed to her a long, long time since she had been there. Her face was that of one who has been looking on helplessly at helpless tragedy; and when she got home she ran to her room and flung herself upon her bed without even taking off her hat. "You're getting your poor hat all out of shape, child," Mrs. Peel said, having followed her in. "Your head will rest better without it, anyhow. Do take it off. I suppose you found nobody could say anything of any use to poor Ruth?"

Virginia rose miserably and removed her hat without speaking; then she sank again upon the bed. "I feel selfish to let you go there alone. I suppose it was pretty terrible."

"There's no telling it," Virginia said faintly.

"No, I'm afraid not," Mrs. Peel murmured. Then she went to the windows and lowered the shades. At the door, she paused, looking thoughtful. "Both the funerals are on Thursday at almost the same time. Theodore's is at two o'clock and poor Harry's at half-past. I suppose as we're family connections we'll have to go to Theodore's. In fact I'm glad it's that way. I'd rather go to Theodore's, I believe, than to—"

She checked herself abruptly. "I understand, mama," Virginia said. "We have to go to Theodore's of course. Judith wouldn't understand if we didn't."

So, on Thursday, Virginia stood among

Theodore's relatives at the cemetery, and thought of the enlargements of Theodore's business; those enlargements that would be made in spite of what was now being done before her. She looked about her among the dark-clothed groups, and saw Theodore's business associates: the two principal bankers, the six or seven principal manufacturers and the four or five principal merchants of the town; the principal lawyer—he had been Theodore's attorney—and half-a-dozen of Theodore's chief employees, his "high salaried men." Judith and her children stood close to her, and they and Theodore's other relatives and the business men were all of a gloomy and respectful gravity—yet to Virginia it seemed that nothing whatever was greatly changed by their leaving Theodore here in the ground behind them, as they turned to go away.

Then, as they went toward the undertakers cars that waited upon the drive to take them home, the other funeral was just arriving; but at first Virginia could see only a part of it, the procession was so long. The hearse stopped not far away, and some young men, not wholly composed in manner themselves, helped the widow and her children to descend from the cab nearest the hearse. Virginia caught a glimpse of black figures, bowed and racked at sight of the pile of freshly up-turned earth before them; she had a sense of the abyss of vacancy that this hillock of yellow earth meant to them; and she hurried into her car, shuddering. Her father and mother were with her, and the three sat in silence as they drove by the long line of Harry Loyd's funeral procession, which was still coming into the gate of the cemetery. Behind the undertaker's cars were a great many others; and behind these were a number of shabby vehicles; while last of all came humbly two shaky old carriages drawn by gaunt horses and carrying solemn and downcast colored people who had known Harry Loyd and wished to show that they had known him lovingly.

Virginia's father sighed heavily as the car swept out of the cemetery and came upon the asphalt street that would take them home. "Poor dear old Harry wouldn't have liked that," he said.

"Wouldn't have liked what?" his wife inquired.

"He wouldn't have liked to see everybody so miserable at his funeral. I never saw so many people with their faces working to keep from crying in my life. Harry would have cheered 'em up if he could: that was his life business, I believe, really: keeping people cheerful. He'd rather have had 'em all laughing."

Just then, as it happened, there came a sound of laughter on the air and a heavy black automobile went by them. Eight middle-aged citizens in black were seen within it; they were smoking, and one of them had evidently just reached the point of a funny story, which was the cause of the laughter. They were Theodore's pallbearers on the way home.

"How dreadful!" Mrs. Peel exclaimed.

"Why, no," her husband said. "It's only natural. They've been on a strain and now they're relaxed. Don't you think so?"

"Maybe," she said vaguely. "I doubt if they've been on much of a strain. I don't know. Will you ask the driver to stop at the telegraph office on the way home."

"The telegraph office?" Judge Peel echoed. "What for? Have you just remembered you left the family jewel at your Uncle George's? Who are you sending telegrams to, young lady?"

"I'll tell you and mama when we get home," she said.

She sent her telegram, and a little later, fulfilling her promise, explained to her father and mother what she had done. It was a long and rather agitating explanation for all three of them, but finally the parents kissed their daughter a little tearfully, and went to tell the news to her younger brothers and sisters. These were for a time uproarious; nevertheless, they were "well brought up," and the whole family behaved discreetly when a taxicab came to a halt before the house, at twilight two evenings later.

A radiant young man somewhat grimed with train dust jumped out of the cab, and he was unconscious of the interested eyes peering at him from every window upstairs; he was in a great hurry to reach the front door.

Virginia, a trembling rose, was waiting for him in the library, with the lamp lighted and the door wide open. "You—you must have thought my telegram was—was very bold," she murmured.

"You angelic thing!" he said. "What made you decide to send it?"

Now of course what he hoped she would say was, "I found that I loved you." He was most anxious to hear her say something like that; and for a moment he was puzzled by her reply.

She began to cry. "Oh, dear!" she said. "You must promise me never to die. I found out how I'd feel if you did, and that's what made me send for you!"

HEINZ Vinegars



TODAY a salad is a necessary course to a complete dinner, supper or luncheon. This is not only because of its appetizing and refreshing qualities but because of its food value when properly prepared with good pure vinegar and olive oil.

The choice materials used, the skill and care in preparation, the long aging in wood make Heinz Vinegar rich, pure, mellow and an altogether superior product.

The combination of Heinz Vinegar and Heinz Olive Oil gives your salad a delicious taste that cannot be surpassed.

57

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY



THE FLORENTINE MERCHANT GUARANTEED HIS SILKS WITH HIS PERSONAL SAFETY

WHEN Lorenzo the Magnificent ruled in Florence, noblewomen chose their gowns from silks displayed by command in their private apartments.

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Fabrics, Embroidery, Spool Silks



A Song in the Desert

[Continued from page 6]

"I cannot go like this, Pablo. I must take things—"

"You come with me now, or I go kill you too—in a little while."

His red tongue licked at his lips as he looked at her. To be killed, that meant so little to her, now. But that "little while"—and Pablo going free, singing his gay songs under girls' windows—Her voice came again as through a haze:

"Kill me then! Come, now—do it." She flaunted herself daringly close to him, her fan striking across his lean cheek. "Bah, you silly Pablo—when you going learn something about women—eh?"

"Antonia—?" That was more the sound she wanted from him. The rest would follow in some mysterious fashion of its own. Probably an embrace, a quick snatch at his knife—for her own breast.

"You been think I loved him, no?"

"I saw you kiss him."

"Yes, and—oh foolish Pablo—I know you saw me kiss him. Have you no learned yet that when a girl—loves, she just got to hurt a little?"

"You mean—ah no, I no believe it." That too ready suspicion was upon him again. She must sweep it aside, carry him somehow along in a torrent of words, looks—kisses, if necessary.

"You think that I, one Mexican girl, going love one gringo man?" she demanded. "I hate them all same as you do. But a woman must do different from a man, yes. You think I no see you as you come up behind him? One word from me and he would have shot you—yes. But—I no been speak that word, Pablo. No—"

Ropes of words coiled about him, rising and falling on his ears like vocal flames of purple and gold. Scorn for his denseness, warm promise, and passion naked and unashamed. A woman more than at bay, a woman robbed of her love, now turned hussier and using whatever weapons she had.

"No, I no been speak that word, Pablo, because—ha ha—I going leave you for guess why not. No—no—"

She checked his motion toward her with a clash of her fan. "This is no time for kisses, I must think—"

"Think of what?"

"Think of everything—think for you as well as for me. You think I going run away with you for Mexico and have those Americans hunt, hunt us all over the country? *Jamas, Pablo, jamas*; we must fix it so no one ever going to know what become of the gringo. What you been do with his horse?"

"I turn it loose so they go think he been thrown and go look all over desert for him."

"That good, yes." It was very good; with Sherwood's horse running loose, probably trotting back to its stable at the smelter with an empty saddle, the search would soon be out after him. But Pablo's mind was as a quicksand of suspicions, and her only safety lay in speed and lightness.

"They can look one year out there on the desert," she was saying. "Come, we go hide his body down the river, you and I. Then you stay here, make visit with my mother and father, sing and laugh—then, when those white men come look for him, you been here all the time with me—and they never go suspect me of ill to him."

But, though she danced on it lightly as any will-o'-the-wisp, that quivering marsh of Pablo's mind could support her no longer. His face, suddenly ratlike, warned her that she was losing.

"I no stay here," he broke sullenly in. "I no trust you; I no trust any woman."

"Not even me?" It was only her hand which pointed toward the still form at her feet; she must not look, for once she did so there could be no more acting. "Not even after—that?"

"Not after nothing. You come with me now—or—"

She had failed, but if life meant Mexico with Pablo, then she would join that still form on the ground there. With insolent poise she lit a cigarette.

"Go get my horse then, Pablo."

"We go get him together." She was not to be permitted an instant alone. She must make him kill her here so that she could fall beside Sherwood, and their spirits go winging up together. Death was so much less threatening than life—yet only half an hour before she had been caroling this "jazz" as she tired herself for her lover's coming.

Her ears were deafened by the roar of her own thoughts, but she saw Pablo's leering expression suddenly change to one of snarling pallor, a listening pallor, malignant with fear. Then footsteps—

"Hello here—anybody about?" That death which she had craved was plainly visible in Pablo's eyes now. But she was suddenly aware that death was not what she really wanted—not while Pablo still lived. Afterward—Nothing would matter then—

"If you make one sound—" he whispered.

With an instant's motion he rolled Sherwood's body under a bench against the wall. She had a terrible glimpse of its white face and inert, rolling arms. Then, stripping off his serape, Pablo flung it across the bench so that its edges hung down concealing what was beneath it. A kick sent sand over the blood on the ground. The place was as always again, yet horribly different too, all the more sinister because its guilt was hidden under that gay covering. Gripping her wrist he spoke again.

"You stay by me, I go hold you all the time. If that *hombre* come in here, see that you speak Spanish to him. One word of that gringo tongue and you go get it."

Silence enforced, not a sound passing her lips. Her whole being seemed a cry, reaching out for those unseen ears beyond the walls. Presently a man came round the corner. A lank man, striding with the stiffness of the perpetual rider. An unkempt man, seemingly casual, with a habit of looking at everything but that which he was really seeing. A man well known to the district as "Long" Green, one of the border riders of the state patrol.

He stopped, fingering his chin in awkward surprise as he saw the two in such intimate closeness.

"Well, if there ain't Miss Antonia—and Pablo too! Howdy."

"No gringo talk now," came a muffled warning in her ear, and Antonia laughed back at Green.

"*Buenas tardes*, it is a long time since the señor come for Los Nietos."

"Well, I don't bother law-abiding people much," he answered, taking the cue of her Spanish. "What's Pablo there doing this side of the border in daylight?"

"He came to see me."

"To see you? Well, I don't blame him much."

"We go marry soon, Antonia and I," Pablo put in with a silken smile.

"What? You two—marry?" Green's face betrayed itself in surprise. "Why, I thought that you and Jim—" He caught himself in time and substituted another ending. "By the way—have you seen anything of that young Jim Sherwood this afternoon?"

"The señor Sherwood?" Could that be her own voice, so coolly without interest? Her wrist was hidden in a fold of her skirt, with Pablo's fingers like steel bands about it, his eyes upon her every motion, his ears open for the first sound of an alien tongue. The signal for her death—thrust those syllables would be. And in the following confusion of a stricken woman he might easily make his escape. Green's presence seemed no more than those mirage waters of the desert out there, mocking and unreachable.

"Yes, Jim Sherwood," he was saying, and there came a twinkle. "You are acquainted with him, aren't you?"

Acquainted with him—and under the gaudy cover of that bench—in a moment she would have to scream out the truth, wrapping her arms about Pablo that their death-weight might hold him long enough for Green's bullet.

"I found his horse a while back," Green was saying, "running loose with an empty saddle. I made sure he would be here."

"That horse is bad *hombre*," Pablo put in lazily. "Most like you will find that señor in some place by the road."

"I'll have to go look for him," Green agreed, with an effect of gathering himself for departure. In another moment he would be gone. Antonia would have shrieked, but her throat seemed without power to make a sound. Then Green spoke in sudden English.

"See here, girl, is everything all right?"

Pablo's smile held, but at the sound of that tongue his fingers tightened about her wrist. There must be no hesitation; as if through a fog she heard her own surprised reply.

"*Ah seguramente si*. What should be wrong, eh?"

"*Quien sabe?*" Green threw off his half-suspicion with a laugh. "Well, I'll go hunt that Sherwood feller."

"Ah, but for what do you then hurry? In a little time maybe he will come walking in, looking—oh, so mad." It was terrible, this standing by like one bound and gagged, watching a brilliant specter of herself laughing and acting there. But the play of false gaiety went on.

"Come, sit down, señor. You will think that Los Nietos gives a poor welcome, yes. But—ah well, I was just a bit excited, maybe. It is not every day that a girl makes the promise to marry—no."

"That is why I thought it time I went," Green laughed, and that strange girl which was herself laughed with him, turning a teasing glance upon the Mexican.

"That Pablo, he can wait—yes. He will think more of me if he is not too sure—eh, Pablo mio?"

[Turn to page 47]

An Afternoon in Hawaii on your own front porch ~



".... and the lazy, tropical afternoons we soon learned to set aside for mild recreation—and refreshment.

"Never will I forget those merry parties upon the picturesque, palm-bordered lanais overlooking Waikiki—Marcia, Betty and I; adventurers three—with dull care forgotten in the enjoyment of those delightful Pineapple Ices, Sundaes and Punches with which Honolulu regales its guests."

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For Instance, Try These Proven Recipes —

PINEAPPLE SUNDAE

Boil $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and 1 teaspoon lemon juice for 10 minutes. Chill and serve on ice cream.

SOCIETY PUNCH

Mix 3 cups sugar and 4 cups water and boil for 5 minutes. Chill and add 4 cups sirup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, the juice from 8 oranges and 4 cups ice water. Add 4 oranges, sliced very thin without removing rind, 2 cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple from which sirup has been drained and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maraschino cherries. Ice in punch bowl. Will serve 25 persons.

SHAMROCK SALAD

Seed 3 small green peppers and cut into pepper rings. Place 3 rings in the form of shamrock on lettuce. Heap the centers of the rings with well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Add mayonnaise. Sprinkle with paprika.

PINEAPPLE & APRICOT JAM

Wash and discard pits from 4 lbs. ripe apricots. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ qts. water and cook until soft. Press through a coarse strainer and measure. Add an equal amount sugar, two large cans (No. 2 tall) Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, and juice one lemon. Cook slowly until thick and pour into sterilized glasses. When ready to serve, spread between slices of buttered bread (or toast, if desired).

PINEAPPLE-CARAMEL PARFAIT

Soak 1 teaspoon gelatine in 2 tablespoons cold water. Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar in frying pan, stirring constantly until a golden brown sirup forms; add 1 cup boiling water and cook until caramel has entirely dissolved. Pour onto 1 beaten egg and cook in double boiler 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add gelatine and stir until it dissolves. Chill, add 1 cup cream, whipped, and 1 cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Pour into a mold, cover tightly and pack in equal parts ice and rock salt 4 hours.



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The Bathroom Luxurious

Its Decoration and Originality Considered Here, in this Seventh Article of Our Series

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

THE most standardized room in the American house of today is the bathroom. In fact, the European idea of our national anthem is: Be it ever so humble, there is no home without a bathroom!

The average bathroom has a floor of white tiles, walls divided into two parts with white tiles forming the lower and white enamel the upper part, a white enamel ceiling and trim, and white porcelain fixtures.

This is a safe, sane and sanitary formula which anyone can follow. But we Americans are too sadly apt to accept formulas as they are offered us and to spend our money as our neighbors spend it, without considering the possibility of a change.

My theory in decoration is that if one refuses to take anything for granted it is always possible to arrive at charming results.

There is no reason why we cannot separate an ordinary bathroom into its various elements—walls, ceiling, floor, trim and fixtures—and by considering each, achieve a bathroom that has all the necessary elements of cleanliness, but also has the additional elements of charm and sometimes of real beauty.

It is easier to beautify a makeshift bathroom, that is, one that has begun as an ordinary bedroom, than a conventional box which looks like the inside of a refrigerator. But there are few bathrooms which cannot be made a little less suggestive of the North Pole.

IF THE bathroom is in a rented house or an apartment and it is unwise to spend money on it, there can always be fresh, gay curtains, small attractive rugs, and such extras as carefully selected towels and glass. Recently I improved several of these, white boxes in a New York apartment by putting in curtains of white percale with large red polka-dots and bound with a Turkey red braid, white face and bath towels with broad red borders, small braided rugs of dark red calico, and soap dishes, glasses, and so on, of red glass.

A few years ago there was much to be said for the use of tiles, but they are unnecessary now that we have such beautiful linoleums. As for the walls, if they are in good condition they may be enameled from ceiling to floor, or they may be covered with a sanitary wall covering, or with some gay paper varnished with a waterproof varnish, and an infinitely more attractive room will be the result.

If there are several bathrooms in the house, then, of course, it is easy to make them personal and charming, but if there is only one bathroom to serve a family of more than two persons I strongly approve of the English custom of having a washstand in each bedroom. If a bathroom is shared by only two or three persons, then it may become a dressing-room as well as a bath.

Recently I did over what had been an old hall bedroom with old-fashioned woodwork. We kept the white woodwork, covered the walls with a gray and white shepherdess paper and covered the floor with a linoleum representing blocks of gray and green marble.

There was plenty of room for a dressing-table which we made of an old kitchen table with petticoats of gray and white sprigged calico bound with a rather bright green. The curtains were made of the same

calico over a window shade of the brightest apple-green Holland linen. A small plain green rug, an old chair with a slip cover of Turkish toweling bound with washable green chambray and some odds and ends of green glass on the dressing-table completed this charming room. The cost was negligible.

EVERYTHING that goes into the bathroom must be washable and must be able to withstand steam, but I have had no trouble with wall-papers if they are properly put on. When I use wall-paper in a bathroom I divide the wall into two parts, painting the lower part and papering the upper half. This protects the paper from splashes and from the necessary wear and tear of the lower wall.

Almost every little town has some painter who has learned his trade properly and who has been taught to do the marbleizing which is so fashionable nowadays, and so sensible.

In my own house I have a very large bathroom for myself, which is a sort of dream-come-true. Always, I have said—Some day I shall have a bathroom bigger than my bedroom! So when I bought this little house I determined to do without a guest room in order to take a large room for my bath and dressing-room combined. I had the floor covered with a plain black linoleum which I had varnished and which looks like shining black marble.

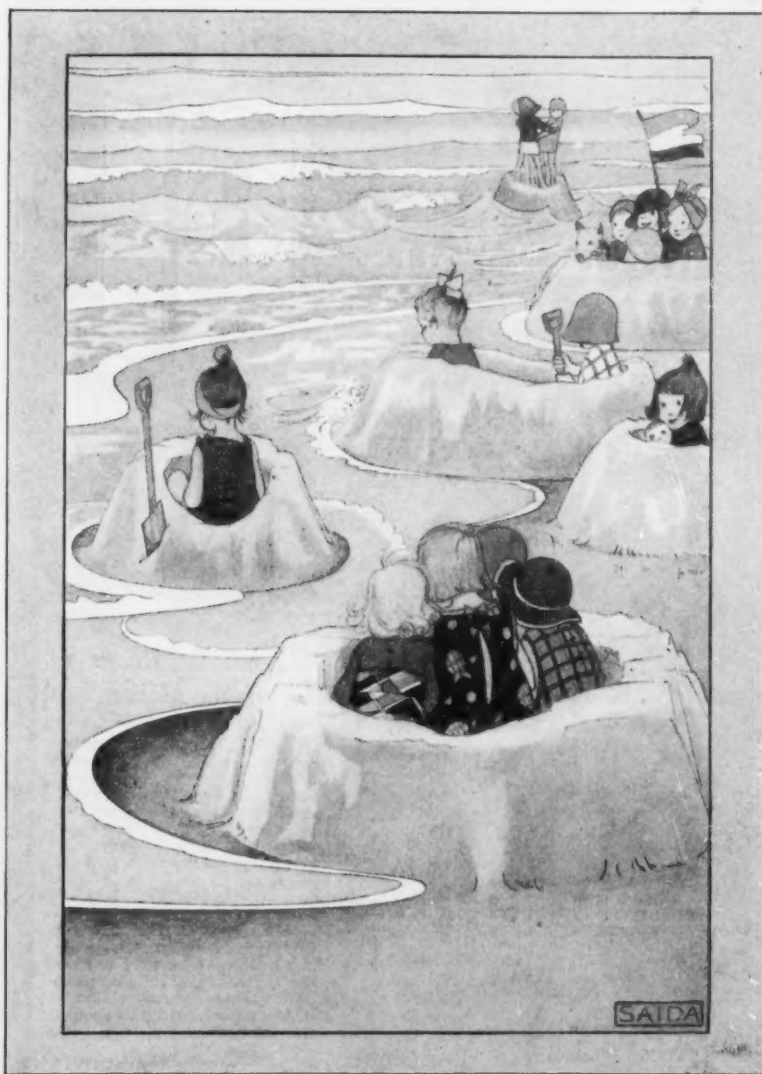
The walls I divided into large panels separated by narrow pilasters and had painted in five kinds of violet and pink marbles. The ceiling is plain pink and the curtains are of violet organdie over sash curtains of pink organdie. This is not as extravagant as it sounds, for I have found by experience that organdie lasts and washes better than any other thin material.

I had my tub recessed into the wall in such a way as to make closets at each end, which is a very useful and simple treatment. These two recessed spaces make it possible to have the toilet in an inconspicuous space and also furnish the necessary medicine closet.

I had the tub space made six inches deeper than the total width of the tub which gave me a little shelf six inches wide at the back of the tub, for bottles, soap dishes and so on. Instead of the usual white porcelain washstand I had a carpenter build a simple box-like washstand for a few dollars, and had the wash bowl set in a black marble top. It was copied from one in an old French print, and cost less than a good fixture would have cost at the plumbers.

The old fireplace I kept, and there are two windows, making a most luxurious, sunny place for dressing. In addition to the regular bathroom fittings I have a large dressing-table, made of a hideous old desk camouflaged by silk hangings, a huge couch-sofa, and a wardrobe which is fitted with shelves and holds my linen, bottles, shoes and so on. I assure you the joy of the room is worth the space I have given it!

For suggestions about decorating other rooms of the house, send for the booklet, "The House of Good Taste." To get this, send stamped, addressed envelope to The Service Editor, Care McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



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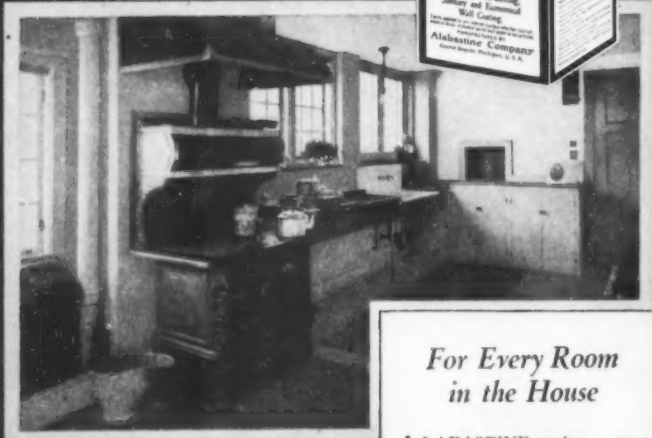
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Polly-Put-the-Kettle-On

(Continued from page 13)

promptly commandeered. It began to rain, and the terriers, Fencer and Boxer, settled down beside an open fire for the night. Polly counted over the day's earnings and superintended the extra baking session, waiting for the parlor visitor to appear and apologize.

It was after ten before he did as she had hoped he would. He had escaped by the open parlor window only to march properly around to the front door and rap softly.

"You've changed your dress," he remarked abruptly, when she opened it to admit him. "You were a vivid picture in riding-togs when you knelt beside me."

"Really?" No one had ever considered poor Polly a "vivid picture!"

"Really. You wore a scarlet flannel coat and stiff black sailor and your skirt was striped stuff. Your eyes made me wish I were quite the thing right then, so I could introduce myself."

He lingered in the outer hall until she invited him in.

"Come back into my parlor," was his reward.

"You were charming!" He waved a slim hand as he obeyed. "The sort of charm that seems first to be in your eyes, and then your mouth, and in the end—well, a general sort of charm," he finished triumphantly if a bit incoherently. Then he added: "You must admit I wasn't as badly off as I might have been if I can remember this much."

He waited until she asked him to sit down.

"Nice dogs!" Fencer and Boxer, making a sleepy tour of inspection, wagged appreciation of the compliment. "Miss Gaitwood, please believe this was not intentional, won't you?"

"I'd be happy to. I hate an habitual drunkard."

"Oh, that part was intentional! I meant tumbling in here, instead of—farther on." His face darkened as if covered by an ominous mask. "I must have taken queer stuff, because I usually calculate distances. Your old darkey was very decent. He seemed to understand . . ." His face flushed. "And got me out of the way."

Polly realized that it was a difficult apology. She was extremely grave. "I'm glad you used my little parlor," she said. "If you never have to use it for a similar purpose. This has been the personal room of gentlewomen for over a hundred years; wonderful things have been dreamed of and planned for in it."

"Are you trying to reform me?" he challenged.

"Would you object?" she retorted.

He laughed, and the lines of anxiety vanished. "I am too hopeless. Too dazed by the coincidence of stumbling in here—where Julian Gaitwood's daughter lives. When—" He hesitated, but seemed unable to keep from adding: "You see, I was a boy worshiper when your father made his great success. I cluttered the woodshed with flutterbuds and marvelous contraptions that were to bring the world from his feet to mine! But I lacked one essential—somebody to believe in me. Instead, I had a brute of a stepfather and a dying, intimidated mother. So I never succeeded in influencing the world. You can quite understand."

"Quite. Did you keep on trying?"

His face set, as if for all time, into a sneer. "I tried until—three months ago."

He spoke so brusquely as to forbid further questioning. "I wonder what I may give you for my—er—lodgings?" he asked, with obvious intent to offend.

"Your confidence," Polly replied, amazed at her own boldness. "Come, I loaned you my sacred parlor. Tell me why you stopped trying three months ago. —I'll make you black coffee if you like." She was reckless in her determination to know his secret.

HE followed her into the kitchen, still warm and spicy with the fragrance of new fruit-cake and basking in the atmosphere of burnished copper pots and pans, imposing tea urns, pewter plates, the great wood-and-coal range, in which the famous Homestead cakes were baked. There were crisscrossed muslin curtains at the windows, and flowers blooming in pots. At one side stood a wooden settle; and in the center, a worn table as old as the house itself. What family feasts had been served on its hewn-oak surface!

"Let me stay here!" he begged. "By the way, my name is Tempest—Mark Tempest. Julian Gaitwood's daughter needs no introduction."

She nodded carelessly, setting out coffee-cups and humanely adding ice water.

"Now," she commanded, "please begin."

The clock was striking eleven. Aunt Rachel and Uncle Saul were dreaming of their dreaded hants, while, facing Mark Tempest across the table, Polly learned everything but why he had stopped trying three months ago.

[Turn to page 40]

Hygeia — the SAFE Nursing Bottle



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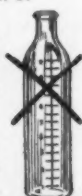
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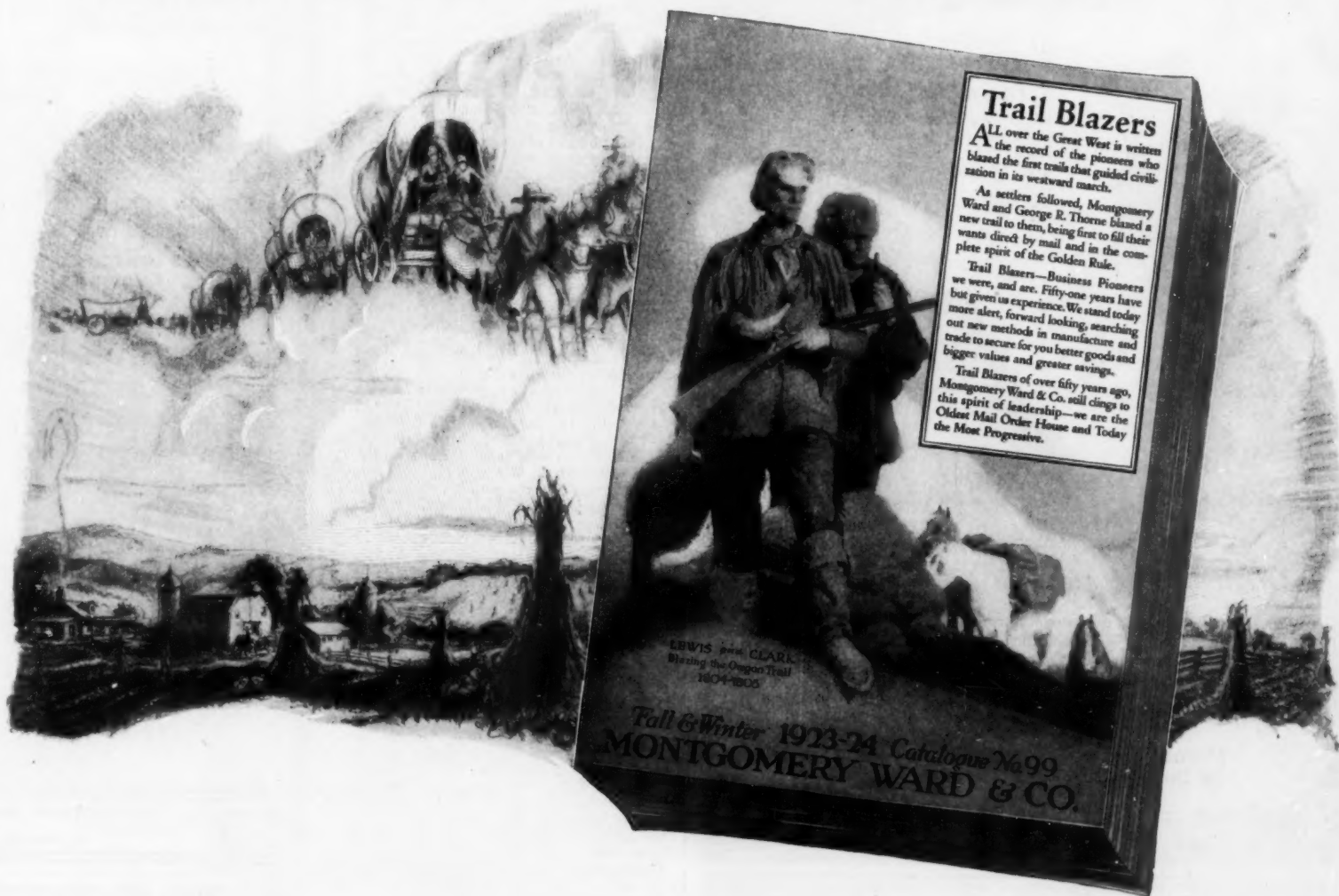
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Polly-Put-the-Kettle-On

(Continued from page 38)

It was a turbulent, disconnected story of economic strife and idealistic genius, false friends, reckless travels—such a series as her father had experienced until his dynamic personality had forced recognition from the Powers. There was the usual egotism and blind faith in unscrupulous friends, unreasoning impatience for achievement, and, by contrast, unbelievable endurance in perfecting his ideals. This struggle was followed by tragic discouragement and the theft of an automobile improvement and the apparent failure of his device for submarine lighting. On this last he had lavished his finest efforts. Well—he had stopped trying!

Part of Julian Gaitwood's daughter's heritage was the ability to judge such a situation. Polly knew that Tempest had spoken the truth. When it turned early morning, she cooked an omelette and scolded him sympathetically. She asked endless questions as to what he was doing now—some clerking job in Washington to provide him with bread and butter? Surely he would become dissatisfied with such a squirrel-cage! And he came week-ends to visit these farmers who lived along the road—Sidney was the name?

Yes, they had been good to him. He stuttered oddly. He was very fond of them both. As for his ultimate future: he declared there were the always turbulent Balkans to fall back upon when ennui became paramount. One could always enlist! He was through wanting success; he was contemptuous of his failure. Plainly he wanted to escape from this girl with her direct, sympathetic eyes; plainly too, he longed to stay.

"You must give me your address," she was demanding. "I want it because—Oh, perhaps I'm looking for a man to go selling my fruit-cake through the North, or—I might be cheeky enough to whisper a word in someone's ear—someone who could see that you had a fair hearing without delay—"

"So you could." He was thinking aloud. True to form, tragic mistakes and accumulated bitterness vanished as did his first instinct of affronted dignity at the thought of accepting aid from a woman. He was a destined dreamer of dreams, an inventor bent on success. Nothing should stand in his way—nothing else mattered . . .

During this ego fantasy of what might have been, he gave Polly the address and, impulsively, bent to kiss her hand. Then he went out into the raw morning—to the friends who were so singularly kind.

YOU are a born promoter," said one of the most worthy Powers, who had driven down from Washington to congratulate Polly on her mechanical genius. "You should have been your father's press-agent—or your mother's social secretary. You're one of those reliable persons who do not give other people false 'tips.' You can estimate a situation. Tell me, how did this Tempest come to confide in you? Surely not from dropping in for tea and cake—and what cake, Polly dear! Enough to give me the liver of a retired colonel!" He cut another generous slice.

She insisted that he take a complete cake home with him—one of her plummiest cakes, warranted to spell ruin to any alimentary canal. When he thought things over afterward, the Power realized that Polly had not answered his question.

"Forceful personality, Tempest's," he continued. "Like your father. Surly, proud, stubborn—but an affectionate, confiding child when you get under the crust! Imagine his clerking in a department store, rooming in a barracks, and having those wonderful brain children stuffed in bureau drawers and under a cot! What a dramatic background, eh, Polly? Why, at first the man almost flew at my throat for offering him a chance—"

The Power had not enjoyed such a thrill since he became a Power. "Acted as if I were stealing up behind him, dagger in hand," he added. "Then he was shy, awkward, amusingly apologetic. Finally, abject in his gratitude, almost depressed. He regarded you as—What was it he said? The words made an impression. Ah, yes, you were, he said, his 'tardy angel.' But why tardy? The world is going down before him—a second Gaitwood, or I miss my guess."

"How splendid!" Polly prayed that the Power would depart before there came the inevitable: "He has been running down here to tell you all that happened, hasn't he? Ah, I knew it! Come, 'fess up. Are you going to capture the mechanical genius of the age as well as discover him? Eh?"

She would have had to answer that he had never come. Not once. True he had sent flowers very often; and when the war department made terms for his submarine lighting device, he had written a half-savage, half-tender, letter, which expressed anything but gratitude.

"His advance royalty is twenty-five thousand," the Power further enlightened

(Turn to page 42)

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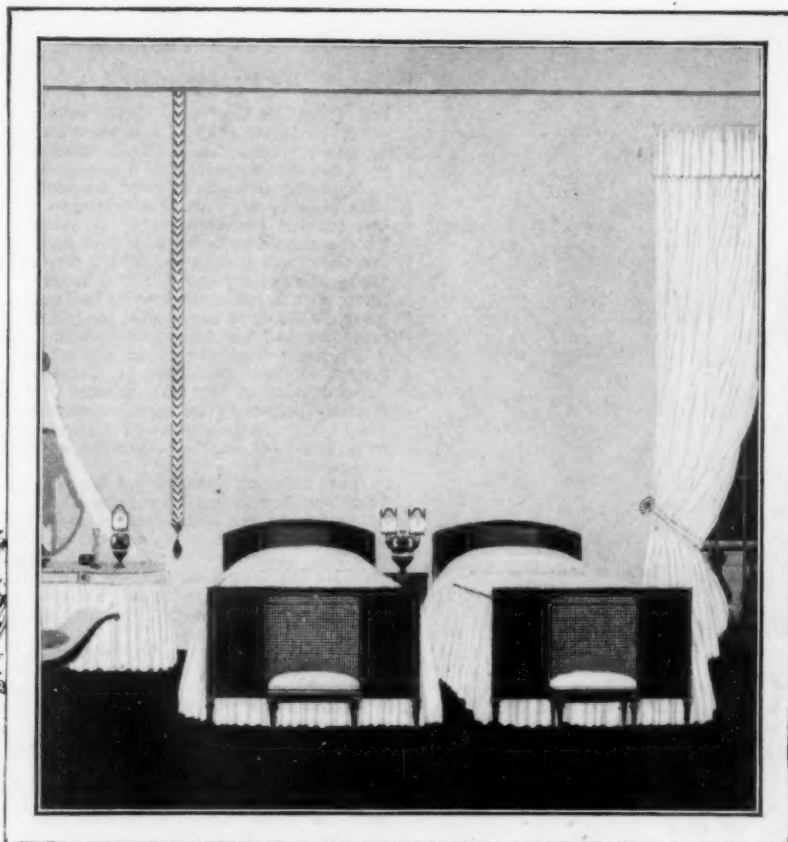
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Name _____
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____

Polly-Put-the-Kettle-On

[Continued from page 40]

her. "The 'He Cinderella,' they're calling him." He looked at Polly, who knew that he was thinking, "Too bad you haven't your mother's beauty!"

Promising to come to town for some affair given by the Power's daughter, who had snubbed her successfully for years, Polly said good-bye to her important guest and planned on retiring to her little parlor for a soothing cry. She wished to cry partly from happiness because she had put Mark's kettle on so successfully, partly because she had not her mother's beauty, which might have proved an irresistible magnet to him. As it was, he probably resented being in her debt, resented her motherly patronage—her slightly upturned nose! Very likely she would receive a letter of formal gratitude—then his wedding-cards!

But Polly was cheated of her cry. Uncle Saul approached her on the subject of moving all the cellar supplies to the barn. It was too hair-raising a feat to enter that dark basement, ever conscious of the shrieking hants, to count out eggs or pour molasses. Last night, when he had gone down for a basket of apples, the hants had wailed without ceasing.

"I'll see about boarding up the squeaky places," Polly unsympathetically compromised. "A hundred and fifty years ago, when the house was built, people didn't have nerves."

Reminding herself that, as usual, she was denied even romantic regrets, Polly descended to the orderly dungeon piled with supplies and disabled furniture. Turning from the vegetable pit and the coal bins, she considered the plan of a concrete wall, which would eliminate the ancient wood partitions.

On one side, where the cellar ended, some dead-and-gone Duveen had seen fit to establish a cubicle for some dead-and-gone purpose. This might be an excellent starting-point. As she made her way to the corner, she heard an agonizing, unmistakable wail. Catching her breath, she gripped the flashlight with redoubled determination and continued her investigations.

A smile broke over her face when she found, inside the cubicle, an array of various-sized empty bottles suspended by strings and so placed that every outside breeze transformed them into a ghostly wind-harp. Small wonder Uncle Saul and Aunt Rachel had rushed upstairs without waiting to investigate!

Who had created the hoax—and for what? The question vanquished her smile. The boards on three sides offered no solution, but those on the fourth betrayed fresh dirt at the edges.

Polly's capable hands, so unskilled in fan maneuvers swiftly moved one of these boards—then another. Throwing her flashlight ahead, she saw a small, musty cubby-hole. She was recalling some family legend of revolutionary days and a spy concealed at Homestead, when—she stumbled over the necessity for hants and the explanation of the wind-harp. It was a wooden case, containing a metal strong-box, the key to which rattled into a corner of the former as she picked the strong-box up. Opening it quickly, lest Uncle Saul's chivalry should overrule his fears and force him to follow her, she saw neat parcels of new English banknotes. There must have been hundreds of them! Fast upon her amazement followed the suspicion that they had not the sanction of the Crown.

So . . . ! She slipped the boxes back into their corner. Wondering if her heart-beats would have sounded like dull thuds to anyone but herself, she made her way to the exit from the mysterious cubby-hole. The passage terminated at a pile of innocent-appearing rocks just beside her garden fence.

She returned as quickly as she had gone. Uncle Saul waited in the woodshed. "I done feared—" he began.

"We'll get carpenters next week; they'll end your hants," she said emphatically, as if she wished to have done with the whole matter.

SHE hummed as she went upstairs to brush off the dust and steady her nerves. Since the money was finished, it must be ready for distribution. But distribution by whom, and where? And by whom had it been made, and where? This, of course, was only a hiding-spot. Swift rage at the contamination of her beloved Homestead lent her the impulse to summon secret-service men, while she fled to Washington until the search was ended. But the recurrent feeling that Mark Tempest might be implicated in the affair prevented such action. Why had he resented publicity, success? Why did he stammer at mention of the Sidneys, who lived near and were known as white trash? What could she do to save him if her fancy were an intuition of the truth?

"Chile, dat mistab Tempest done askin' fo' yo'," Aunt Rachel was saying outside

[Turn to page 43]

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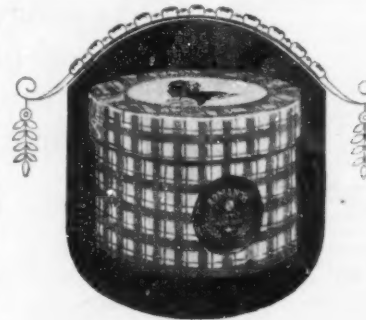


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Polly-Put-the-Kettle-On

[Continued from page 42]

the door. "I tol' him you was restin', but he pow'ful—"

"Show him into my parlor," Polly ordered. "I'll be down directly."

With deliberate vanity, she selected her one "creation"—the dress she had worn for her mother's remarriage. It was lemon velvet, deepening by degrees to a tawny, tortoise-shell shade in the hem of the skirt, a shade somewhat like Tempest's eyes. The gown made the most of Polly's hair and figure. In her haste—how her mother would have reproached her!—she neglected to powder her nose. But had her mother explored the cellar, she would have fainted—which made them even.

Transients drove up as she entered the parlor door. She turned its catch so that her interview with Tempest might not be disturbed.

SHE found him kicking the smoldering logs and rattling around with the andirons. He was carelessly dressed, for all his good fortune, his black hair rumpled, and his strange eyes dull and inscrutable.

"You look awfully well," he began.

"I wish I could say the same," she retorted.

"I've longed to come for weeks—you must have known it." His melodramatic attitude vanished before Polly's presence. "I tried to write—but you can't say real things according to a polite letter-writer. Besides I haven't been able to feel anything except resentment. I wish you had let me alone—a rejected genius, an unknown failure. It would have been better all around. If I'd only seen you sooner—I!" he added, as if in spite of himself.

She had remained standing, her back to the door. "Why is it too late?" she demanded. "Captain Farlane told me about your royalty check. He says you've been discovered, whether you like it or not. You can't turn back!"

"True! Nor go ahead!" he cried out. "It's a damnable blind alley."

"S-sh! There are people outside. Please sit before the fire. Now, why is it too late? Why can't you go on?"

"Because—Oh, I can't bear to have you think me spineless. First, I fall in here, a drunken beast. In my penitent, dazed condition, I'm fool enough to tell you some of the things I once believed worth while. You exerted your influence, and the trick was done! I should have kept still—or told you all. I don't mind being a traitor to my country—it's disappointing you! You see, Miss Gaitwood, I'm a—a—"

Looking up, Polly saw only that box of false notes. She must have swayed; for as he bent down in concern, the illusion seemed to blur out his face with its fine, anxious lines. When she spoke, the illusion vanished.

"You owe it to me to explain," she urged doggedly. "You don't realize what it means to me to have helped a talent like my father's."

"I'll tell you—and you'll loathe me!" He was like a tense, terrified child. "You should loathe me. Turn away your head—I don't want to watch your eyes. Now, listen!"

In disconnected, blunt phrases, the truth came out. Discouraged, and at the end of his resources, he had joined forces, a few months ago, with skilled criminals. He had been baffled and bruised and very hungry—a state, he supposed, that Polly could not understand!—and—he had surrendered. The government seemed to deny him his just reward: very well, then he would exact a reward for himself. He would use that wizard brain—that tremendous power within him that was never at rest save when it was inventing, creating—for destructive purposes. He had tried his best to benefit humanity; now he would cheat it.

SO—he had counterfeited! Ah, he knew she would despise him! But if only she might understand . . . Now that the god of fortune beckoned, could he desert his comrades? False honor held him loyal to men who were incapable of honor. The magnitude of his crime—could any success outweigh it? To have so prostituted talent—I! At that very moment, the royalty check was bringing his remorse to a crisis. It was true that not a banknote had been circulated, but they were in readiness. The Sidneys had been biding their time when his success came to startle and waylay them. . . . Now they had a life-hold on every hour of his existence. Better than defying the government, within danger of the law, would be the personal blackmailing of their erstwhile partner! Could she understand?

"Just what do they want?" she interrupted.

"To sell me, bit by bit, the damnable stuff I helped make. I'm to give them the money my country has awarded me for—that. Suppose I met the first demands; it would be but a beginning. They'd dole

those notes out to me in fives and tens. They'd—Oh, I feel stifled when I try to comprehend it! They'd bleed me, little by little, like leeches. And if I refused to meet their demands, they'd—do for me." After a pause he ended, "It would be nothing novel in the career of either of them."

"Where is the money?" Her voice sounded faint and far away.

"I've never known," he told her. "They were always a little uncertain of me. They never let me see the hiding-spot. It's probably buried somewhere about the farm, which they guard like a fort. Polly, the least I can do is to leave the government my inventions and my check—and you my confession."

"Is Sidney the real name?" Her voice was still faint and far away.

"As good as any. The older man is Jock; he's a bad one and wanted in Scotland Yard. The other is Dawson, a dope-addict with a dozen aliases. They're not good for you even to hear about. And they're desperate, both of them: they'll do as they say."

"Where will you go?" Her voice had recovered its full, pleasant sound.

"To Honduras—or make a neater job and slip overboard. Please don't be upset. I'm not worth it."

"Have you refused their terms—definitely?"

"I've got until Wednesday. They hate to see such a good thing slip away. Besides, they'd rather be crooked than straight, or they'd have been men enough to accept my offers of jobs, income—anything—if they'd hand me the whole pack of rotten paper and let me burn it!"

"Suppose," Polly suggested, "you come here tomorrow noon? You will still have three days the start of them. You owe it to me to come again, if I choose to ask you to. I want you to bring me every drawing and plan and model and leave them with me. You could not trust anyone else—and I discovered you. You must give me your brain children. Come tomorrow by noon. It won't take long. Is it so much to ask? Whom else could you trust? A hint of wanting to explain everything you're planning to anybody else would be fatal. Please; tomorrow noon!"

"I hate a second good-bye!" But his nonchalance did not conceal his emotion. "It's a futile anticlimax. But you're right about the—the things. You ought to be guardian of them! I'll come."

After he left, she greeted her guests, waxed talkative over the history of the house and its furnishings—the gold-banded tea-sets, the silver platters, the wedgwood—all the priceless old treasures that would be, forever, a beloved part of all her happiest childhood memories.

"It must be marvelous to own such heirlooms," cooed one rapturous tea-drinker. "Surely you can never, never leave this darling place!"

"It is almost like Mount Vernon," approved another; "except that there are no horrid guards to prevent your taking a really close look."

"I love it better than any other place in the world," Polly answered a little unsteadily.

When the tea-house closed, she sent Aunt Rachel and Uncle Saul off to the Winnerton revival meeting. Then she made a solemn farewell tour, lingering briefly in each room, for time, for the thing that she had planned to do was as limited as success was tremendously uncertain.

It seemed to her that each beloved article called out to be saved.

"No, dears," Polly found herself thinking as she ended her tour and stood in the center hall, her hands caressing a chest of carved drawers. "The old must save the new. Nothing can be spared—not a teacup. What a sacrifice! But he is worth it!"

She kissed the portraits of her great-grandparents. There was nothing affected in the act. Somehow, Polly felt that they approved. She considered but immediately relinquished the idea of hiding some of the portraits. But no, this must be a true fatality with not a clue left behind to prove that it had been planned. She smiled sadly. "How they will scold because I carried no insurance. How they will whisper that everyone's kettle is apt to boil over!"

For a long time afterward, Polly worked feverishly, laying her fire so that whatever else of the place zealous neighbors might rescue, the rendezvous of the hants would be reduced, with everything in it, to a mass of indistinguishable ashes.

SADDLING Satan, the terriers flying in alarm at her side, Polly, clad in a kimono and with her hair in thick braids, dashed through the night. "The Homestead's ablaze!" the neighbors heard her scream. "Aunt Rachel and Uncle Saul are at Winnerton. Help me! I'm going on for volunteers."

[Turn to page 44]



What is Time Doing to Your Skin?

DON'T you wonder sometimes how you will look ten years from now—if your complexion will retain its youthful radiance and natural glow of health?

The answer rests largely with you. Every day your skin is changing. *What are you doing to safeguard it?*

Let Resinol Soap solve your problem. If time has already left its first trace, and your complexion is becoming blotchy, sallow, rough or coarse—don't be discouraged,—now is the time to prove the worth of this delightful toilet soap.

Look in the mirror after the first treatment with Resinol Soap—see how visible the improvement is! Roughness and sallowness gone, and in their place the glow of returning skin health.

You feel at once that here is a soap whose regular use helps to overcome skin defects and preserve the natural freshness of youth beyond the time when most women lose it.

Resinol Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters. Its satisfying Resinol fragrance makes it a favorite.

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Pie~



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Process—New Process Co. Div., Cleveland, O.

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1923

Son, don't eat that pie so fast. Let the soft, sweet filling linger on your tongue until the rich pastry dissolves in the juice. Eat every last bite of it too, 'cause it's something you'll never forget—that piece of Mother's Pie.

As the years roll by, these memories of Her you'll cherish—the picture of her face, the sound of her voice, the feel of her goodnight kiss and—the lingering taste of her matchless pies—"The Pies that Mother Used to Make."

For American Mothers have made pies for their boys and men since—we don't know when. And, although Mothers *always* do their best, failures were many in the Old Days—pale-faced pies, crust burned at the bottom, and fillings that tasted raw 'though crusts were beautifully browned.

But nowadays Mother's pies don't have these faults. Mother knows when she sets the Red Wheel of the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator at a certain temperature, that when the alarm clock rings an hour or so later that pie will be perfectly, beautifully done.

Today the leading schools and universities of America are teaching the little mothers of Tomorrow how to bake pies, cakes, biscuits and roast meats perfectly every time, with the aid of the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.

The marvelous gas stoves equipped with this famous device are sold by nearly 15,000 Agents, Gas Companies, Furniture Dealers, Hardware and Stove Dealers. Any one of them will gladly explain and demonstrate the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator and show you how it saves time, food, fuel and labor.

In our Experimental Kitchen we have recently perfected several recipes for Pies. These recipes give the exact Time and Temperature for baking, and some other "Pie" information that you'll appreciate. Mail the coupon and we'll send you the recipes.

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LORAIN

OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Polly-Put-the-Kettle-On

[Continued from page 43]

Satan plunged up a side road, over beside a weather-beaten house. At the sound of plunging hoofs, the door flew open, and a man, holding a squirrel rifle in open hostility, demanded: "What do you want? Be quick, woman!"

"Over there, neighbor. See the flames? The tea-house is ablaze! It started in the cellar. The furnace flues must have been—Oh, help me! We've no fire protection. Help me, neighbor!"

As she picked up Satan's reins to turn him back toward the blazing Homestead, the oaths of the Sidneys sounded, like music, in her ears.

"I told you to take it away before you—"

"—her house; we'll get it out—even if we singe our hides to do it!"

Shortly afterward, as she made a pretense of hurrying, a rickety automobile puffed up behind her and passed without a word of sympathy from its occupants. They were headed for the burning cellar—by way, she guessed, of the secret entrance under the rocks by her fence gate. Well, if they chose the fire-trap to save unfair evidence of a great man's passing fault, refusing to rally to her aid, common sense counteracted threatened emotional doubts.

She walked Satan all the way back. She wanted as much time as possible before she should come upon the flaming house, the handful of excited, sympathetic neighbors, and be forced to realize that it was gone forever—portraits, keepsakes, historical relics—evidence!

Aunt Rachel and Uncle Saul, recently returned, left off their child's play with water buckets to run up to her as if themselves guilty of the arson.

"Blessed lamb, dey say two men is suffocatin' sho'ly in de cellar," whispered Aunt Rachel. "Don' clutch me like dat, darlin'. Dey couldn' be saved. Dey is de white trash—fom up de road."

"The cellar—how did they get there?"

"De mornin' sun'll tell a heap mo'. Jimson Peters say dey come staggerin' up at one of de little side windows—de coal-bin one, I reckon—an' dey dropped back, de smoke jes' a-roarin' ober eberything. Miss Polly, de precious house! Miss Polly, don' say you gwine griewe yo' life away, kase de good Lawd seen fit to—"

The night air was unbearable, as if the flames were focused upon her shivering self. The spectators were an accusing crowd.

She became uncertain of her deed, of Mark Tempest's reaction—of everything. She sank down, a dead weight, at Aunt Rachel's loyal feet.

WHEN Mark Tempest reported at the Hybla Valley, laden with bulky bundles, grim with determination to make the agony brief, he saw the blackened ruins, heard the gossip of the catastrophe, including the suffocation of the Sidneys—and he found Polly at the Jimson Peters' shack, dressed in Mrs. Peter's snuff-colored wrapper.

"Life itself was not worth as much to them as crime," she told him, after he had almost forced an explanation. "If they had been willing to live and let live, they would not have skulked to the tunnel first."

"And if they had lived—?" he began, incidentally holding Polly in his arms.

"I could have reasoned with them—since I burned the notes first of all." Her answer came with a swiftness that convinced him she had argued the matter out ultimately. "As it is, we all sacrificed something to make you able to go on. You humbled your pride to tell me the truth. The men yielded their miserable lives. I—I gave little old Homestead . . ."

Here it was Polly's turn to weaken, and Mark's to be protecting.

"Little old Homestead!" he said reverently. "Can I ever be worthy of you?"

She was dauntless and invincible again. "All my life I've rebelled at just being Polly, only to end by knowing that it requires people without brilliant originality and intricate, defenseless emotional organizations to put things through for those who have those qualities. I saw no other way to save you, so I did not hesitate. Your sort always has to have a Polly to put the kettle on—sometimes to take it off."

"Can you get to town and find some clothes by tomorrow noon?" he cut in. "I am going to marry you! Ah, but I am!"—as she shook her head. "I'll go to Honduras or smash up my models unless you say yes!"

"What a time I'll have of it," she murmured. "There will always be so many kettles!"

He swung her into his arms. Briefly, she enjoyed the thrill of helpless importance that Fanny Duveen had enjoyed without pause. It was almost as soul-satisfying as to be a reigning belle.

"Now what do you say?" he insisted, bending his head to catch her whisper.

"Tomorrow, my Tempest—but not before three!"



The Mayonnaise makes the Salad

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Tomato Salad—6 tomatoes, 1 cup salad dressing, red pepper, 1 head lettuce.

Select tomatoes of good shape and color. Cut three thin slices off top of each tomato and place on salad plate. Cover center of slices and top of tomato with mayonnaise, garnished with red pepper. Serve on lettuce. If desired, fill center of tomato with equal parts of pineapple and celery mixed with mayonnaise. Serve on individual salad plates. This recipe serves six people, one tomato for each person.

No-Egg Mayonnaise Dressing— $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons Carnation Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar.

Put salt and paprika in a bowl; add Carnation Milk and mix thoroughly; add oil slowly, stirring constantly. Then add the lemon juice or vinegar. This recipe makes $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad dressing.

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Old Wives' Tales in Cookery

How Many Do You Know? Here Are Some That We Have Disproved in the Food Workshop

By May B. Van Arsdale and Day Monroe

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers' College, Columbia University

THE old saying, "It is better not to know so many things, than to know so many things that ain't so," holds true in cooking as in other fields of knowledge. Many food customs have been handed down unchanged from one generation to another, and have not been subjected to honest investigation. Because cookery is an art, good cooks have found it difficult to explain their success and have often attached undue weight to unimportant quirks.

Once upon a time some one must have made a wonderful cake and when her neighbors asked her why, she could offer no other explanation than that she had stirred her batter in only one direction during the making. Probably the cake was a success because her proportions were right and because she had a good oven. But ever after, many housewives stirred religiously in only one way, and expected good results. One of the peculiar things about a fallacy is that it is undimmed by failures.

Time was when Jack thought the reason his wife's biscuits were better than those of her neighbors was that she popped them into the oven just as soon as they were made. The immediate baking of biscuits has become a tradition, which has been handed down by housekeepers and some cooking teachers as well. But is it really true? Experiments in the Food Workshop at Teachers College have shown that two hours of standing seems to have no appreciable effect upon biscuits. They can be rolled, cut, covered with a damp cloth so that they will not become dry, and stand in a cool place while you dress for dinner and set the table. When they can be baked and served piping hot. If they stand, after being cut, for more than two hours, they flatten and lose their shape.

Gingerbread can stand even longer. You can keep it in its pan, ready for baking, for three days. If the unexpected guest comes for afternoon tea, you can step into the kitchen just long enough to light the oven and astonish her with hot gingerbread.

Many women believe that food cooks more rapidly if the water is boiling violently. They could save one-half the fuel bill by keeping the flame low enough for gentle boiling and the food would cook just as rapidly.

Do you pride yourself that you can always tell whether a cake is made with butter, rather than margarin or some other shortening? We have tried baking a series of cakes, using a different fat in each, but greasing all the pans with butter, because the fat used on the pans is tasted more than the fat used for the shortening. We seldom found a judge who could distinguish the butter cake.

Three measures of ice to one of salt has long been the accepted proportion for ice-cream freezing. But why use

so much salt and have it inactive in the bottom of the freezer? Experiments have shown that eight parts of ice to one of salt gives a smoother ice-cream, of greater volume, and in addition costs less, because ice is cheaper than salt.

Fondant-making has been almost a sacred rite, and because there have been frequent failures, the tradition has grown that this undertaking needs all sorts of favorable conditions—especially fair weather. If you have a thermometer you need not worry about rain. The wettest day seems to have no effect if you cook the sirup to the right temperature.

DOES hastening the process of bread-making by adding extra yeast change the taste of the bread? We have used as many as eight cakes of yeast in one loaf of bread without securing the "yeasty" taste of which so much is said. This taste is really the result of over-fermentation and will occur when only a small amount of yeast is used if the dough is allowed to become too warm while rising. Of course no one wants to pay for eight cakes of yeast for one loaf of bread, but many times the housekeeper could obtain quick and favorable results with the small extra expense of doubling the yeast.

"Everything cold for mayonnaise" used to be almost a household slogan. The bowl, the oil, egg, vinegar and sometimes even the beater were put into the ice-box and chilled beforehand. Curdling was blamed on the heat in summer and on something else in winter. But you can make good mayonnaise with hot ingredients, if only you watch your time schedule and do not add the oil too rapidly.

Beating the air into popovers may have been a good thing for the man who wanted to sell egg beaters but it has not helped the popovers much because they pop on account of the expansion of steam. Consequently the right temperature of the oven (not the beating) is the important thing.

Some old recipes for cake-making also call for a long beating of the batter. But this may not result in lightness. The old colored mammy may not have been so far wrong when she said, "Ah beats so hard ah specs ah beats the rizin' all out of it!" More than two minutes of final beating may drive out the carbon dioxide—especially if you have a strong golf arm.

"A pint's a pound, the world around" still persists as a belief, regardless of the salutary effects of the riddle, "Which is heavier—a pound of lead or a pound of feathers?" If we go on this assumption in either cooking or buying we may spoil our recipe or get a poor bargain.

How many cookery fallacies do you know?

We have told you, here, of those we know and have tested. We should like to hear about the ones you know. Tell them to us.



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Foster it in this way

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Millions of mothers, in fifty countries, have for decades done it this way.

They serve Quaker Oats—the extra-flavorful flakes. Some send 10,000 miles to get it.

This brand is made from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker.

The result is a wealth of flavor and aroma. The dish is made delightful.

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The oat is almost a complete food. It is nearly the ideal food. It supplies 16 elements which everybody needs.

As a body-builder and a vim-food it has age-old fame. Then why not get this extra flavor and make the flakes enticing? It costs no extra price.

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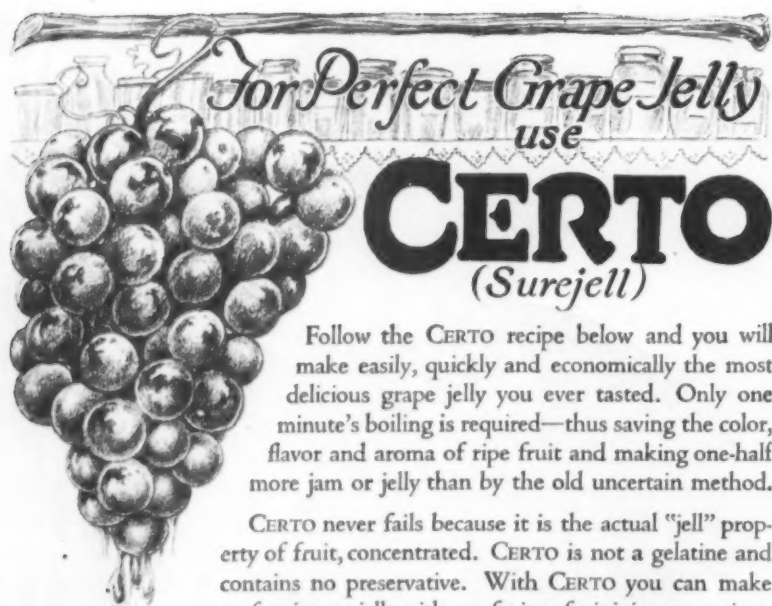
Just the cream of the oats

Quaker Macaroons A Confection

Here is a way to make a Quaker Oats confection.
1 cup Quaker Oats
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
2 tablespoons flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon vanilla or lemon extract
1 egg
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
Beat egg thoroughly. Mix all ingredients together. Drop from teaspoon on well greased and floured pan, leaving about three inches between each macaroon. Bake in a moderate oven—100 degrees, for about 15 minutes. Remove from pan while warm with broad bladed knife.



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Follow the CERTO recipe below and you will make easily, quickly and economically the most delicious grape jelly you ever tasted. Only one minute's boiling is required—thus saving the color, flavor and aroma of ripe fruit and making one-half more jam or jelly than by the old uncertain method.

CERTO never fails because it is the actual "jell" property of fruit, concentrated. CERTO is not a gelatine and contains no preservative. With CERTO you can make perfect jam or jelly with any fruit or fruit juice at any time.

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Make some Grape Jelly

Stem and crush thoroughly about 3 lbs. ripe grapes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, stir until boiling and simmer 10 minutes in closely covered saucepan. Place fruit in cheese cloth bag and squeeze out juice. Then drip juice through cotton flannel bag if a sparkling jelly is desired. Measure 8 level cups ($2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.) sugar and 4 cups (2 lbs.) juice from cooked fruit into large saucepan, stir and bring to a boil. At once add 1 bottle (scant cup) CERTO, stirring constantly and bring again to a full boil for $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Remove from fire, let stand 1 minute, skim and pour quickly.



WHEN my friends see this trade mark on the bottom of my aluminum utensils they know that I give first thought to quality when selecting equipment for my home.



A cover goes with the kettle illustrated above. Steamer attachment also is obtainable.

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At the Sign of the Kettle

Success in Tea-Room Management Means
Knowing What People Like—and Serving It

By Bertha Shapleigh

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

FOR more than twenty years I have studied human nature when hungry, and when fed and satisfied. Restless, cross, unreasonable in one state, it becomes quiet, pleasant, and pliable in the other! It is not a question of sex; the food which satisfies may differ, but the result is the same.

There has grown up a tendency in recent years to "eat out." This is due to industrial conditions, the scarcity of help, and the high cost of food materials. Consequently there is an ever-increasing number of small restaurants and tea-rooms in the cities and in the country. Many who have houses on a main thoroughfare, have found it a very convenient way to earn a living, to open a room or a porch with an attractive view, for afternoon tea or luncheon. Automobiles pay well, and if satisfied tell their friends, and soon the woman finds her house known to the outside world as it would never have been known in years past.

Why is a place of this kind, with only a limited number of dishes from which to choose, apt to be more desirable than the hotel in a nearby city? Because there is a "homey" taste to the food, which a chef with all his knowledge of sauces and flavors cannot give.

My experience has shown me that it is not quantity, but quality that counts. Of course, back of all menu planning, and the preparation of dishes, there must be a knowledge of cookery and the needs of the human body. But quite as important is the consideration of the first sense called into action, namely the sight. Occasionally the sense of smell is called into play before the sight—who does not realize the effect on the appetite of smelling fragrant coffee, or bacon frying? Considering the idiosyncracies of those to be fed, in other words "catering" to their tastes, calls for a thorough understanding of the psychology of taste.

At a club or in a tea-room a few dishes which are exceptionally good will make a reputation for the place any time. One day, early in my experience, I had to provide an unexpected lunch for several persons, and happened to cream some potatoes using cream and no flour thickening. No sooner was the lunch over, than I found my potatoes the talk of the party. Soon after, when a man ordered a dinner he was likely to say, "I don't care what we have, as long as you give us some of those creamed potatoes." I give this as an illustration of the value of having a specialty.

A cook may make a specialty of fried chicken and southern sweet potatoes. I have such a cook at a club which I manage. Members look forward to Bessie's fried chicken and seem never to tire of it.

The founder of one of the largest lunch rooms in Boston started by having a place

large enough to accommodate but six or eight each morning. His good wife, who was a real helpmate, made pies, and he took these to the little shop, and there he made his coffee—which he did exceptionally well. Coffee and pie was all he served, but the fame of the small place soon grew and continued to do so until he was forced to enlarge it. As long as he lived he held to his high standard and served a few dishes better than anyone else.

One woman serves waffles and coffee, the best waffles and the best coffee, and her place is crowded.

Many times, recipes are those which have been in the family for years, and if made and served well, would give delight to many. One man of wealth, who could have any dish no matter how elaborate, said to me, "If I could just get a piece of good plain cake without any frosting, such as you are serving now, I would travel to that place any time." It was not a piece of cake of indifferent quality piled high with frosting which he wanted, but one which was made of good butter and eggs, and needed no additions.

Another man who had a chef, sent his wife to a cooking school to learn how to make fried pies such as he used to enjoy when a boy. They are made with a baking-powder dough or pie crust, cut out with a cutter, and put together with old-fashioned apple sauce which is baked instead of stewed. These little pies are then fried in deep fat like a doughnut.


I can imagine a person who makes, perhaps, a wonderful chowder, or bakes beans so that there is nothing left to be desired. She might feel that no one would want such plain food and then instead of making her reputation, she would try to serve some dish which she could not make well at all. One man told his daughter that if she could learn how to prepare a codfish dinner such as he had when a boy, he would pay for any number of courses at a cooking school and feel the money well spent.

Most people do not want a great number of dishes but a few, cooked in the best possible manner. That means that anyone wishing to cater to people, does not need a large equipment, but only such utensils and dishes as will cook and serve the specialties of the place. There are of course fundamental foods which everyone must serve such as good bread and butter, excellent coffee and cream.

If one does her own cooking of the specialties, as the business increases the preparation of those dishes should be carefully taught to someone else. In no other way can the standards be maintained.

Good service adds greatly to good food. One waitress or waiter, who can serve as if serving were a joy, will often do much to create the success of a place.





Does a Man need Wholesome Food?

WISE Nature furnishes in her foods all the elements to make strength and maintain virility in man.


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A Song in the Desert

[Continued from page 34]

Green was seating himself. With a gesture as loving as her own, Pablo whirled her about.

"Why you make this foolishness?" he snarled under his smile. "Why you not let him go?"

"Hush, can you not see he suspected something? We must be gay, we must make him laugh, so he think all is right."

With the air of one at leisure to be entertained, Green sprawled back in his chair.

"And what are you going to do with Pablo when you are married to him? I hope you'll make him quit bootlegging across the border. He'll get caught one of these days, and I'd hate to have to shoot your man."

"When he make marriage with me that Pablo is going to be good—yes." Green's eyebrows quirked quizzically upward.

"But if he's going to be good, how is he going to make any money?"

"We not going to need no money, we two. We going to live on love, and all day long we sing and dance—"

"Sing—dance!" All at once Antonia was aware that somehow those were the words to which she had been feeling her way.

"We will show you—yes. Come, Pablo—" Then, under her breath, for Pablo's ear alone. "Come now, sing and dance with me—then he will go away sure that nothing is wrong."

"I have one new dance," she called to Green. "One song the señor Sherwood taught to me. One of your American songs—yes; come Pablo, I will sing it and we will dance it together, like I been show you little while ago."

A last flare of sunset above walls sullen with shadows, the cottonwoods reaching upward like accusing fingers pointing to the sky. Two figures, desperately gay, footing a dance; Antonia's voice ringing out against the wind!

"She's mah honey—mah huggy honey—"

Meaningless words, set to music almost brutal in its frank physicality. Silly words, but every here and there, like some scarlet thread of import woven into them, came one of terror.

She's mah—dead—
Mah huggy honey—look—under bench—
May ra-hag time gal—no speak—
Mah huggy honey—knife in hand—

Pablo, dragging his feet in careful time, his ears not noting the alien words. It was only one of those foolish gringo songs. He could not understand those words which ran through it, doubly sinister from their setting of smiles and shouted "jazz"—words like blood-stains on a ball-gown, like death in a marionette show—

With grinning admiration Green listened, then rose, clapping applause.

"That's fine. You'll be able to take him to El Paso to make *sarsuela* in the Mexican theater there." He paused, his face folding up in an enormous wink as he drew a flat bottle from his hip.

"A border rider sometimes has to seize contraband, you see. How about a little drink just to wish happiness to you two?"

"I don't want to drink," Pablo, muttered.

He had his reasons, two of them; one the hand which must hold Antonia's wrist, the other closed on the hilt of the knife whose blade was up his sleeve, and he must not let go for an instant of either. But Antonia's free arm was about his neck, her laugh covering her quick whisper.

"Drink—yes, or he go suspect something." Then she cast a triumphant look at Green. "See, I got him good already. He made me one promise that he drink no more. But just this once, Pablo." She held the bottle out to him, gaily compelling.

"Come, Pablo mio, this one going be your last."

Pablo hesitated; he would have to let that knife hilt slide into his cuff as he raised his hand to take the bottle. But his grasp was still upon Antonia. He looked shrewdly at Green, but the rider stood there in grinning, loose-jointed unsuspicion.

"We cannot make insult for the señor, Pablo!" Antonia warned.

He took the bottle, raising it to his lips with a ceremonious flourish. At that instant something hard, round, horribly hollow, was jammed into his stomach, and Green's voice sounded in cracking command.

"Put 'em up, you damn' greaser—" The bottle fell, the fumes of its spilled contents rising about them. But Green's gaze never flickered from Pablo's face, now yellowed over with a sickly pallor.

"Quick, girl—get that rope over there. Now begin at his ankles and just wind and wind it round him."

CREEPING grayness as the day died in a hush of falling wind. A writhing, trussed-up thing, spitting impotent curses. Green pulling aside the bench, kneeling at Sherwood's side, ripping the

[Turn to page 82]



Every Mother should make a Study of the Food she gives her Family —

THERE isn't an intelligent mother in the world who doesn't know that success and happiness depend, in very great measure, upon good health.

What may not be so generally realized is that good health depends largely upon the kind of food eaten, and how promptly it is digested.

The selection of Grape-Nuts as a part of the family diet is recognition of the part good food plays in health building.

Grape-Nuts with milk or cream contains every element for perfect nutrition, including the vital mineral salts for building up nerve, bone, tooth and other body structure; also the essential Vitamin-B of the wheat.

Twenty hours of carefully regulated baking makes Grape-Nuts exceptionally easy to digest.

And quite as important, Grape-Nuts is delicious—as a cereal with cream or milk, fresh or stewed fruit, or made into an appetizing salad or fruit pudding for lunch or dinner.

GRAPE-NUTS SALAD

1 Cup Grape-Nuts	1 Sliced Orange
½ Cup Cubed Pineapple	2 Cubed Bananas
2 Teaspoons Lemon-Juice	Cream Salad Dressing

Cut the fruit, add lemon-juice, mix with Grape-Nuts, and serve on bed of lettuce with Cream Salad Dressing. Makes four to six portions.

GRAPE-NUTS ICE CREAM

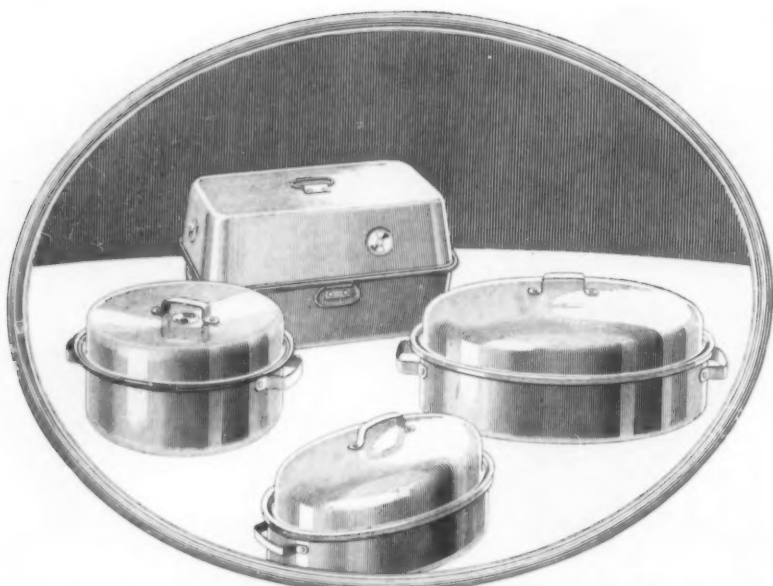
Prepare plain flavored ice cream in the usual way. Just before the cream hardens in freezing, add Grape-Nuts as it comes from the package, in the proportion of one-half cup of Grape-Nuts to one quart of ice cream. If you buy ice cream ready made, add Grape-Nuts in place of nut-meats. You'll find the resulting flavor unique.

Where you don't find Grape-Nuts
you won't find people

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

Made in Canada by
Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



Viko Oblong Roasters, 2 sizes, \$5.00 and \$6.50. Viko Oval Roasters, 2 sizes, \$3.10 and \$3.00. Viko Round Roasters, 12" size, \$2.15. (Prices somewhat higher in extreme West and Canada)

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Anyhow, you may be sure of finding in VIKO, The Popular Aluminum, the very roaster to fit, not only your oven, but your roast, be it modest shoulder of mutton or noble holiday turkey.

For convenience and efficiency, every kitchen should have two roasters—a small round one, perhaps, and a big oblong or oval one. Cooking a small

roast of beef in a turkey-size roaster is harder work than need be, and cleaning up afterward is twice as trying.

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How to Get Pasteurized Milk

Pure Milk Is Clean Milk—and We Need Good Clean Milk to Keep Us in Splendid Health

By Dr. E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

THERE are two methods of getting the city's milk pasteurized—and very frequently the wrong one is adopted. It is instructive to sit with a gathering of public-spirited citizens and hear them discuss the ways and means of succeeding with their cause.

One group believes that to picture in the daily papers how bad conditions are on the farms where the milk is produced, how little care is given to keeping the cows clean, how inefficient is the washing of pails and cans, is the way to proceed. Again they would describe the worst conditions which exist in any of the milk-distributing plants in the city. The idea prevails that they must create a strong public sentiment against raw milk by giving the consumers the impression that all farmers are slovenly in their methods, and that all the distributors are indifferent to cleanliness.

Neither of these views is justified by the facts. True, there are some farms which are badly managed and which should be made to reform their methods or quit the milk business, but there are also farms where milk is produced under conditions as good as it is reasonably possible to make them. The same statements can also be made about different distributors.

This method tends strongly to defeat one of the main purposes of the health authorities of today—that of inducing the public to use more milk. Milk is the one food for which there is no effective substitute, and is the one protective food which can be taken in much larger amounts than are now used without disturbing in any serious degree our long-established dietary habits.

To hold before the readers of the daily papers the idea that their milk supply is dirty and unfit for consumption unless it is heated so as to kill most of the bacteria which it contains, is certain to create a prejudice in the minds of many against milk as a food. They are made to feel that milk is dangerous, and are also not able to escape a feeling of repulsion against a product which they have been told is handled so as to make it unwholesome.

A far better method is first to pass a city ordinance for enforcing pasteurization. A few well-informed citizens must draft their ordinance and then prevail upon the members of the city council to pass the ordinance.

Those who are opposed to pasteurization will try to defeat the passage of such a regulatory measure. The city health officer will furnish arguments for influencing those whose votes are sought, and he will formulate clearly refutations of any arguments the opposition may bring up. He cannot do the work alone, but needs the support of influential people.

A judicious use of newspaper publicity is desirable. Limit the arguments to the discussion of epidemics of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, sore throat, and so on. Point out how experience proves that such epidemics occur in any city where either the

milk or water is not safeguarded properly. If an epidemic has occurred in your city within a few years, review the facts and point out their cause. Relate the specific experiences which other cities have had. The discussion of safety in milk and of the city water may well be discussed together. Nothing should be said or done which will arouse disgust, but rather a wholesome fear created by the prospect of calamity which can be avoided easily and cheaply by the exercise of common sense.

It is the business of the health department to enforce the law. Pressure must be put upon the distributor who resists being regulated. The progressive distributors who willingly or even enthusiastically adopt pasteurization should be encouraged to advertise, either through the papers or through leaflets, the advantages of pasteurized over raw milk. They should be urged always to discuss this subject from the standpoint of safety to health, rather than to accuse competitors of handling dirty milk.

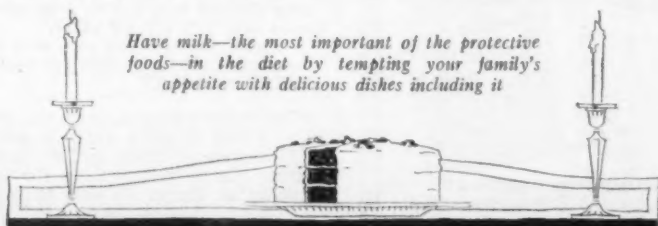
Pasteurization is not a substitute for cleanliness in milk production or for lack of proper refrigeration, nor an excuse for slowness in distribution. It is merely a safeguard against the accidental contamination of milk by persons who become ill and continue for a certain time to work in a dairy before it is discovered that they are a menace to the health of others. It is also a safeguard against the milk of cows which develop diseases communicable to man.

TO get business, the well-informed distributor will espouse the popular cause so he can have something to boast about in the quality of his product.

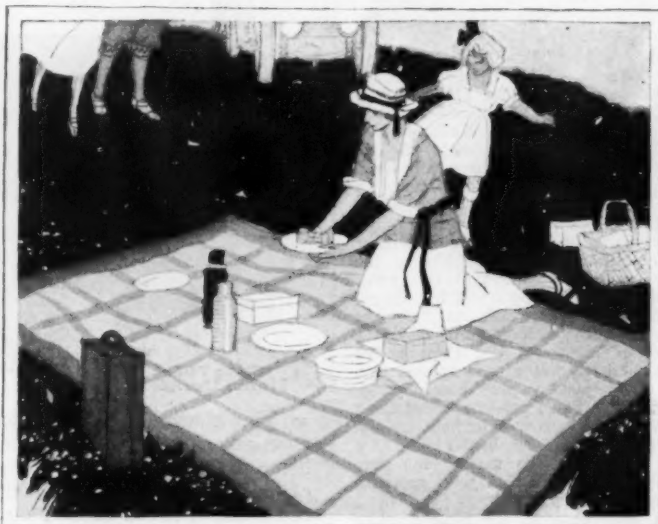
The city health department must have money to employ inspectors for farms and for milk as it is carried in delivery wagons. The farm inspector teaches the farmer and his wife how to take care of milk cans and pails; the importance of keeping the cows clean and of having them inspected at proper intervals by a competent veterinarian to insure that only animals which are in a state of health contribute to the milk supply which is sold. Inspectors also teach the meaning of cleanliness as well as the methods of attaining it; the effect of prompt cooling of milk upon bacterial growth and the dangers of using unclean strainers. Knowledge on the part of the farmer that he may find himself unable to sell his milk for city delivery, is a powerful factor in improving the hygienic conditions under which the city's milk is produced.

Frequent samples should be taken of milk from delivery wagons in order that their bacterial content may be determined in the laboratory.

Lastly, the health officer and his staff, like everybody else, appreciate the knowledge that their work is valued by the public. We should not accept without any expression of our appreciation the great service which this staff renders to the public.



Have milk—the most important of the protective foods—in the diet by tempting your family's appetite with delicious dishes including it



Take Along a Picnic Lunch

Leave the Hot Kitchen Behind and Feast Refreshingly in the Cool Out-of-Doors

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

NOTHING is so refreshing to jaded spirits in these hot days as a picnic. Automobiles, motor buses and electric cars make it possible for nearly every family to indulge in a picnic luncheon or supper now and then—and mother will appreciate the change as much as everyone else.

Every home should have its picnic shelf with plenty of waxed paper, paper napkins, drinking-cups, paper plates and spoons. A thermos bottle is a real convenience and no picnic basket is complete without a can opener and a penknife. A small covered pail is useful and easy to carry.

Be careful to burn all the litter of paper, boxes and scraps of food before you go—and make sure that the fire is out. To be careless in this is to prove so destructive to the countryside as to put all picnickers under a ban.

Sandwiches are always popular and may be made of bread, rolls or crackers.

Try these new sandwich fillings:

1 cream or 1 cup of cottage cheese
Season well and add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of fresh mint, finely cut with a sharp knife.

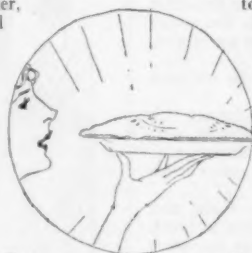
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup ripe olives stoned and cut fine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tart apple
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins
Mix with salad dressing until of spreading consistency.

1 minced onion
1 hard-cooked egg chopped fine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup watercress cut fine with a knife
Salt, pepper, paprika
Mix with salad dressing.

1 cup baked beans
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup green or red pepper cut fine
Salad dressing
This filling is delicious when spread on crackers.

TURNOVERS

Make a plain pastry, roll thin and cut in six-inch squares. Put two table-spoons of filling in the center, moisten the edges and fold the square into a triangle. Make several openings in the top with a fork to let out the steam when baking. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) until brown. Fresh fruit, orange marmalade, or raspberry jam make delicious fillings.



PICNIC COFFEE

Take one-half pound of coffee ground moderately fine. Tie in a muslin bag allowing room for it to swell. Put four quarts of cold water in a pail and put in the bag of coffee. Cover closely, and let it stand for two hours or more. Bring slowly to the boiling point, boil five minutes. Remove the bag and keep hot. If it does not stand two hours, boil it a little longer.

COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD

2 cups cottage cheese
1 green pepper finely minced
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nuts cut fine
Salt, pepper and a dash of cayenne

Mix all together and moisten with salad dressing. Pack in a paper container. When ready to serve, take slices of brown bread, lay a crisp lettuce leaf on each slice and top with the cheese mixture.

In following these recipes be sure to use level measurements and standard measuring cups and spoons. Each recipe serves about six persons.

QUICK SPONGE-CAKE

3 eggs
1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking-powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Beat the eggs whole, beat in the sugar, add the water, vanilla and salt. Sift in the flour sifted with the baking-powder. Bake in a shallow pan or in cup cakes. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven (about 360 degrees Fahrenheit).

SPICED PAT-A-PANS

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup fat
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mace
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder

Sift the spice and baking-powder with the flour. Warm the fat slightly and stir in the sugar. Beat the eggs, add them, then the flour and milk alternately. Bake in muffin cups in a rising oven (about 380 degrees Fahrenheit). Currants or raisins may be added.

PICNIC PUNCH

1 quart of water
2 cups sugar
Juice of 3 oranges
1 can of grated pineapple
Juice of 4 lemons

The fruit and sugar are easily carried and the punch may be made on the picnic ground.

OATMEAL COOKIES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup fat
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 egg
3 tablespoons sweet milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped nuts
1 cup oatmeal
1 cup flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda

Cream the fat, add the sugar. Sift together the soda, spice and flour, mix the oatmeal with it. Add this to the raisins and the nuts. Beat the egg, add it to the sugar and fat. Combine the two mixtures adding the milk a little at a time. These cookies may be dropped from a spoon on a greased baking-sheet or rolled out, the former is, of course, much quicker. Bake at 360 to 380 degrees Fahrenheit.

BAKED BANANAS

Carefully remove the skins from the bananas and take off the strings which are on the fruit. Put them back in the skins and lay in the hot ashes for about fifteen minutes. Very ripe bananas should be chosen as they will need no sugar.

QUICK RAISIN BISCUIT

2 cups flour
2 tablespoons sugar
4 teaspoons baking-powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons fat
1 egg
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins cut fine

Sift the flour, baking-powder, salt, and sugar. Cut in the fat, add the raisins, beat the egg and add it to the milk; add slowly to the dry ingredients. Drop from a table-spoon on a greased baking-sheet and bake in a hot oven (400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit).



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Silk

[Continued from page 9]

in order to reach it, that I should pass around the table. At this point—though, I must repeat, my mind was as clear as it is now; I was certainly not drunk—my legs refused to act in their customary manner. Indeed, I failed utterly in my efforts to make the necessary turn, and instead walked straight on and in some way, doubtless tripping over the rug or another small obstacle, sank momentarily to the floor. The young woman at this point laughed so immoderately that I felt obliged to turn toward her with an indignant glance. Promptly, with extraordinarily lithe freedom of movement—for these native women all have feet of the natural size, and I cannot make it plain how ungainly they appear at first sight—she leaped away from Wen and ran over to help me up. Think of it! A woman, in the home of a friend, actually taking me by the arm, ignoring the protests of a gentleman and assisting him to his feet!

But then occurred the most amazing and unnerving thing. After a roguish look toward my friend—a look of complete abandon—she clasped my elbows, held me at arm's length, and surveyed me for a moment, and then, clasping her arms about my neck in turn, placed her lips against mine in that same curious way. Wen promptly rushed over and with considerable irritation drew her away.

I will say no more of that. Naturally I called for Ying, my servant, who was waiting on the doorstep, and commanded him to escort me home.

Wen followed me to the door and said, in a low voice—I am quite clear on this:

"We all come around to it out here. After these spirited creatures you'll find that our Chinese women seem pretty tame."

To this I naturally offered no reply, but walked away with dignity, Ying holding my arm and supporting me, as I was still troubled with that slight difficulty in controlling my legs.

I AM seated at a table by the queer rectangular window. I can see the white tops of the mountains, dimly, far off, in the wistful moonlight.

I have suffered this day a series of most disconcerting shocks. My mind is slow to adapt itself to all I have seen and heard. Regarding these round-eyed native women I feel perturbation. I noticed them at various of the villages along the highway. At first I took it rather for granted that all those who appeared so shamelessly in public were of the lowest class; but this, I gather now, is not the case. Even the more gently bred among them, I am told, do not bind the feet as our women do. They do not even wear their nails long. And they move about as freely and boldly as the young men. One of these women has made it impossible for Wen and myself to keep up even the pretense of friendship. And with friendship gone, what is to become of honor among men, of frank speech and simple comradeship? Woman can have no place in these finer understandings. Her proper task is to prepare the food and bear male children. Given the slightest freedom she becomes a disturber. . . . When I bring myself to face soberly the fact that not only our frontier army but the Yamen as well is honeycombed with feminine desire and feminine intrigue, I am appalled. If it be true that these creatures possess attractions of person or some gift of exciting the senses that is unknown among the women of China, then the danger is the greater! My thoughts dwell tonight on the quiet joys of friendship, as I watch the moon sinking toward those dimly white mountains.

From the Journal—probably two or three weeks later.

The General Protector sent for me this afternoon, quite unexpectedly. Wen brought the message. He offered no personal comment. He and I regard each other with reserve these days.

His Excellency indicated a chair, and then went at once to the business in hand. "You have been much about the court in Lo yang, Jan Po," he remarked, thoughtfully, uttering the words more as a statement of fact than a question.

I inclined my head. "And you have had certain opportunities for observing the Prince Imperial with some intimacy?"

I replied: "It was my privilege and delight, Your Excellency, to be numbered among the teachers of the Prince Imperial over a period of many months."

"The prince, according to my latest reports," he said, "is an extremely headlong young man."

"I regret, Your Excellency, that such is the case."

"Bear in mind, Jan, that I have not been in Lo yang for fifteen years. For all direct information I must rely on the observation of accurate minds like your own. Tell me in detail what you know of him. He is now nineteen years old."

[Turn to page 56]



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Ideas from Near and Far

By F. G. O.

Bored with Food? Not If You Read and Contribute to the Colyum—

LET me talk about pancakes before I get so hungry that I go out and rob a bakery!

I firmly believe that pancakes may be used at other meals besides breakfast. You may think that a radical thought, but I assure you it is merely progressive and liberal.

Supposing you should serve griddle cakes with creamed dried beef or fish. It wouldn't be any crime, would it?

Far from it. It would be an excellent plan.

Also, pancakes used like the layers of a cake with crushed strawberries or other fruit between. Individual shortcakes!

APPLE PIE HAS A LOT OF FOLLOWERS who are paying it what is a real compliment when they try to make additions which will improve it.

"Don't sweeten it before you bake it," urges F. L. of Pennsylvania. "When you take it out of the oven, deftly remove the top crust by cutting all around just inside the edge.

"Add bits of butter and sweeten to taste and replace the top. The flavor is much better than when sugar is put in before baking."

Well, F. L., maybe you can do that! I'd want to practise it in the privacy of my own butler's pantry once or twice, I think, before giving any public demonstration.

FROM F. L. TO L. F., WHO SAYS with spirit and verve, "Here are two ways to pep up pies. Add a half cup of nut meats to your apple pie, and a half cup crushed pineapple to your next rhubarb pie. You'll be surprised."

Life can't hold too many surprises, L. F., nor too much pep, which word is by the way only shorthand for "pepper" (spice, flavor), hence an excellent word for the kitchen police!

ANY MAN, YOUNG, OLD, BLACK OR WHITE, thin or fat, will like Mrs. A. D.'s pie.

Mrs. A. D. lives in Brooklyn. She uses up suitable odd bits which she finds in the larder such as a few nuts—English walnuts, Brazil nuts, hazelnuts—a handful of raisins, a sprinkle of coconut, a few cooked apricots or prunes, a bit of jam or jelly scorned by the family because it comes at the end of some perfect concoction.

She puts all these in with the apples and labels it "Apple Pie de Luxe;" then she lets the family quarrel over it. They do it too. It's delicious!

I DON'T SUPPOSE L. K. W. IS REALLY RUSSIAN, but she has another suggestion for chocolate kasha, the latter word being in plain American—mush.

I take it from what she says that adding cocoa to the cereal as it cooks, is just a way of being diplomatic and tactful with the younger set, who like variety in cooked cereals.

We all come to the idea after a while that we accomplish more by chucking people under the chins than hitting them with a club.

F. G. O.'s colyum fairly makes your fingers itch to get hold of an egg-beater or a rolling-pin. Send her your ideas. For every "contrib" used McCall's will pay you the roundly generous sum of two dollars.



DON'T send recipes! Ideas, ideas, ideas—those are what F. G. O. craves! Send them to F. G. O., care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. No manuscript can be returned to you.

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE comes from Bridgewater, Connecticut.

"I was making cream cup cakes for my young people's party," writes M. A. M. "When I took the cakes from the oven I found to my dismay that each one had a slight hole at the top.

"Indeed there was no hiding the bitter truth. They had fallen a bit. I had made them too rich in my effort to have them good.

"I put a small spoonful of jelly in the depression of each, then iced it over leaving the top perfectly flat as if not a thing had happened.

"My girls thought they were fine and called them 'surprise cakes'. Now they say, 'Make 'em again.'"

I like stories like that. They show some imagination.

"FRIEND F. G. O.," writes Mrs. H. W. of Oxford, New York, "when you're making vegetable soup, steep a sprig of dried or fresh spearmint, strain and add the mint water to the soup just before you serve it. Good flavor? Yum!"

NO WORDS ARE WASTED by Mrs. C. M. of Cleveland, who remarks: "Dear Sir: A hot baked apple served on a slice of pineapple with hot thickened sauce! Must be eaten to be appreciated."

FOLLOW THE STORY CAREFULLY. Mrs. R. N. D., of El Paso, Texas, was in California last summer and learned about Orange Tea Rolls.

"One takes a Parker House Roll, inserting in the crease melted butter and a small teaspoon of orange marmalade. Fold and press the edges together and let rise. Bake as usual.

"In the meantime, make an orange icing, creaming butter with powdered sugar until thick, then adding grated rind and juice of an orange.

"When rolls are done, spread a little orange icing on each and serve hot."

AND, AS AL JOLSON SAYS, "You ain't heard nothin' yet." Our lady from Texas continues: "Dried prunes and figs need something to 'point them up.' I found that just what they lack can be given by adding a slice of grapefruit and using brown sugar instead of white when you are stewing them."

IS IT TRUE THAT IN CALIFORNIA they ask you when you begin a meal, "Will you have your salad now or later?"

AFTER THE CARD-GAME WAS OVER, Mrs. G. W., Baltimore, served to her friends something which made them forget how many games they had lost. Let her tell you about it, and pass the good word along.

"In the center of each plate—tea size—was a lettuce leaf with a slice of tomato topped with a bit of mayonnaise. Radiating from this were four thin slices of bread. On the first was heaped ground stuffed olives; on the second, cream cheese; on the third, ground nuts; and on the fourth, ground cold meat. Also there were whole stuffed olives roundabout."

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Hat
6M5003

WE Pay the Postage



35M5000
All Wool Velour Coat Dress
\$5.98
Post. FREE

35M5000—Parisian designers have dictated that the new Coat Dress will be stylish for Fall wear, and Bellas Hess is two months ahead with this new model. It is one of those costumes that serves the dual purpose of coat and dress, opening full length down side front and fastening with three self buttons. The material is a soft napped All-Wool Velour, making it comfortable as a street dress or for general wear. Contrasting color on sleeve facing, buttons and buttonholes. It is belted only at back, leaving a straight stylish paneled front. Colors—brown, navy blue or reindeer. Sizes for women—32 to 46 bust; also for misses—32 to 38 bust; skirt length, 35 to 39 inches. Deep basted hem. Special introductory price. Postage paid to your door.....\$5.98

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Tetherstones

[Continued from page 18]

Her face was turned toward the door, and the eyes that had always till then been closed were open, wide open, and burning with a fire so spiritual, so unearthly, that for a moment she halted almost as one afraid. In that moment she realized beyond all possibility of doubt that little Ruth was dying. Ruth greeted her instantly, but she lay like a waxen image with tiny hands folded on her breast.

"Have you come back at last, dear Miss Thorold?" she said, a thrill of gladness in her voice. "God told me you would in a dream last night."

Frances knelt down by the bed and closely clasped the little folded hands that never stirred to her touch. "My little darling!" she said softly. "Have you been wanting me?"

"Yes, I have wanted you," the child said. "I have been calling you—crying for you—ever since that night. You said that you were coming then, but you never came."

"I couldn't," whispered Frances. "No. You had to go," Ruth agreed, in her tired voice. "I knew that. But why didn't you go to the Stones? You meant to go there, didn't you?"

"I can't tell you now, darling," Frances said.

"I thought you might be lost and frightened again—like you were that first night that I found you. And then—when you weren't there—I was afraid something had happened to you. Did anything happen, dear Miss Thorold?"

"Nothing dreadful, sweetheart," she answered softly.

"Then God took care of you," Ruth said, with conviction. "There was something dreadful very near you—very near you; but He sent it away." And those blind eyes—the eyes of a visionary—kindled afresh with the words.

"We won't talk of it now, darling," she said. "Try to go to sleep!"

"I don't want to sleep," said the child. "I want to give you a message, but it hasn't come yet. And if I do to sleep, I shall forget it."

The others stood about with slightly bowed heads, staring tenderly at the little broken form. And Frances sat upon the bed to wait, as all in that house were waiting, for the coming of the Angel of Death.

Late in the afternoon the white-haired mother came in.

"I should like you to rest now," she said. "Your room is quite ready for you. Perhaps in the night we may need you."

Slowly Frances went down the stairs, and turned toward the kitchen. As she did so, she heard a sudden sound in the recess in which she had hidden on the night of her flight, and started to see two figures emerge. They were very closely locked together, and she saw that in the dimness she was not observed. Involuntarily almost, she drew back.

"Don't fret, sweetheart!" It was Oliver's voice, pitched very low. "It'll be all right, you'll see."

"Oh dear, I do hope so," came back in a whisper from Maggie.

They passed down the passage to the kitchen, leaving Frances standing at the foot of the stairs.

So standing, down the passage to her left that led to the study, she heard a voice—an old man's voice, broken, pathetic, piteously pleading.

"I assure you—you are wrong. It is difficult to conceive how you can permit yourself to harbor these monstrous and terrible ideas. You are causing the greatest grief both to your mother, whom you profess to love—and to myself, for whom I know but too well that all filial affection has long ceased to exist. I am an old man and helpless. I shall go down to my grave with the knowledge that my son—my only son—will rejoice to see me laid there."

There followed an agonized sound that pierced Frances like the cry of a child. Almost before she knew what she was doing, she had turned in the direction of the study. She went down the passage swiftly to the door that stood half-open and knocked upon it quickly and nervously.

"May I come in?" she said.

A startled silence followed her appearance, and then very kindly and courteously the old man greeted her. "Come in, Miss Thorold! I am delighted to see you!"

He was sitting in a leather armchair in the failing light, and she was struck afresh by his frailty and the deathly whiteness of his face. "Will you excuse my not getting up?" he said. "I have had one of my bad attacks, and they leave my heart very weak."

She went forward, keenly aware of Arthur standing motionless before the fireplace. She reached Mr. Dermot, and took the hand he extended. It was icy-cold and trembling, and it seemed to her that there was something almost appealing in the way it clung to hers. "I am so sorry you have been ill," she said.

"Yes, we are a sad household—a sad household," he made answer. "I am told the little one is very ill—the little blind girl who lives with us. Can you tell me what is the matter with her? Some childish ailment, I suppose?"

As if it were against her will, Frances glanced at Arthur. His eyes looked straight back at her from under frowning brows. He spoke briefly, coldly. "I think you have been informed before, sir, that the child would not live to grow up. Perhaps under the circumstances it is hardly to be desired that she should."

"Under what circumstances?" asked Mr. Dermot, and his voice was as cold as his son's. "Since when, may I ask, have you been a qualified judge as to the relative values of life and death?"

Arthur made a very slight movement that might have denoted either protest or exasperation.

Mr. Dermot laughed, a soft, bitter laugh, and Frances shivered. But in a moment the old man addressed her again, and there came to her a curious conviction that in some fashion she was needed.

"Will you sit down, Miss Thorold, and take tea with me? I do not have my meals with my family as, on account of the weakness of my heart, quiet is essential to me. You were just going," he turned very pointedly to his son. Arthur left the room abruptly.

She took the chair the old man had indicated.

The old man looked at her, and she saw his eyes kindle in the dimness.

"I am going to ask you to tell me something," he said. "This illness of the little blind girl which they say is so serious, is it in any way connected with the Stones—with any so-called accident that occurred there?" There was an eagerness in his words that made her wonder.

"Has no one told you about it?" she said.

"No one—no one. I am treated as a nonentity always." He spoke fretfully, querulously. "But now about the little girl—you were going to tell me. Something happened to her up at the Stones. What was it? Do you know what it was?"

Frances looked at him. His voice was tremulous, and yet she had a curious conviction that it was not solely anxiety for little Ruth that made it so. "She had a fall," she said then.

"Ah! Was it near the Rocking Stone?" Mr. Dermot sat slowly forward. "You will tell me," he said. "I am sure you will."

Again Frances hesitated. "They found her lying unconscious, and it was evident that she had had a fall," she said.

"And that is all you know? You cannot tell me who found her or why she went?" Suppressed excitement sounded in the words. "She had a fall, you say? Was she—was she alone when she fell?"

"I believe so," Frances said. "In fact, I am sure of it, for they say she was not found for some hours after."

"Ah!" The old man relaxed so suddenly that he almost fell back into his chair. "That is what I wanted to know. She was alone. They say so." He broke off, panting a little; but in a moment or two recovered himself sufficiently to smile at her. "Now that," he said, "gives color, does it not, to the local rumor that the powers of evil are in some mysterious way permitted to haunt the Stones. This is a very interesting point, Miss Thorold. Can her fall have been due to something of this nature? Are you a believer in the occult?"

"Not to that extent," said Frances, suppressing a chill shiver. "I think it was perfectly easy for the poor mite to fall, considering her blindness."

"Ah, yes. They should not have let her wander so far."

He paused.

"You may think it strange—" he went on—"that there should be so great a lack of sympathy between certain members of my family and myself. I am a student, Miss Thorold, and perhaps it is not surprising that those who devote the whole of themselves to manual labor on a farm should find it difficult to keep in touch with me."

"Then you don't like Tetherstones?" Frances said.

She saw again an extraordinary gleam in his eyes as he made reply. "You might ask a convict how he likes prison," he said. "My place is at Oxford, but I have been torn from it and made to endure life in the desert all these years."

"But a very beautiful desert," suggested Frances.

He made a wide gesture of repudiation. "What is that to an exile? When you have been made to eat stones for bread, you will not notice if they are beautiful to look at."

"I can understand that," she said. "Yet a sense of beauty is sometimes a help. At least I found it so when I was at Burminster."

[Turn to page 78]



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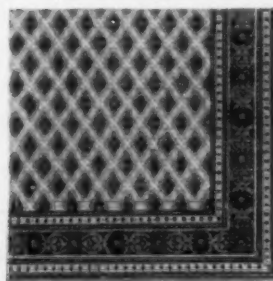
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This summer free the children, as well as older folks, from heavy breakfasts and help them retain good health. Kellogg's are so wonderful to eat, so satisfying—and so easy to prepare because they're ready to serve—that you will immediately give them first place on the family menu!

And, don't forget the fresh fruit—berries, peaches, bananas, etc.—any one with Kellogg's Corn Flakes will thrill the most finicky hot-day appetite when no other food appeals! Start with to-morrow's breakfast! Your grocer sells Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES



If Baby Has a Convulsion

This Is Not a Disease In Itself, but a Symptom—Perhaps of Digestive Disorders

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

AMONG the actual nervous disorders of the young the most frequent is convulsions. A convulsion consists of temporary loss of consciousness, and is associated usually with contraction and relaxation of different muscles of the body. In the so-called infantile convulsions, we are dealing with a symptom and not with a disease, and while it may mean the onset of a serious disorder, this is by no means always the case.

During the early days of life, a convulsion is always serious as it frequently is the result of an injury to the brain at birth, due perhaps to pressure of instruments. An injury so produced may be sufficient to cause the death of the child, or the brain may have been harmed to a degree that interferes with later development.

Infants and young children are peculiarly susceptible to convulsive disorders because of a lack of nerve control. This is due to insufficient development of certain controlling centers in the brain. This is why a convulsion may mean the onset of pneumonia or scarlet fever, or be due to a simple attack of indigestion. In conditions in which an adult may have a chill, the child is likely to have a convulsion.

On the other hand it may mean the onset of a serious illness such as meningitis, encephalitis or infantile paralysis. Children who suffer from malnutrition from whatever cause, are physically weak with poor resistance to any disorder, and a child that is physically weak is, almost invariably, weak from the standpoint of nerve resistance. Rachitic children—and rickets is a form of malnutrition—are peculiarly susceptible to convulsions. In a poorly nourished child it is surprising how little irritation is necessary to produce a seizure.

An immense majority—more than ninety per cent—of cases of convulsions coming under my notice have been due to some gastrointestinal disorder, usually in a form of an acute indigestion, occasioned by unsuitable articles of diet.

When a child, regardless of age, has a convulsion, a physician should always be called. But it may be several hours before the physician arrives and action is necessary at once. The patient should be put in a mustard bath at a temperature of 105 degrees Fahrenheit. If a bath thermometer is not at hand, the water should be fairly warm to the touch. Placing the elbow in the water is the best way to test its temperature in the absence of a thermometer. An even tablespoon of dry mustard should be added to about five gallons of water. The child should be allowed to remain in the warm mustard water from five to ten minutes, when it should be removed and dried vigorously.

While in the bath, friction of the skin by the hand should be maintained. A small towel wrung out in cold water should be applied to the head.

Immediately after the removal from the bath an enema of soap water should be given to insure a bowel evacuation, and when swallowing is possible, from one to two teaspoons of castor oil should be given. If it is known that the child has taken something indigestible, a teaspoon of sirup of ipecac should be given and the dose repeated in twenty minutes, if vomiting does not occur. The convulsion is apt to be repeated if the cause is not removed; assuming of course, that the seizure was due to a digestive disorder.

When the convulsion has subsided the child should be laid in its crib and kept very quiet. Cool cloths should be applied to the head and the hot water bottle placed at the feet. The room must be kept quiet. Solid foods and milk should not be given for at least twenty-four hours unless the baby is breast fed, when breast milk may be allowed. Otherwise, broths and barley water should constitute the diet.

An enlargement of the thymus gland is apt to produce a special type of convulsion in the newly born. The child suddenly appears to choke and strangle, he is unable to breathe, becomes very blue, the arms and legs are worked vigorously. Other infants with this trouble will have what are called "sinking spells," often associated with hoarse breathing. Infants showing such symptoms should be X-rayed immediately. Treatment by the X-ray is usually curative.

Repetition of convulsions is a very bad habit to establish. An eminent authority in nervous disorders claims that thirty per cent of the cases of true epilepsy have their origin in simple convulsions. When a child has once had a convulsion it is easy to have another. That is, less irritation is necessary to produce a repetition. For this reason every infant who has had a convulsion, and apparently made a perfect recovery, should be studied by a physician in order that the cause of the convulsion may be discovered.

Epilepsy, with which nearly everyone is more or less familiar, is a chronic nervous disease in which convulsions are the outstanding feature. Reliable statistics show that alcoholism in parents is an underlying cause in many cases. One writer reports that seven cases of epilepsy in children which he treated were due to a single alcoholic intoxication on the part of one or both parents who otherwise were teetotalers. Statistics show that from one to three persons in every thousand in Europe and America are epileptics, males being slightly in excess—which is not a bad argument when one discusses the possible advantages of the Eighteenth Amendment.



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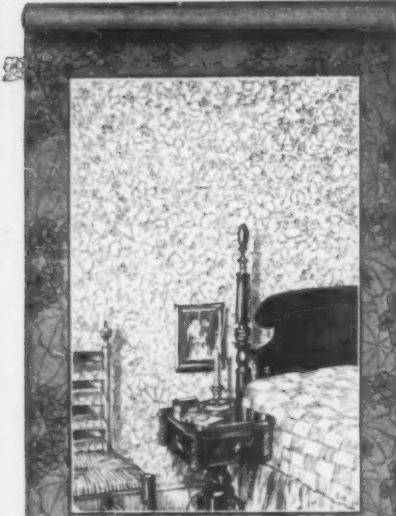
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Department 6



Silk

[Continued from page 50]

"He is, Your Excellency. A grown man, indeed; tall and straight, a beautiful man."

"There are still no heirs?"

"Unfortunately none, Your Excellency. Only the six daughters."

"Hmm! Curious. And the emperor his father—he is still alive."

"He was alive, Your Excellency, at the New Year. But greatly weakened. It was said that he had been unable to recognize even the regents for more than a year."

"Very good. Now tell me precisely what you know of the Young Man's mode of life. His tastes, I understand, are violent."

"Unfortunately, yes, Your Excellency. He delights in gaming and cock-fighting. He has made himself expert with the bow and arrow, and goes so far as to take part in public contests, under the thinnest of disguises."

"Of late he has amused himself together with certain of the other princes and of his chosen cronies, in making up as a beggar, in rags and filth, and sitting by the roadside in Lo yang, asking alms. He rides race-horses and once at least has actually taken part, under an assumed name, in a public wrestling bout."

"Hmm! Did he win?"

"He did, Excellency. I witnessed the affair."

"Indeed! . . . It is said also that he gives much time to loose women."

"I regret to say that it is so. Since the inauguration of the Imperial Harem, it has been the policy of the regent to search the Middle Kingdom for maidens of a particularly modest and sober disposition, in the hope, I presume, of reaching the better side of his nature through his very weakness."

"But without observable success?"

"With no appreciable success, Excellency. Last autumn, only, when a report reached him that the maidens of the Southern Islands were of a freer and livelier nature than those of China, he demanded that a selection be made of these for the harem."

"Hmm! Yes, I see. . . . And now another question. It is reported to me that an attempt was made by the Yue che at about that time to send envoys by way of the Southern Sea with presents and a verbal message for His Highness. You left Lo yang, you say, at the time of the New Year. Did you hear anything of any such embassy?"

"I did not, Your Excellency."

"Very good. Thank you."

THIS extraordinary scene took place not an hour ago. Naturally, I hastened to set it down in my journal precisely as it occurred, word for word. So few of those out here are of a scholarly nature that my journal may well prove to be the only accurate record of the life on this frontier and the stirring events that are, I believe, certain to come.

An entry of a fortnight later.

His Excellency sent for me again today. "Jan," he said, "you are to leave in the morning for the city of Balkh, beyond the mountains. Take your personal servant and such food supplies as you may need. Pack animals and a bale of presents for the Queen of the Yue che will be sent to your lodging at dawn. You will have no diplomatic authority, as we admit no right on their part to such standing. This order"—he placed a parchment in my hand—"will be honored by the treasurer in gold."

"You will announce yourself simply as my agent commissioned to investigate the reports that their horses are larger and fleet than ours, with authority to purchase a number of stallions and brood mares in case the reports prove correct. Treat courteously and patiently with them. Bear in mind that I am not minded to send an army over the mountains at this time, and do or say nothing to provoke hostility."

"So much for your ostensible mission. Your actual duty will be to fathom the motives that lead this persistent young Queen, or her Wa zir, whichever it may be, to make these attempts to reach the Throne of Han. Use every means within the scope of your ingenious brain to do this. Make friends, listen everywhere, say little. If within three to five months you have been able to learn nothing conclusive, return and report to me. But make no effort to send written reports over the mountains. Good luck to you, and an interesting journey!"

That was all! There is not time to write more. I shall carry my two lamps, and write down my experiences of the day during part of each evening. Excepting the chicken-hearted Kan ying, I am probably the first civilized being to penetrate the mysteries that lie beyond the barrier of the Tsong ling! It is important to the whole world that I record every incident of the journey. For what has Kan ying left to enrich our knowledge?

Jauzugun. Two weeks later.

To my amazement I have discovered that this fertile land of Badashan, into which I have been journeying for three days, is a kingdom with a surprising degree of civilization that pays tribute to the Queen of Balkh, or Yue che, which country lies ever farther and farther west. Still other kingdoms of which no one has ever heard lie between!

This is a considerable city. The men wear furs. The women of the upper classes veil their faces and wear multiple trousers that bag widely about the hips. They have large feet. And none of them has the smallest notion how grotesque they are. They seem actually complacent. At the first opportunity I shall write further regarding these strange, untutored people.

Balkh. The first evening.

How am I to set down in any orderly manner the marvels I have beheld? I am bewildered to a point at which consecutive thought is extremely difficult.

For days upon days I have been traversing a plain in which villages and farms abound. Thousands of stone houses have I seen, and great aqueducts which bring water down from the mountains and irrigate the fields much as our fields are irrigated at home. There is a legend that the Virgin Queen is descended from a remote conqueror from the far west named Alexander, who seems to have been emperor not of the Rome of which I heard but of an equally powerful empire known as Greece. I do not understand.

THIS is, indeed, an amazing city, with great palaces built of the purest white marble and vast walls. There are canals and paved streets and spacious public squares and great bazaars and prosperous inns. Beyond the walls that surround the homes of rich men I have caught glimpses of hanging gardens bright with flowers and foliage. Camel trains wind constantly through the crowded streets, and hundreds of their tall, slender horses with glistening coats and proud heads. The silk is everywhere. Bales of it are piled high in the inn-yard. This is the point at which it is taken from the mountain pack trains and loaded again on camels for the long journey westward and across a vaguely mentioned sea—to those Romans in whose existence I still find it hard to believe.

In the morning I am to make my appearance at court. I dispatched a message to the Wa zir immediately on my arrival, and in his prompt and courteous reply he advised me that shortly after dawn I am to be installed in a private house, from which, before noon, lictors will escort me to the palace of Her Majesty.

The following morning.

I am installed in a house near the northern wall of the city. It is square, walled away from the street, with many large rooms, the furniture and hangings very costly and pleasant. Above the flat roof is a square tower or cupola furnished with couches, a table and rugs, from which I shall be able, at evening, to walk out on the roof. I have servants, gate-keepers, cooks and gardeners; for at the rear there is a remarkably pleasant garden, in which water trickles down from a pavilion over a series of terraced flat stones in silvery little waterfalls. In a cellar beneath the kitchens I found many hundreds of glass bottles of their exquisite wine, of which I shall partake most sparingly.

Particularly must I bear in mind that in thus surrounding me not only with every imaginable comfort (which is surely done for the purpose of impressing me with the magnificence and strength of their strange civilization) they have me completely at their mercy. The servants are all spies, surely. In fact, from their manner during the visit of the officer who had me so courteously in charge, I am convinced that all of them are familiar with military discipline. I find myself somewhat oppressed by the recollection of General Pan's treatment of their envoys as recently as last autumn. They will not have forgotten the incident. And it is by no means reassuring to reflect that I have traveled a distance of fifty-one days' journey westward from the nearest Chinese soldier. But on the other hand, I must think firmly that the Queen and the Wa zir most certainly are aware, in some measure, at least, of the irresistible power of the Han. They will be perfectly aware of what has been done to the Hiong nu, the Shan shan and the Wu sun. Was not their recent act in attempting to effect an alliance against us with the Wu sun an admission of weakness? Have they not resumed sending tribute, as is proper to every one of the minor nations of the earth? And are they not, even now, whatever their motives may be, making surprising efforts to communicate directly with the Throne of Han?

[Turn to page 59]

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[Continued from page 56]

While it is true that my sleep last night was greatly troubled, I do not think I shall be afraid. We know that the princely type of man is free from fear. Only the inferior type permits himself to be agitated.

Perhaps I should note at this point that I found another apartment immediately adjoining my own that is furnished with all imaginable luxury. It is entered through a private door in my corridor. The windows there are heavily barred, and give on the garden. Obviously it was designed for the women of the household, and therefore is of interest to me only as a curiosity.

Afternoon.

Every possible moment must I devote to my journal. In no particular shall I entrust details to my memory. Each small happening will I conscientiously note down, seizing the first free moment.

The sun was high in the cloudless heavens when an officer of the guard called to escort me to the palace. I find I can understand all he says by listening with the closest attention and watching his lips; and given a few days to practice I shall find myself able to communicate freely enough. We passed through sections of this great city that I did not see during my ramble yesterday. The guards at the palace gate received us with honor. We entered directly into a wide courtyard. My escort pointed out the Royal Residence, the Great Pavilion of Forty Columns and the spacious gardens and buildings of the Wa zir's household which is set off within a wall of its own and with still another vast palace and park for his harem.

THEN we entered one of the marble structures nearer at hand, and after a short wait in an anteroom were led by a servant into a spacious hall, built all of a painted wood into which silver and gold were beaten in intricate designs. Secretaries and courtiers smilingly surrounded us. We moved forward to a little group that sat about a heavy table of onyx inlaid with gold, and then the attendants withdrew.

I bowed deeply. For before me sat, unquestionably, the Virgin Queen. Behind her stood two eunuchs. And I saw with a none-too-observant glance that the man who stood at her right hand, a little way removed, was short and fat with a beard dyed with henna and a fat, sensuously cruel face. He was smiling.

But my eyes were on the queen. I am still deeply moved as I dwell on the unique nature of my experience. Here sat the young woman who rules over a really considerable and in some measure civilized nation of which the truly civilized world has barely so much as heard. And here was I, the first Chinese ever presented at her court; while, on her part, she had never before beheld a gentleman of Han. It was a moment of no small importance.

It was with something of a shock that I realized that her face was wholly unveiled. It is a face between the oval and the round. The forehead is low and broad, the straight nose extending downward almost as a continuation of it, with hardly any recession between the eyes. These, of course, are large and round, and are of an extraordinary, flashingly brown color. I have never seen such eyes in a woman's head—proud, restless, fiery. And the hint of an almost masculine capacity for passion in them is borne out by the full lips and the further fullness about the mouth, which, while not a heaviness, is yet sufficiently marked to suggest that the Wa zir with all his intrigues and his eunuchs and guards must find the young lady—she cannot be above sixteen years of age—a handful indeed.

Unlike our Chinese ladies, she wore little or no paint on her face beyond heavily penciled brows; and do you know, unconventional as the statement may seem, I rather liked the simplicity of this effect!

Most particularly was I struck with her hair. It is ample and fine, and of a lustrous brownish black, bushing out freely about her head and downward to a point almost at the level of her pretty chin, where it is cut squarely off, all round. And when she moves her head the hair bobs about most engagingly. Under her restless hand, on the table, lay stretched out the largest and most beautiful domestic cat I have ever seen, with long hair, black and white in color, that fluffed out on every side.

It gave me an odd sense of self-consciousness to feel those roving, oddly bold eyes taking in curiously every detail of my features and my dress. She said nothing at first, merely inclining her head rather curtly in response to my respectful but dignified bow.

I addressed her very simply, presenting the greetings of General Pan Chao, and expressing the wish that I might derive benefit from observation and purchase of

the horses and other features in which their nation excelled ours. And I exhibited to them, not without pride, the silver tablet of General Pan.

And then Ying, who was frightened nearly to death, came forward with the presents.

BUT then the situation took a turn I could not have foreseen. The queen, who had been stroking the cat in her restlessly quick way, abruptly lifted her hand and gave a command. The cat rolled over. At another command he sat up like a trained dog. She laughed aloud, then, in an odd brief way, and looked straight at me—impudently, I would say, were she a Chinese girl.

"His name is Darius," she said, in the manner of one determined to be agreeable at whatever cost. "He has other tricks. I taught him myself."

At this point the Wa zir stepped forward and suavely and formally welcomed me to Balkh, expressing the courteous wish that my quarters were comfortable and my first impression of their poor country not unpleasant.

His person is repulsive to me. The head is round as a ball, the forehead low, the nose curving out and down, and the wide, thick lips visible through that hideously dyed beard. His name is Ibn Shu Ber Zin.

I note that the golden headband and the really priceless necklace worn by the queen are not native but came from a far-away kingdom called Egypt that pays tribute to the Roman Empire. These gifts were brought quite recently by the Roman envoys who, it appears, are even now in the city. I must find a way to make inquiries regarding them.

There are voices in the courtyard below my window.

Later.

The voices in the courtyard were, of course, those of the lictors bearing presents. These they brought in on trays. There were bottles of wine from the queen's own cellars, a platter heaped with deliciously sweet strips of dried melon. There were also boxes of sweets, and a ring for the thumb with a dried-up green beetle set in the gold.

I was informed further that the splendid horse I have ridden has been installed in my stable as a personal gift from the Wa zir.

And then, at a word from the chief lictor, two eunuchs came in, escorting between them a female slave, with veiled face and clad in those absurd trousers. The slave, also, said the lictor, was the gift of His Excellency, a young virgin newly in his harem, whom he offered in hope that she might while away hours which would perhaps otherwise hang heavily on my hands. With this creature was also a maidservant, whose face was not veiled. Then lictors and eunuchs withdrew.

The slave stood, with slightly bowed head, gazing out under heavily penciled eyebrows.

My first thought, naturally, was to pack her off about her business. I saw that Ying, by the door, was struggling with a desire to smile and gave him an indignant look. Fortunately, in a moment I realized that to decline the gift would amount to an insult directed at the Wa zir. General Pan had instructed me to deal tactfully with these strange people. I must at least appear to conform with local customs.

To the slave I addressed myself, asking, with dignity, "What is your name, child?"

In a few words she replied, "Here, O my Master, I am known as Mosulla."

It became clear to me on the instant as I noted the expression on Ying's face that he was not to be trusted near these females; and accordingly I packed him from the room with instructions to have luncheon served shortly. Then I led the way into the corridor and unlocked the door leading to the women's quarters.

I will admit that I was wholly at a loss what course to pursue. The girl was my property, a gift. She accepted the situation, apparently, as a matter of course. She passed through the door, followed by the maidservant, and then paused, as if awaiting further instructions. I hesitated. And then the thought came to me that if she were the Wa zir's spy, she might as well, in some degree, at least, serve me in the same capacity.

Accordingly, I asked: "You have had food?"

"No, O my master."

"Then return when you have prepared yourself and eat at my table."

"I hear and obey," she murmured. I closed the door upon her, but did not lock it.

THE food was ready on the table when she reappeared. Gone were the veil and the heavy street garments. She is not unlike the queen, but lighter of build

and somewhat daintier of feature. Her hair is cut off in the same quaint way. Her skin is of a dark, velvety texture. She moves about with extraordinary freedom and grace. Realizing that she might be afraid, I spoke pleasantly, indicating the bench on the other side of my table. She moved slowly over to it, and after another timid glance at me, seated herself and let her hands fall across her lap.

SHE was born, she told me, in a remote city called Mosul, and as a child was captured by the Parthians, by whom she was sold or given, with her mother and a sister, to the Wa zir of Yue che. More than a year ago she was chosen for the harem, and has since been undergoing instruction and training to fit her for the position of a consort to His Excellency. She knows the Romans and remembers that they came often to Mosul in splendid armies with mighty engines of war.

She is extremely pretty. I did not perceive how pretty, until, after she had sipped a glass of the queen's wine and, realizing that I meant to be kind to her and gradually losing her timidity, she began talking freely. She even giggled, as girls will, at my not altogether appropriate attempts at humor. This was after Ying had removed the plates.

She even, after a few hours had passed in conversation, informed me that there was great excitement at the palace over my arrival, and many surmises as to the significance of it.

Wishing to divert her mind from my affairs, and naturally mistrusting her motives, I asked about the training for His Excellency's harem. She mentioned dancing as a spectacle of which he was particularly fond in his leisure hours.

"You yourself are a dancer, perhaps," I ventured.

"Oh yes."

"I should be glad to witness the dancing of this country."

"My master wishes me to dance?" she cried, and in a moment, after a graceful and profound bow, was gone.

It really hadn't occurred to me that she would perform then and there. But after all, since she has been thus thrust upon me, is it not my duty to adapt myself with at least outward ease to circumstances as they arise?

I heard a subdued tinkling sound, and the maidservant appeared, with cymbals on her hands, and announced that her mistress was prepared for the dance. She waited then for me to precede her into the women's quarters.

When I had done so, and had settled myself comfortably, the servant sank cross-legged to the floor by the wall and began beating the cymbals together softly and rhythmically.

Mosulla then glided slowly into the room. My confusion, I think, derived from my complete unfamiliarity with this sort of thing. I sat breathless, watching the strange, exotic creature before me. The costume consisted of a silver headdress from which bangles and coins swung and jingled, breast-plates of chased silver secured by chains of the same metal; a belt from which was suspended a transparent skirt of the most lustrous silk, and jingling silver anklets. Even the pretty feet were bare. (I must admit that the natural feet of women no longer appear large to me.) She was as slim as a boy, and danced with a lightness and suppleness of body and arms and hands unlike anything I have ever seen.

Toward the last the rhythm of the cymbals quickened, and standing before me she moved the muscles of her body in an amazing and exciting way; then finally, with a whirl of silk and a tingle of bangles, sank, quite breathless, smiling in rosy confusion, to the floor before me.

"You must stop now," I said firmly (for I had just observed that the servant had slipped from the room). But her face fell so quickly—she seemed wholly the child now—that I hastened to add, "And I will brew you some tea. But first, my child, you must resume your clothing."

"You do not like me so?"

"Very much. But the sun is sinking low, and you are warm after your exertions. I would not have you take cold. You are mine"—I did not mean to put it in just that way; I thought her face lighted somewhat—"I mean to say, you have been placed under my protection, and I must keep that lovely body well. Hurry, now! I will prepare the tea while you are dressing, and will myself serve you."

That this condescension on my part pleased her, I could see. She ran lightly away. It is evident to me now that I hardly knew what I was saying to her. She must have thought me severe. . . . Now that I know what their dancing is like, I shall not be caught again. I shall dine alone tonight. Obviously that is the wiser course.

[Continued in the October McCall's]



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The Story of the Bible

[Continued from page 20]

In the year 538, Cyrus entered the city through one of the water-gates. He spared Nabonidus, the king. He killed Belshazzar when the latter, a short while later, tried to start a revolution against the conquering host. And he turned the territory of Babylon into a Persian province just as the Babylonians (only half a century before) had turned the kingdom of Judah into a subordinate part of their own empire.

When at last the impossible happened and Babylon fell, the Jewish captives celebrated the event with frantic joy. Then they rushed forth to kiss the feet of their new masters and asked that they be allowed to return to the old country.

All the subject races of the old Babylonian empire where at once given permission to return to their homes. Cyrus, however, went further. Provided they paid their taxes and obeyed the king's "satraps" or governors, they could shape their own political and religious lives as suited them best, and the king would see to it that no one dared to interfere.

Furthermore, the idea of a wholesale return of the Jewish exiles to the land of Canaan had a practical side which greatly appealed to this sagacious ruler. He hoped to make Persia a maritime nation. To do this, it would be necessary to repopulate the deserted ruins of Palestine.

A few vague attempts in this direction had already been made by the Babylonians. They had sent immigrants to the former kingdom of Israel. These had settled down among the half-starved remnants of the original population. Together with these they had formed a new race, called the Samaritans, remnants of which may be found today in some of the Palestine villages of the north.

They had never been very prosperous. They were a strange mixture, composed of Hebrews and Babylonians and Assyrians and Hittites and Phoenicians, who were held in the most profound contempt by the pure Jews of the former Judean kingdom. When Cyrus began to restore order in Palestine, he first of all tried to find the descendants of the captives from Israel. Not a trace could be found of these exiles or their children. They had been completely absorbed by their Babylonian neighbors and their fate is as much of a mystery today as it was in the year 538 B. C.

A ROYAL edict of the year 537 urged the Jews to return at once to Jerusalem. At the same time, it gave them permission to rebuild the temple. It restored to them all the gold and silver implements which Nebuchadnezzar had taken to Babylon, some forty years before, and it encouraged the Jews to turn Jerusalem into a new national capital which should rival the extinct but not forgotten splendor of Solomon's old residence.

After half a century of prayer, the words of the prophet had come true. The exile of Jehovah's children had come to an end. The Jews were at liberty to leave their prison. But now that the door stood open, behold only a few of the captives availed themselves of the opportunity to go home. A very small minority undertook the long and dangerous journey through the desert. They were pious men who took their religious duties very seriously.

Slowly, as the years went on, a few other exiles returned to their native country. The vast majority of the Jews, however, continued to live in the commercial centers of Egypt and Babylonia and Persia. Whenever circumstances allowed it, they celebrated their great religious festivals within the walls of their holy city. They acknowledged and honored the old town as their spiritual home. But the little landlocked capital, with its narrow and dirty streets and its neglected workshops, did not offer sufficient opportunity for worldly success.

In this way there developed that strange double loyalty which was to cause much trouble and suffering during the next four centuries. For although the Jews, in the dispersion, lived peacefully among the Persians and the Egyptians and the Greeks

and the Romans, they adopted the customs of these countries.

People are always suspicious of those of their neighbors whom they fail to understand. The aloofness of these Jewish colonies, the open scorn of all Jews for the gods of other races, together with their gift for racial team-work, often made them unpopular among their neighbors and frequently led to bitter feuds.

In one of these, early during the fifth century before the birth of Christ, the Jews in Persia were for a moment in danger of complete annihilation. The underlying causes for this sudden outbreak we do not know. But we find all the details of the plot in the book of Esther.

THE book of Esther, the last of the so-called historical books of the Old Testament, like the book of Daniel, was written several centuries after the death of Xerxes, and in this case there are no Persian inscriptions to help us out. We know a great deal about King Xerxes, who almost destroyed the new civilization of the European mainland. He was both weak and worthless and the story of his behavior toward his wife is entirely in keeping with his general character.

Xerxes, or Ahasuerus, as the Jews called him, had divorced his wife, Vashti, after a most disgraceful quarrel.

Xerxes had immediately searched the country for a new queen, and he had selected Esther, a young Jewish girl who was an orphan and who lived with her cousin Mordecai, a man of considerable standing in the community and favorably known at the royal court.

Esther went to live in the royal harem, and Mordecai often visited her there. One day, in an anteroom, he overheard two men discussing a plot to kill the king. Mordecai warned Esther. Esther spoke to the king. The two men were arrested and executed, but Mordecai was forgotten and received no reward for having saved the king's life.

This did not worry him. He was well-to-do and did not need any money. Besides, as the queen's former guardian, he received a great many honors and he was quite content. But his sudden rise in the world and the prominence which he now enjoyed brought him many enemies.

Just then an Arab by the name of Haman was one of Xerxes' most trusted ministers. Haman (who belonged to the tribe of the Amalekites, the age-old enemies of the Jews) despised Mordecai and Mordecai returned this sentiment in a most cordial fashion.

Haman insisted that Mordecai bow to him first whenever they met. Mordecai refused. The matter was brought before the king. The king said that he did not want to be bothered. From that moment on, the two men hated each other with a deadly hatred.

Haman was a dangerous enemy. He filled the heart of Xerxes with suspicion against all descendants of the former captives. He pointed to their rich houses and to their apparent success. As the king had never seen the slums where the greater part of his Jewish subjects lived, he believed all these stories. Without much trouble, Haman got his dissolute monarch to the point where he willingly signed a royal decree condemning all the Jews within his domains to death.

Haman was entrusted with the execution of this terrible law. Like all mean persons, he proceeded with slow and deliberate care, for he wanted to enjoy his revenge to the full.

He drew lots to see what month would be best for the wholesale execution of the followers of Jehovah. In this way, the month of February was chosen. This gave Haman enough time to order the erection of a gallows on the top of a high hill, so that Mordecai, his enemy, "might be elevated above all men."

The plot, however, was so complicated that it could not remain a secret for very long. Esther, at Mordecai's urgent request, appeared unannounced in the presence of

[Turn to page 82]



He was waiting

AS she skipped down the stairs to meet him, she was confident she looked her best.

Her hair was delightfully soft, fluffy and charmingly arranged, and it had that dainty fragrance she had so often envied.

Men wondered at her loveliness, and women envied her popularity. But best of all—he knew that somehow she was different from any other girl.

The secret of lovely hair is open to you, too. Even though one's hair may be full of dandruff, dull—apparently lifeless, Wildroot Hair Tonic will bring out its hidden freshness and charm.

After your Wildroot shampoo, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the scalp. Then notice the immediate results. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

Sold everywhere



Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
2065..30	3206..25	3234..45	3256..35	3299..25	3344..25	3353..30	3361..30	3369..45	3376..25	3377..45
2369..30	3213..25	3240..25	3259..45	3338..45	3345..40	3355..30	3362..25	3370..25	3377..45	3379..45
2738..25	3217..35	3243..45	3260..45	3339..40	3347..25	3356..30	3364..35	3371..25	3372..25	3380..30
3116..15	3220..30	3245..25	3262..35	3340..25	3348..45	3357..20	3365..45	3372..25	3373..25	3381..45
3147..30	3230..45	3246..30	3263..30	3341..20	3349..45	3358..40	3366..45	3373..25	3374..25	3382..45
3158..30	3231..20	3248..45	3279..30	3342..25	3350..30	3359..45	3367..45	3374..25	3375..35	
3180..15	3232..25	3254..25	3282..25	3343..25	3351..15	3360..20	3368..45	3375..35		

TRANSFER PATTERNS

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
565..15	690..20	863..20	1055..30	1115..25	1148..40	1155..30	1249..40	1267..30	1296..35
646..20	829..20	1045..25	1072..25	1130..40	1154..40	1163..40	1257..30	1287..35	1300..40
659..20	858..20	1050..20	1093..40	1141..40					



No. 590. Suit of All-Wool Poirer Twill. Navy or Black. \$15.95

No. 690. Dress of All-Wool Poirer Twill. Navy only. \$8.95

No. 691. Dress of All Silk Canton. Navy, Cocoa or Brown. \$9.95

No. 390. All-Wool Suede Velour; genuine fur collar. Navy or Brown. \$15.95

The Purpose of This Advertisement is to Urge You to Send for Your Copy of
THE NEW HAMILTON CATALOG FOR FALL!
FIFTH AVENUE STYLES at MAIL ORDER PRICES

THE HAMILTON CATALOG SHOWS many original creations and clever adaptations of the *smartest* Parisian modes, as well as the newest styles from Fifth Avenue. Distinctly different models that we sell in our five story Fifth Avenue building to the well dressed women of New York. Hamilton guarantees the style as well as the price and quality.

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FREE!

Send TO-DAY for your HAMILTON CATALOG

Domestic Warfare

The most dangerous enemies in your home are invisible—but a constant menace



THE microscope test shows that every drop of "Lysol" disinfecting solution is 100 per cent. effective in completely destroying germ life.

MICRO-ORGANISMS! These are the most dangerous enemies you can encounter in your home. Mankind—and, more particularly, womankind—wages incessant warfare against them.

These invisible but powerful micro-organisms (germs or bacteria if you prefer their more familiar names) especially favor dark, damp, or warm places; underneath the plumbing, in the water drains, under the sink, in the toilet bowl—all places that are insufficiently sunned and aired.

If those germs get into the system, illness results. The health of your family demands the frequent use of an effective disinfectant in all the places where germs can breed.

The disinfectant that destroys germ life

"LYSOL" Disinfectant kills germs. It is *completely soluble* with water. Tests made by pouring "Lysol" in water, stirring well and then examining this solution under the microscope show that every single drop is clear and transparent. There are no undissolved globules.

This means that "Lysol" Disinfectant solution (in proper proportion as given in the directions) is 100 per cent. effective, *completely* destroying and killing germ life. That is why it is the disinfectant used in leading hospitals everywhere.

As an antiseptic for personal hygiene

"LYSOL" is the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene. In proper solution (one-half teaspoonful to one quart of water), it does not irritate. In fact, it is soothing as well as cleansing. The use of "Lysol" for this purpose is due to the realization of women that *antiseptic* personal cleanliness is a safeguard of health.

All drug stores sell "Lysol" Disinfectant.

The many uses for "Lysol" Disinfectant

BECAUSE of its soapy nature, "Lysol" Disinfectant helps to clean as it disinfects. Always put a little "Lysol" (two teaspoonfuls to one quart of water) into your pail of cleaning water. Then dip your broom or your brush or your cloth into this solution, and you will be keeping your home not merely clean but *safe and healthy*.

Wiping with damp cloth: carpets, rugs, bath mats, door mats.

Disinfecting: bed frames and springs, mattresses, finger-marked door knobs, deep corners of upholstered furniture.

Washing: floors, woodwork, staircases, all dark, out-of-the-way nooks and cracks.

Renovating: cellar, garret, storeroom.

Cleansing: wash basins, sinks and drains, underneath the plumbing.

Hygienically cleansing: the refrigerator, the bathroom, the sickroom.



Manufactured only by LYSOL, INC., 635 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK CITY

Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC., NEW YORK

Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCaul St., Toronto

COMPLETE directions for use are in every package. The genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7 or 16 ounces; each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. The 3-ounce bottle also comes in a special non-breakable package for travelers. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

Lysol
Disinfectant

For household and personal use



Conveniences for the Cook

[Continued from page 2]

saucepans, stewing pans, and kettles of granite-iron and aluminum, those covered by a snowy white composition being positively enticing. There is no reason today, why the woman in the kitchen should not be furnished with every comfort and convenience for the speedy execution of her work, in order that she may have some time remaining in which she may broaden her outlook by visiting with her friends or reading the books and magazines in which she is interested.

In retrospect I can scarcely realize the fact that in the days of their beginnings, my father wore linen shirts from flax raised and hackled by his own hands, from linen woven and fashioned into garments by my mother. All this had disappeared at the time of my advent. Linen and muslin came from the store in bolts.

BUT I have had the joy of seeing my mother at a spinning wheel—a more delightful performance than this a beautiful and graceful woman never accomplished. A few times in my life I have seen her spinning when she was dressed in a shimmering gown of gold-brown satin, with a gold-stone pin at her throat holding a broad collar of lace matched by cuffs of the same. Her bodice fitted to her figure with tiny points back and front. The fulness of her shining skirts swept around her.

Her hair and eyes were as golden-brown as her dress, her cheeks and lips were as pink as wild roses, the shine had been carefully removed from her nose with cornstarch or orris root, she smelled like flowers and she was as graceful as any flower, with her brown hair parted in the middle, looped over her ears, drawn into shining coils at the back and pinned with a high comb. With one hand she whirled the wheel reaching high above her head, with the other she held the wool that she drew in an even thread and piled upon the spindle. Back and forth with a light step, a smile on her lips, a laugh in her eyes—she must have known that she was a handsome figure. Certainly, she was as attractive as any of the women of that day who stood before a huge gold harp and played it with skillful fingers.

I do not know where the harps of my childhood have gone. They are not in evidence any more. A squat little instrument before which a woman sits on a chair with her skirts drawn to her knees and her feet and limbs exposed while she plays, has taken the place of the splendid instruments before which beautiful women stood to play with such unparalleled grace in my childhood. The small harp and the chair may be another convenience for the musician, but it is not an addition to the grace and beauty of the world.

As a rule, however, the things that have been discarded about a house were not things of grace and beauty. They were cumbersome, heavy objects evolved in the days of our beginnings, things which it is a joy to see replaced by modern comforts and conveniences.

I wish there were some way in which I could reach the heart of every man in the world whose wife is laboring in a kitchen, or who is employing some other man's wife, or sweetheart, or sister, and move him to take stock of the implements with which womankind is striving for his comfort. I hear the men folk complaining that legislation has progressed to such a state that we are a law-ridden people, bound hand and foot, and quite literally no longer the "land of the free," but I would be willing to shoulder one further act of legislation providing at least three essentials for the women who need them.

They would be: gas stoves for summer; the pump in the kitchen; a window above the kitchen table. To these I should like to see added every comfort and convenience ever designed for reducing to the minimum the tedious repetition of the daily grind of housekeeping.

I have seldom gotten more fun out of a given amount of money than I had in the building of a kitchen for Limberlost Cabin that represented, at the time which I built it, the level best I could do in accumulating comforts and conveniences for the cook.

It was a big kitchen—big as an ordinary living-room. Its north wall from floor to ceiling, with the exception of a door, was given over to a long case for brooms, carpet sweepers, dust pans, vacuum cleaners, and dust cloths; a cupboard above for lamps and candles necessary when country electric service was interrupted by the falling of branches after heavy storms; and this same wall contained flour chests opening out on rollers with receptacles for corn meal and brown flour and white flour and buckwheat.

Above, a long, wide board that could be drawn out upon which to spread cookies fresh from the oven, and

cakes from the tins; and above that, shelves on to the highest reach, for essences and spices and seasonings and the myriad things a cook needs to have at hand for her convenience.

Half the length of the west wall went into another huge cupboard for kitchen dishes above and larger utensils below. A big window gave a view of the west woods and the winding lake shore and the roadway, with a small table beneath it for the convenience of those using the kitchen.

In the south wall a pair of double doors opened into a compartment which contained a huge ice-box, lined with snowy glass having shelves of nickel rods and a space above it for the bread and cake boxes. Next, the back door, its upper half of glass, the remainder of the space given over to the kitchen sink of snowy white enamel with a drain board at one end, at the other, the pump which furnished drinking and cooking water.

Above the sink, faucets for hot and cold rain-water. Stretching the length of the sink a huge window from which the back yard, the garden climbing the hill, the orchard, the meadow, and an uninterrupted view on to the sky-line, met the eyes of anyone looking up from any occupation at the sink. Under it, a cabinet for scouring and other kitchen necessities, for jugs and utilities better for concealment.

Against the east wall the last word in gas ranges with six burners to accommodate cooking food to the extent of any crowd the cabin ever sheltered.

Level with the face of the cook, a small oven for cookies, pies, cakes and biscuit. Below, a broiler for game, fish and steak. Overhead, racks for conveniences, a steam cap, and below the cooking burners a huge oven for turkeys and the big roaster.

And, in the middle of the kitchen, the *piece de resistance*, an article of my own devising into which I put many hours of figuring and much thought—a huge table, the top of which is a two-inch-thick slab of golden oak covered with neatly laid zinc.

Across one end, an eighteen-inch wide slab of oak for pounding and cutting, covered by a cap of zinc to keep it dustless when not in use. Across the center of the table, rising on brackets level with the face of the cook, stands a tray for the seasonings most commonly used, for the jars and bottles containing oil, cornstarch and the like. Immediately beneath the table top, two big drawers for cutlery, paring implements, cake cutters and towels. The lower part of the table enclosed to within a few inches of the floor, its swinging doors containing racks for pot lids and shallow pans; the interior, space for the cooking utensils, bowls, etc., in immediate use.

The front of this table is within three feet of the stove, but a step from the sink and a few steps farther from the ice-chest, within a few feet of any cabinet or convenience the kitchen contains. The floor, golden oak; all the conveniences, white enamel; the ceiling and side walls, the blue of the sky; a thick, springy rug between the table and the stove, before the sink and the ice-box; a light on the range and overhead the table.

IF I had this kitchen to do over today, I could greatly improve it. At the time I evolved it eight years ago, I exhausted myself, and I had as my reward the verdict from a long line of expert cooks who occupied it that it was the most comfortable and convenient kitchen in which they had ever worked, one of its greatest difficulties being that, from its attractive appearance and the back porch to which it led, visitors coming to the cabin would persist in turning from the road and making their entrance at the kitchen door when I had confidently expected that they would follow the road down to the lake shore and enter at the front. But I did have the satisfaction of knowing, when anyone made this mistake, that my back door was quite as attractive as the front.

If people would stop to figure that not one single thing in life is worth while, if they have indigestion and nerves upset therefrom, it appeals to me that they would use more pains to have a sanitary and a comfortable place for the cook, whether she is hired by the day, by the month, or married to her job for life. It seems to me that a life sentence to a great many of the kitchens with which I am familiar is nothing short of a death sentence—premature death, or worse still, to the living death of the madhouse.

I believe in every comfort and convenience that can possibly be designed for the work of the cook, no matter who she is, and I believe, too, in the thing my mother used repeatedly to say: "Kitchens would be different if men were the cooks!"



They need not fade or yellow—washed this way your pretty blouses keep their color ~

They were the very last word in chic—your jacket-blouse of demure crêpe, that breezy slip-on model that went with you 'round the golf course, to say nothing of your costume blouse so rich in color!

And then—they had their very first laundering with soap too strong for their color and texture. Out they came a sorry, bedraggled sight. Colors streaked and faded, yellowed beyond all hope of salvaging.

It is the harsh ingredients in ordinary soap that rough-up delicate fabrics—that make their colors go. Rubbing, too, twists and breaks the tiny fibres of any fine material.

Just one careless laundering can make any blouse lose its nice new look.

Don't let your pretty new blouses turn into old ones. Wash them with Lux. Cut out the directions on this page—directions recommended by the maker of more

than a million blouses—you will find you will want to refer to them again and again.

No color too brilliant—no weave too frail

Colors that used to seem too difficult to launder, brilliant all-over patterns, even these are safe in Lux suds.

Lovely weaves—not to be resisted—come from these feathery suds with never a fragile thread fuzzed up or broken.

Not once but any number of times you can wash your pretty blouses with Lux without fear of harm to their freshness and color. Lux won't fade or streak them; it won't destroy the luster of beautiful silken fabrics or harm the soft finish of fine cottons. If your blouse is safe in water alone it is just as safe in Lux.

How to keep blouses from fading

Make sure that pure water alone will not harm your blouse.

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through garment. Use fresh suds for each color. Wash very quickly. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in towel. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one. Be careful to press satins with the nap.

FOR THEIR OWN PROTECTION—THEY RECOMMEND LUX:

Belding Bros. & Co., Silks
Mallinson Silks
Roessel Silks
Skinner Satins
Forsythe Blouses
Fownes Silk and Fabric Gloves
Vanity Fair Silk Underwear
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Model Brassieres

McCallum Hosiery
"Onyx" Hosiery
McCutcheon's Linens
D. & J. Anderson Gingham
Betty Wales Dresses
Mildred Louise Dresses
Pacific Mills Printed Cottons
Peck & Peck, Sweaters

North Star Blankets
Ascher's Knit Goods
Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger Woolens
The Fleisher Yarns
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Send today for free booklet of expert laundering advice—"How to Launder Silks, Woolens, Fine Cottons and Linens." Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 52, Cambridge, Mass.



The new way to wash dishes

Won't roughen hands

LUX for washing dishes! At last you can wash them without coarsening your hands. Even though they are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day, Lux won't harm them. It is as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a dishpan is all you need. A single package does at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes morning, noon and night for nearly three weeks. Try it.



3374 Romper, 6 months to 3 years—25 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern

*These Four
New*
**McCALL
PATTERNS**
*Include a
SPECIAL
TRANSFER
DESIGN*
*Exactly Made
to Fit Each Size*



No. 3374. Child's Romper with Special Transfer. Price, 25 cents. In 4 sizes, 6 months to 3 years. Size 1 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard contrasting. The smocking and embroidery in outline- and buttonhole-stitch and French knots, requires 1 skein each of black, white and yellow six-strand cotton. Complete directions for smocking, embroidering and making.



3372 Romper, 1 to 4—25 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern



3373 Romper, 1 to 4—25 cents
Special Transfer included in pattern

No. 3372. Child's Romper with Special Transfer. Price, 25 cents. In 4 sizes, 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard contrasting. The embroidery in French knots, darning- and lazy-daisy-stitch, requires 2 skeins of white, and 1 skein each of dark blue and deep rose six-strand cotton. All directions given for embroidering and making the romper.

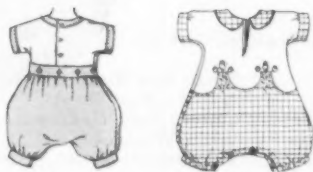
No. 3373. Child's Romper with Special Transfer. Price, 25 cents. In 4 sizes, 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard contrasting. The embroidery in outline- and buttonhole-stitch requires 1 skein each of white and green six-strand cotton. How to work the appliqué bunny and the others in outline-stitch fully described.

No. 3371. Child's Romper with Special Transfer. Price, 25 cents. In 4 sizes, 6 months to 3 years. Size 1 or 2 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard contrasting. The embroidery in buttonhole-, lazy-daisy- and chain-stitch with French knots, requires 1 skein each of black, white and pink six-strand cotton. The embroidery and appliqué roses are fully described.



3374

3372



3373

3371



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Dove Under-garments
Model Brassieres

McCallum Hosiery
"Onyx" Hosiery
McCutcheon's Linens
D. & J. Anderson Gingham
Betty Wales Dresses
Mildred Louise Dresses
Pacific Mills Printed Cottons
Peck & Peck, Sweaters

North Star Blankets
Ascher's Knit Goods
Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger Woolens
The Fleisher Yarns
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Sunfast Draperies
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New Blouses and Frocks from Paris Meet the Advance of Autumn



No. 3232, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer No. 565 may be used for initials.

No. 3361, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch. Transfer No. 863 is suggested for braiding.

Fabrics for Fall

By
ANNE RITTENHOUSE

THOSE in the watch towers of fashion are crying out the names of the new fabrics as they sail over the hot horizon to autumn harbors. Not all are new, however, praise be. Women are somewhat loyal and faithful to what they like. They are happy that serge is sufficiently revived into everyday clothes to satisfy a temptation to buy it for the first cool week in fall. They are more than glad that satin takes back its old leadership for formal frocks as though crêpe had not beaten it back into obscurity. They are not quite certain that they will lend enthusiasm to the revival of moire. They are afraid that it will be unpliant; but it is not.

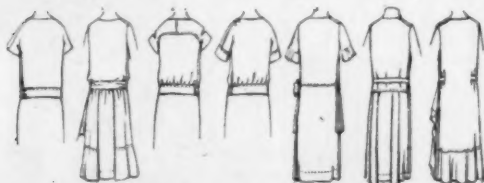
Fabrics are of more importance to the public than colors, although the choice of the latter ruins or makes a woman's appearance. Yet the rivalry between wool rep and fine-grained serge puckers the brow more than the victory of brown over black. Most women think they can be left to work out their own salvation in choosing colors, but they yield to commercial forces in the choice of fabrics.

The French novelties are often not suitable for the average American woman, but she has learned that what France strongly sponsors in foundation weaves, that we will wear.

[Turn to page 66]

No. 3147, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires ¾ yard of 40-inch material, ¼ yard of 36-inch lace.

No. 3263, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material, ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting.



3158 3369 3361 3263 3381 3377 3382

No. 3377, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36, waist 2 yards of 40-inch, skirt 2 yards of 48-inch. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1093 may be used.

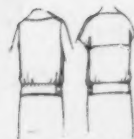
No. 3158, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1¼ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer No. 1045 may be used.

No. 3369, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards of 40-inch material, 2¾ yards of 9-inch ribbon. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 3382, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 2¾ yards. Transfer No. 1300 may be used.

No. 3381, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch. Width, 1¾ yards. Transfer No. 1141 is suggested.

No. 3382 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16, 36-42
Transfer No. 1300



3232 3147

To Fulfil Your Desire For Smart Attire

Fabrics for Fall

[Continued from page 65]

PRINTED crêpes will go on their colorful path, unrebuked even by the conservatives. The spell of Hindu and Pekin is more potent, however, than ancient Egypt. East Indian patterning has found favor in the sight of the designers and as France continues to fight for her eastern possession, there is much of that exquisite modeling and coloration known as Indo-Chine.

An American designer has copied the sari of an East Indian dancer for a new brocade and the colorful designs on cottons of China are faithfully put on crêpe and silks. The peacock and paradise bird are other Chinese designs. Smart women abroad began to have peacocks embroidered up the back of their formal evening frocks, the head resting in the curve of their spines, and such a vagary was enough to start the silk people weaving these birds of color and vanity into soft brocades.

Magnificent is the best word for the new brocades. America produces weaves as sumptuous as



3359 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42



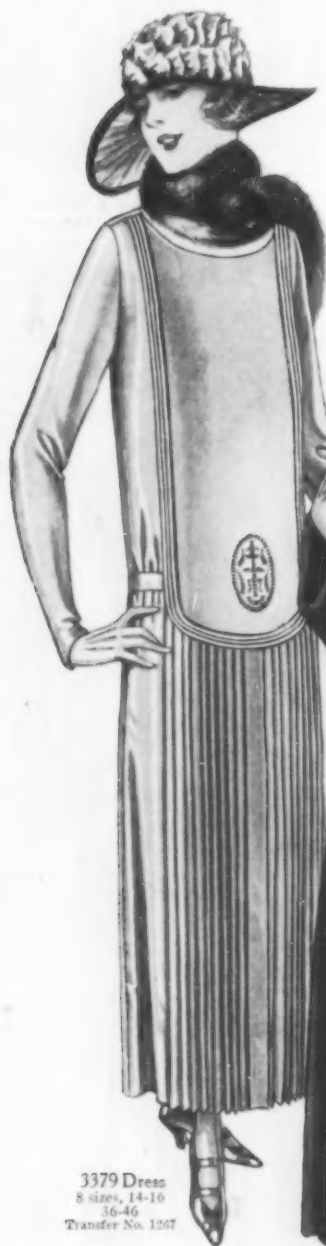
3364 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46



3338 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44



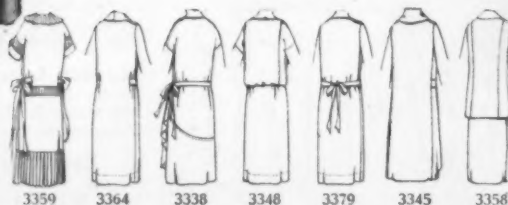
3348 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44



3379 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46
Transfer No. 1267



3345 Coat
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42
Transfer No. 1055



those brought by the Chinese ambassadors to the French Court when Pompadour ruled King and State. She discovered Chinese materials and art objects to the smart world of Europe and it appears that America is stepping over this threshold into the Pacific Orient. So choose whatever you like from China. Copy some of those blue china plates that you may possess, the kind with the weeping-willow that gives the china its name. If you see a desk in red lacquer in a shop window, if you can find a bit of silk ribbon, if you own a paper fan from that country, just take the design from it as the foundation for embroidery. Even seed pearl ornaments for head and ears are fashionable because travelers have brought them back from Pekin.

Printed silks as well as printed crêpes will be worn by well-dressed women this autumn. The latter has a rival, though, in the plain stripes which we have borrowed from ancient Rome. This fashion came about through the persistence of the French designers in using overlapping groups of Roman ribbons as a substitute for embroidery.

Hats were trimmed with similar bands of ribbon about a year ago. Now it's gowns.

[Turn to page 67]

No. 3364, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material and 1¼ yards of 27-inch for collar, sash and vest. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. A most smart street dress for fall in wool or silk.

No. 3338, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; closing at shoulders; draped circular flounce; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch figured and 2¼ yards of 40-inch plain. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 3348, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; one-piece draped skirt. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material for waist, 2 yards of 40-inch for skirt. Width, 1¼ yards.

No. 3358, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT-COAT. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material or 17½ yards of 54-inch and 2½ yards of 36-inch for lining.

No. 2065, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material or 1½ yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 3359, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material and 3 yards of 40-inch for pleated sections. Width of flounce, 4 yards.

No. 3345, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; convertible collar and side panels. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1055 may be used.

3358 Coat
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50
2065 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

No. 3379, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1267 may be used for the monogram.

No. 3365, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, View A, requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 4-inch ribbon. View B requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3377, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for waist and 2 yards of 48-inch for skirt. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Silk may be combined with cloth to make this dress more attractive still

Frocks that are Appearing On the Autumn Horizon

of which were in the forefront of fashion at the opening of the summer races in Paris. So be prepared for the sight of this fabric in the shops. It is not a bit unwieldy. It will hang down on the body like crêpe de Chine. It is to be built into coat suits. So is self-brocaded crêpe in beige and brown. The new kind of stockings go well with these suits; they are deep beige shot with orange and are called "tango."

Other fabrics for the street for the woman who prefers something a bit more sturdy in its weave than heavy crêpe or moire, is wool rep. Jenny, of Paris, used much of it last summer and we will go on with this fashion in the autumn. It is woven so gently that it drops into gracious folds, so that it makes as good a frock as suit. Because of the popularity of chenille hats among the smart milliners, this corded stuff will be twisted into patterns to trim clothes. Don't use it as fringe. Turn it into some sort of design, no matter how crude. It is a softer ornamentation than braid.



3377 Dress
9 sizes 34-50



3365 Dress
9 sizes 34-50
View A



3366 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44



3368 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

Fabrics for Fall

[Continued from page 66]

VELVET is an honored friend that sails over the horizon into our new fashions. It will have no limitation put upon its usage. Coat suits may be of a slightly thicker weave than fine evening gowns, but they will both be velvet. The new colors go well with the fabric. Egyptian and jade green will rival black and several shades of brown, especially that yellowish parchment shade called 'mummy,' will be worn day and evening. There is a good Renaissance red from old Florence that will serve for afternoon frocks, also evening wraps, especially when embroidered in gold or silver. There's a strong leaning to gold ornamentation, also to gold threads in brocaded silks, which is a reversal from what has been fashionable.

Satin is a distinct revival of the autumn. It will go into hats, wraps and gowns. Crêpe with satin back is used on both sides in the same frock. Stamped and tortured satin gives way to plain surfaces. Crêpe, plain and without figuration, by the way, comes back with satin as a protest against the ubiquitous use of patterned weaves. Moire, or what our ancestors called "watered silk" returns to the limelight. Poiret, the distinguished French designer, is lending his talent to making unusual gowns of it, some



3365 Dress
9 sizes 34-50
View B

No. 3366, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch for tunic, collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3368, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The flounces are artfully placed in front only and trimmed with rows of braid.

No. 3339, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material and $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch silk for lining. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This new model gives the desired cape effect with a flounce added.

3339 Coat
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42



3366 3365 3377 3339 3349 3365 3368

No. 3349, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch for collar and facing sleeves. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A simple stitching may be worked from Transfer No. 829.

3349 Dress
9 sizes 34-50
Transfer No. 829

Pleats and More Pleats Say The Frocks of Youth!



3260 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



3243 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 858



3381 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44
Transfer No. 1300



3259 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1154



3248 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

No. 3260, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 3243, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer No. 858 is suggested for braiding.

No. 3381, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Transfer No. 1300 may be used.

No. 3259, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch for collar. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer No. 1154 may be effectively used.

No. 3248, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 3-inch ribbon for neckband. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 3367, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; pleated apron tunic. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. For braiding, Transfer No. 1130 may be used.

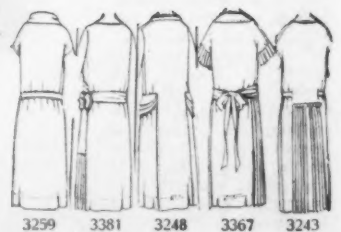
No. 3217, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer No. 659 may be used.



3217 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 659



3367 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16,
36-42
Transfer No. 1130



3259 3381 3248 3367 3243

Styles That Cannot Fail To Satisfy Her



3379 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46
Transfer No. 1148

3382 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42

3348 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44
Transfer No. 1045



3265 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1287



3234 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1296

No. 3379, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1 3/4 yards. Transfer No. 1148 would furnish a charming trimming.

No. 3382, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; circular flounce. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2 5/8 yards.

No. 3348, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for waist and 1 7/8 yards of 40-inch for skirt. Width, 1 1/4 yards. Transfer No. 1045 may be used to trim.

No. 3265, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 3/4 yards. To trim panel and waist, Transfer No. 1287 is suggested.

No. 3234, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 4 5/8 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Ribbon trimming, for which Transfer No. 1296 may be used, is especially pretty adornment.

No. 3262, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and 3/4 yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 3230, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1 1/2 yards.



3262 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



3230 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



3262 3348 3382 3379 3224



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6 sizes, 24-34

2738 Slip
6 sizes, 34-44

3220 Skirt
6 sizes, 34-44

3350 Skirt
6 sizes, 34-44

3299 House Dress
8 sizes, 34-48
Transfer No. 1155

No. 3220, LADIES' PLEATED SKIRT; attached to camisole. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 32-inch for camisole. Width, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3282, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3116, LADIES' BRASSIERE. Size 36 requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch material or $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 2738, LADIES' SLIP. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2369, LADIES' AND MISSES' BLOOMERS. Size 26 requires 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3299, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer No. 1155 may be used.

No. 3350, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch; camisole, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 32-inch. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



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 8. I Gave You Up Before You Threw Me Down
 9. Parade of the Wooden Soldiers
 10. You've Got To See Mama Every Night
 11. Let's A Wonderful Girl
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3353 Skirt
5 sizes, 26-34

3347
House Dress
9 sizes 34-50
Transfer No. 1219

3370 Nightgown
9 sizes 34-50

3380 Skirt
6 sizes, 34-44

3279 Skirt
6 sizes, 34-44

3180 Apron
Small, medium
large

No. 3180, LADIES' AND MISSES' APRON. Small size requires 1 3/4 yards of 32- or 36-inch material.

No. 3380, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material; sides, 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch; camisolé, 3/4 yard of 32-inch. Width, 2 yards.

No. 3279, LADIES' PLEATED SKIRT. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; camisolé, 3/4 yard of 32-inch. Width, 2 1/2 yards.

No. 3370, LADIES' NIGHTGOWN. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 2 1/2 yards.

No. 3347, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 32-inch material. Width, 1 5/8 yards. Transfer No. 1249 may be used.

No. 3353, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with gathered ruffles. Size 26 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

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In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

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3231 Romper
4 sizes, 1-4
Transfer No. 690

3344 Infant's Set
Transfer No. 646

Little Garments That Are a Joy to Make

No. 3344, INFANT'S SET. Dress requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards, Gertrude petticoat, 1 yard and pinning-blanket, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards each of 36-inch. Transfer No. 646 may be used.

No. 3231, CHILD'S ROMPER; opening under leg. Size 3 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch. For smocking, Transfer No. 690 is suggested.

3357 Romper
5 sizes, 6 months to 4 years
Transfer No. 1115

No. 3357, CHILD'S ROMPER. Size 3 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Transfer No. 1115 may be used.

No. 3240, CHILD'S DRESS; with pantalletes. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer No. 1050 would make an appropriate trimming.

3240 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Transfer No. 1050

No. 3360, BOY'S BLOUSE. Size 6 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material. Suitable for rep, khaki or shirtings.

3206 Romper
3 sizes, 2-6
Transfer No. 1072

3360 Blouse
5 sizes, 2-10

3246 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer No. 1154

3254 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

3231

3357

3240

3343 Coat
8 sizes, 1-12

3245

3343

3254

3246

3245 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer No. 1163

No. 3254, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 2 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Printed sateen or percale would be serviceable and smart for every day.

No. 3206, CHILD'S ROMPER; dropped back. Size 4 requires 1 yard of 36-inch material for waist and 1 yard of 32-inch for trousers and belt. Transfer No. 1072 may be used for monogram.

No. 3246, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 12 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for collar. Transfer No. 1154 may be used.

No. 3343, CHILD'S COAT. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. Especially good for school is this model with pockets and warm collar.

No. 3245, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 12 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting for collar. If trimming is desired, Transfer No. 1163 is suggested.

No. 3341
pleated
10 req
5/8 yar
No. 12

No. 3341
yards of
36-inch
in, this
in the



Every Stage of Childhood Has Its Smart Styles

No. 3362, CHILD'S CAPE. Size 4 requires 1 yard of 54-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch for lining. A wrap that is thoroughly ideal for early fall is this cape shirred at the neck.

No. 3342, CHILD'S DRESS; with yoke. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. The shirring below the yoke adds much to this dress and may be developed by using Transfer No. 1192.

No. 3341, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE ROMPER. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3340, BOY'S SUIT. Size 3 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material, contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch. Transfer No. 690 may be used.

No. 3355, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS; straight pleated skirt attached to underwaist. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer No. 1257 may be used for monogram.

No. 3376, CHILD'S COAT. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for lining. With no sleeves to set in, this coat presents no difficulties whatever in the making.

No. 3356, GIRL'S DRESS; with underwaist; two-piece skirt. Size 14 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 27-inch for collar and vest. Suitable for figured voile or printed foulard.

No. 3375, GIRL'S TUCKED DRESS; closing at left side of front. Size 12 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. In crêpe de Chine or georgette this tucked dress would be extremely dainty for parties.

No. 3213, GIRL'S DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch plaid material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Equally smart in wash gingham or wool plaid with plain sleeves and sides for contrast.

No. 3351, CHILD'S APRON; tied under the arms. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of ribbon for tie-belts. Almost like a little frock is this simple slip-on apron.



Royal Worcester Unda-Belt

THE unsightly bulging of the abdomen is prevented by the uplifting all-elastic "UNDA-BELT" which controls, and by constant support reduces, resulting in symmetrical lines.

Also, it gives the modish flat straight back effect so essential for present gowns. Ask now for "Unda-Belt 683 at \$5."

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Mail the coupon for my special patented free trial outfit, which contains a trial bottle of the Restorer with full directions and explanations for making my famous convincing test on a single lock of hair. A trial package of my wonderful new Preparatory Powder is included with this outfit. This powder is the most recent discovery made in my laboratories, and I consider it invaluable. It puts your hair in perfect condition for restoration and acts as a tonic and antiseptic. Mail coupon today.

Fill out the coupon carefully, using X to indicate color of hair. If possible enclose a lock in your letter. When you have made the test which proves how easily and surely your gray hair can be restored get a full sized bottle from your druggist. If he cannot supply you or offers you a substitute preparation, write me direct and I will supply your needs.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit, as offered in your ad. X shows color of hair. (Print name plainly.)

black..... dark brown..... medium brown.....
auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light
auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....
Street..... City.....

Our Monthly Dressmaking Hints

By Marjorie Kinney

Supervisor of Clothing, School of Household
Science and Arts, Pratt Institute

Easy Ways to Handle Net and Lace

THE first pictures this month show a net collar edged with lace. Net is stretchy material unless carefully handled. It is often better to stitch all edges on paper before cutting out a collar or other part of a dress.

In Figure 1 is shown the net basted to a paper pattern and stitched on the outer sewing edge to the paper. The paper holds the net from stretching and keeps the perfect curved line designed for the collar. If you feel the collar will be too wide with the added width of lace, stitch it to the paper pattern on a line drawn inside the sewing line but parallel to it so that the outer edge of the lace falls on the sewing line made by the pattern.

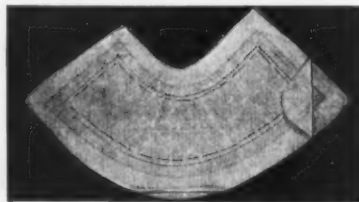


Fig. 1

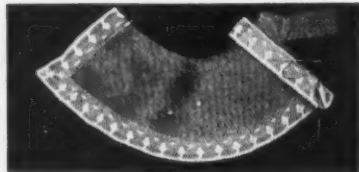


Fig. 2

After the stitching is made tear off the paper and trim the net to one-sixteenth of an inch seam allowance. Hold the lace toward you, right side against the right side of the net and overhand it to the raw edge of the net, taking the stitches close together and deep enough to cover the stitching. Allow the lace to form a pleat at the corner large enough to mitre. Ease the lace sufficiently around a curved edge so that it will lie flat when pressed open. After the edge is overhanded turn back the lace flat, mitre the corners and press.

Lace may also be basted on paper for stitching. When using an allover lace for a dress, one finds it nearly impossible to sew together the seams unless there is something substantial to hold the lace in

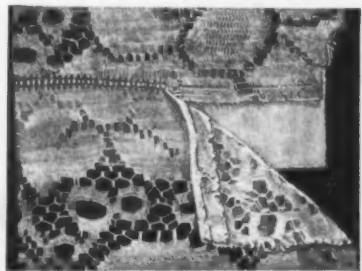


Fig. 3

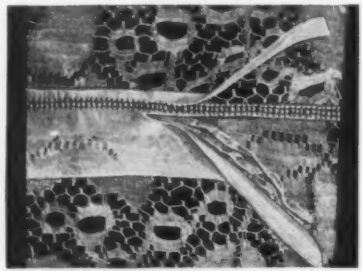


Fig. 4

place. If the seams are to be hemstitched baste the lace to a narrow strip of mouseline de soie. This is a very sheer material with some dressing which makes it firm and easy to handle, and will not show under the lace after the hemstitching is done. Baste the lace as for a lapped seam, basting the seam on mouseline and hemstitch on the fold as shown in Fig. 3. After it is hemstitched, trim off all raw edges of lace and mouseline on the wrong side. (Fig. 4).

Do not hemstitch seams over paper. It is difficult to tear out the paper from the double row of stitching in hemstitching.



Star, Marshall Neilan
Productions

Wesley Barry does not dare to use it

Naturally he likes freckles no better than anyone else. But he is afraid to use Stillman's Freckle Cream for fear the public won't know him without them.

Stillman's Freckle Cream

This famous cream causes freckles to fade gently away while you sleep, giving you a clear white complexion. Used the world over for 35 years. Cannot grow hair. Obtainable in 50c and \$1 sizes at drug stores. Look for the purple and gold package.

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If you value your complexion and hair, write for a copy of "Beauty Parlor Secrets". Gives the information that will enable you to enjoy at home at little cost the expensive treatments of beauty parlors. The Stillman Company, 4 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.



Write
for
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Have shapely feet unmarred by bunions



Fashion and comfort demand that feet fit snugly into the dainty pumps of today. There must be no hump to mar shapely feet, no racking torture to upset comfort. Bunions are unnecessary and dangerous. You can remove them quickly, harmlessly, pleasantly with the new, marvelous solvent, Pedodyne. Pedodyne stops pain almost instantly, banishes the disfiguring hump, and relieves the swollen burning sensation.

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To introduce Pedodyne, we will gladly arrange to send you a box of Pedodyne Solvent for you to try. Simply write and say "I want to try Pedodyne."
KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. C-636, 186 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.



76c worth of Peace Dale Sicilian Floss makes this charming sweater! This model is blue with white trimmings—an attractive combination. No. 1.

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These are the styles of sweaters being featured now in fashionable New York stores. Both were planned and knitted by a famous sweater designer. For a very small cost you can knit them of Peace Dale Quality Yarns. Accurate directions will be sent you free with sample card showing over 120 samples of beautiful Peace Dale colors. Paisley, Sicilian Floss, etc. Lovely new colors. Made by a 100-year old New England firm. Satisfaction guaranteed. Fill out the coupon below and mail today for your card and directions for knitting.

A fashionable coat sweater with the popular bell sleeves made of the heavy Peace Dale Sicilian Worsted Yarn and brown brushed up. It costs only \$3.64 to make. Easy to knit. No. 2.



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There Is Magic In Books

By Hildegarde Hawthorne

NO MATTER how we love our daily task, nor how important that task may be, we weary of it at times. There is so much repetition in life. We cook and we clean only to cook and clean again. We want something different. Something to take us out of ourselves—a trip, a visit to a new place, a meeting with a new circle of persons with new aims and fresh talk. Alas, that is often impossible, or possible only at long intervals of time. But here is a book!

A book that in no time at all introduces men and women with whom you become intimate, whom you learn to love or to dislike, with whom you sympathize, and with whose fortunes you identify yourself. This life, so different from your own, becomes yours for the time. You are aboard a frigate, far away from all the rubs and wearinesses. You have stepped ashore at a new port, or you are wandering through the alluring streets of a foreign city; and all at the turning of a page!

Different moods, of course, need different books. There are times when you crave the stimulus of high thought, when you want to read what will call out all your concentration and understanding. There are moments when all you want is to be amused, to be made to laugh; or when you enjoy being touched, having the tears come to your eyes suddenly in a lovely rush of sympathy for the troubles of someone who is but a shadow, after all, a thing of thought and fancy, yet immensely real. Now it is a story like your own which pleases most, or again, one that is completely outside your own experience appeals to your imagination.

Perhaps you prefer to lose yourself in the true life of another, and take up a biography. It is this marvelous power of extending your experience, of taking you to every part of the known world and into regions that are but imagined, of giving you contact with people who must else remain absolutely unknown to you, that makes reading the greatest of all escapes from the narrowness or the hardship or the boredom of daily life. And none of us, no matter how fortunate, can quite evade those bugbears.

A DETECTIVE story will often keep off a case of nerves. I have a friend who keeps two or three such books on hand for what she calls her desperate hours, "when the stove won't work right, when the grocer sends the wrong things, when the children fuss and your best friend seems like a stranger."

Suppose you love beauty, and the outlook from your window is ugly—sit down and refresh your soul with one of the exquisite travel books where the illustrations are sheer magic and the text is full of enthusiasm and glamour. The view from your window will not have lost any of its unattractiveness, but your own spirit is refreshed and calmed. You have looked through "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas," and that glance has brought you happiness and peace.

Keeping up a home is a noble work but it is wearing. The woman who succeeds in it gives it her time and her strength; its calls are incessant, and her vacations are rare ones. But if she turns to books she finds refreshment.

A small shelf in the kitchen should hold more than cookbooks. Let there be a good novel or a volume of short stories there, that you can turn to while the bread is baking. Don't have knitting or sewing alone beside your easy chair. Let a thrilling book wait there too, for the moment when your thoughts need refreshment as much as your body requires rest.

SOMETIMES the question arises—what shall I read? There are rows of books on the library shelves, but one does not know which to choose. For a summer reading-list, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 37th St., New York City.



Is Your Life Story Worth \$500 or \$2000?

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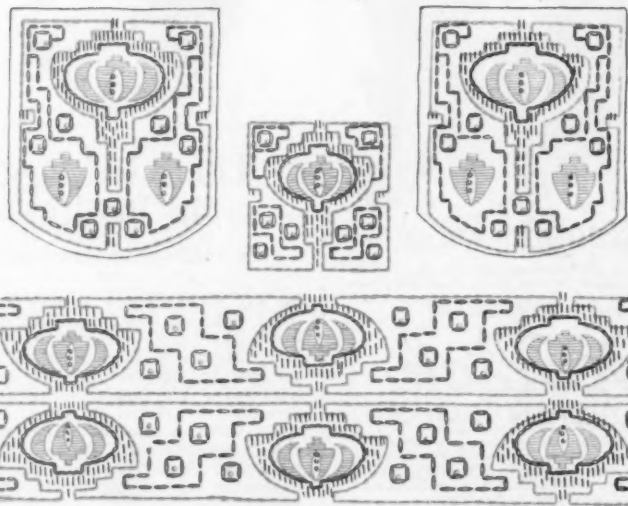
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By Elisabeth May Blondel



1297—Transfer Pattern for Borders and Motifs. Includes 3 yards of double border $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, or cut apart, 6 yards $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide; 6 yards of narrow border $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide; 2 pocket motifs, and 3 motifs 4 inches square. For blouses, dresses or coats. Work in darn-ing, outline- and satin-stitch, using three colors, or develop in one color to harmonize with dress. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

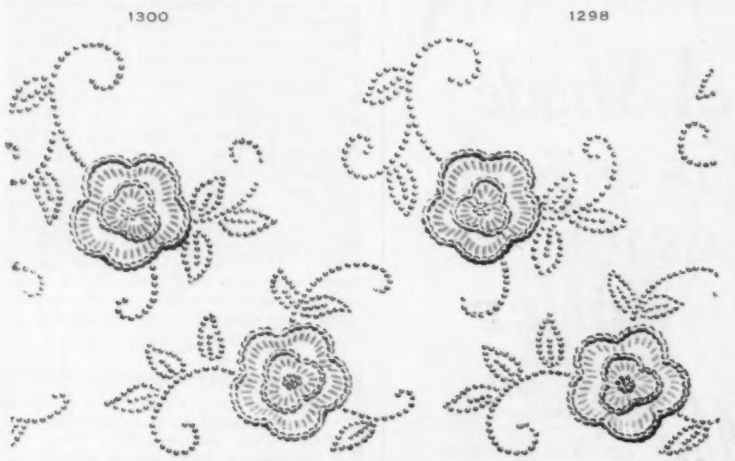
1298—Transfer Pattern for Egyptian Trim-ming. Includes 4 motifs $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches high and $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide; several small motifs and 7 yards of a narrow banding. This design is handsome when developed in steel, colored or iridescent beads, and may be used for dresses, blouses or suits. If desired, it may be em-broidered in French knots matching material. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

1300—Transfer Pattern for Motifs and Border. Includes 6 pointed motifs $22\frac{1}{4}$ inches high and $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches across at base; $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of a 3-inch border to match. This design may be developed in embroidery wool or heavy silk floss, working in outline and single stitches, dots in French knots or beads. For linen or cotton dresses, strand cotton may be used. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1299—Transfer Pattern for Bead Trimming. In-cludes $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of border $19\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide. Two kinds of beads may be used for this design, bugle beads for the short lines, and small round beads for the dots. An-other effective way of working it is to cover each short line with a stitch of silk floss, and couch a string of bugle beads around the rose outlines. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.



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Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 233-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.



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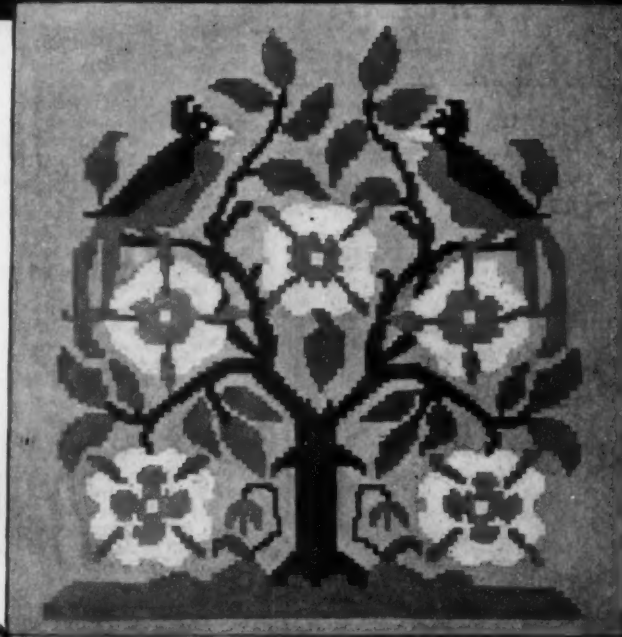
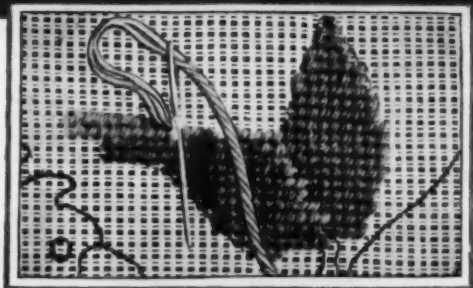
massage the temples with cooling, soothing

Mentholum

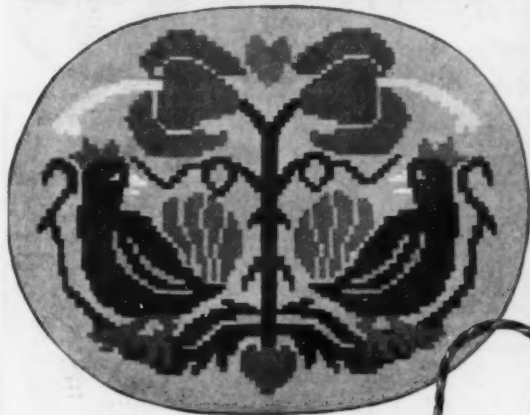
Write for free sample
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Tapestry Designs in Transfer Patterns to be Stamped on Tapestry Canvas

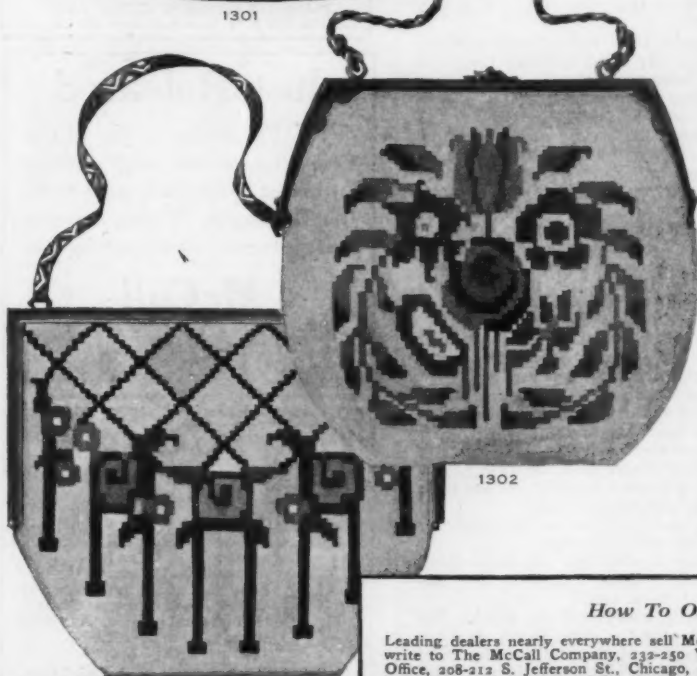
By Elisabeth May Blondel



1303



1301



1302

1302

Needlepoint Tapestry is the latest revival of an old and favorite form of needlework. Everybody wants to do a piece of it, either for a footstool or a chair-seat, or for a handbag, a cushion or a screen. The work, developed from a transfer pattern stamped with a hot iron on canvas and worked in tapestry yarns of lovely antique colorings, is much simpler today than it used to be in bygone days. You will not only enjoy doing it, but you will be proud enough of the finished article to class it among your family heirlooms. You need white tapestry canvas (measuring 9 or 10 meshes to the inch); also a blunt tapestry needle, the colored tapestry yarns, and most important of all, an artistic design. The ones illustrated on this page each include a colored illustration of the design with directions for the use of each color, and how to work the stitch, the detail of which is illustrated above showing the filling in of the background after the design has been worked.

1303—Transfer Pattern for Tapestry Chair, Cushion, etc. Includes 2 designs, each 14 inches across and 15½ inches deep. Amount of wool required is stated in pattern, and an illustration included showing all the colors. Price, 40 cents. Black.

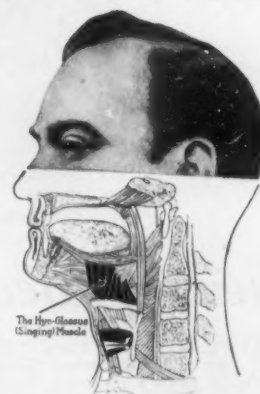
1302—Transfer Pattern for Two Tapestry Bags. Includes 2 designs for each bag (front and back). Lattice bag is 7½ inches deep; bag with bouquet design is 8½ inches deep. Colors shown in pattern and amount of skeins stated. Price, 40 cents. Black.

1301—Transfer Pattern for Tapestry Footstool, Cushion, etc. Includes 2 designs, each 11½ x 9 inches; and a colored illustration showing all colors. Amount of wool required is stated. Price, 40 cents. Black.

How To Obtain McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

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Singing Speaking Stammering Weak Voice

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive, an individual therapeutic property that serves to "tone-up"—revitalize—the sluggish tissues of the skin. It soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections, heals and nourishes

the skin cells. Used faithfully, it will help you to gain and retain the beauty of a clear, wholesome complexion—just as it has helped thousands of attractive women, for more than 35 years.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in either the 50-cent or the \$1.00 size—the dollar jar contains three times the quantity.

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Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find ten cents. Kindly send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, samples of Ingram's Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

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The Dread Shadow of Age— Is it Reaching Out to Your Hair?

It is natural to shrink from the thought of age. Woman's first instinct is to preserve youth and beauty. And rightly. Premature gray hair takes from her the natural joys, the happy companionship of men, the pleasant associations with women of her own age which are her birthright.

Why endure the handicap of gray hair? Meet the situation bravely—wisely. In fairness to your husband, to your children, to yourself restore those falsifying locks to their natural color.

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Brownatone, the youth preservative of thousands, stays the clutching hand of age by safely tinting to its natural color and beauty, gray, faded or bleached hair. Almost instantly, without fuss or muss, you can turn those tell-tale locks of gray to glorious tresses of golden, brown or black with Brownatone. This marvelous preparation will not rub off or wash out. It is guaranteed absolutely harmless to hair, scalp or skin. Send for a trial bottle and try it on a stray lock of gray. You will be amazed by the remarkable results. At drug and department stores 50c and \$1.50. Trial bottle sent direct for 10c.

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NaTone Lemonated Shampoo, nature's hair wash, cleanses and beautifies. At dealers or direct 50c bottle.

Tetherstones

[Continued from page 52]

"Ah! Burminster!" He repeated the name thoughtfully. "Did you ever meet anyone there by the name of Rotherby?" "Why, yes." She started a little, remembering Arthur's attitude. "I was with Dr. Rotherby who is the Bishop of Burminster."

"Yes—yes." He nodded gravely. "We were at Oxford together. He left and I remained. You were not happy with him?" Frances hesitated. "Not very," she admitted.

He nodded again. "A hard man—a hard man! And did you ever meet his nephew—Montague?"

She felt the color leap to her face. "Yes, I have met him," she said.

"Ah! He is a friend of yours," said the old man, with quiet conviction. "A close friend?"

She did not know how to answer him. No words would come. But in that moment to her intense relief she heard a step outside. The door opened, and Mrs. Dermot entered.

"Arnold," she said. "I am sorry to disturb you, but Dr. Square is here. He will be down immediately to see you. May he come in?"

The old man turned toward her with a fond smile. "My dear," he said. "Any pretext is welcome that brings you to my side."

Frances got up, thankful for the interruption. "I will go to the kitchen if I may," she said. "Maggie is there."

The kitchen was in semi-darkness. And in the glow of the fire, seated at the table facing her, but with his head upon his hands, was a man.

He did not stir at her entrance.

It was Arthur. He looked up and spoke, his voice low and constrained. "Come and sit down! I'm just going."

The awful pallor of his face, the misery of the eyes that avoided hers, went straight to her heart. She moved forward, urged by the instinct to help, forgetful of everything else in the rush of pity that surged through her. "Don't go because I am here!" she said.

He had turned already to the outer door. He paused with his back to her, and took up his cap from a chair. "It was not my fault you were sent for," he said. "It was done against my wish—without my knowledge."

The words were curt, emotionless. Why did she feel as though she were in the presence of a sorely wounded animal?

"Don't go!" she said again. "Have you had tea?"

He went to the dresser, and she heard the clatter of cups and saucers.

She watched him pour water into the old metal tea-pot.

He set down the kettle and drew up a chair.

"Sit down!" he said.

She obeyed him, finding no words.

He cut a slice from a loaf and began to toast it. Then he brought the toast and set it before her.

She looked up at him, gravely resolute. "Mr. Dermot, please join me!"

He dropped down on to the wooden chair he had occupied at her entrance, and propped his head on his hands.

"My God!" he said, under his breath. Then she knew that his endurance was very near the breaking point, and the woman's soul in her rose up in strength to support his weakness. She bent over him. All thought of fear had gone from her. "Here is your tea," she said. "Can you drink it?"

He moved then, reached out suddenly and grasped her wrist, drawing her hand over his face till her palm was tightly pressed upon his eyes.

"My God!" he said again.

A dreadful sob broke from him, and he caught his breath and held it rigidly till the veins in his temples stood out like cords. She felt a great shiver go through him. His hold upon her hand was as the clutch of a drowning man, and suddenly she felt his tears, slow and scalding, oozing between her fingers.

"How you must hate me!" he said. She shook her head in silence.

"No," she said. "I don't hate you."

There was something in his eyes that besought her. Again involuntarily she thought of a wounded animal.

His hold upon her had slackened; she had slipped her hand away. "Won't you have your tea?" she said.

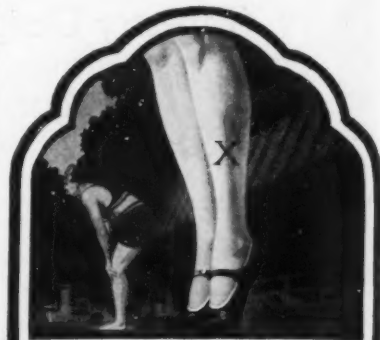
They ate and drank together thereafter in unbroken silence until he rose to go. Then, his cap once more in his hand, he paused, looking across at her.

"Why don't you ask me to—forgive?" she said, her voice very low.

"Because I won't ask the impossible," he answered. "Some things are past forgiveness. I know that."

He swung round with the words. She heard him open the door, heard again the drip and patter of the rain outside, heard the heavy tread of his feet as he went out.

[Continued in the October McCall's]



The Stockingless Vogue

WOMEN who love swimming for the sake of the sport, find stockings a great hindrance to their enjoyment. Hence the stockingless vogue you notice almost everywhere.

X-Bazin—the century-tested French depilatory—enables a woman to bathe stockingless without self-consciousness. It makes her skin as smooth and white and lovely as sculptured marble!

X-Bazin is entirely safe and utterly painless to use. It does not injure the most delicate skin. Sold with a "money-back" guarantee at all drug and department stores, 50c and \$1 in the United States. Elsewhere, 75c and \$1.50.

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Write for our new illustrated catalog of latest fashions in hairdressing. Make your selection and order entirely at our risk. Goods sent prepaid for examination. Remit only if delighted with your bargain. Return if not satisfactory and you are not out a cent. Don't put it off. Write today for free catalog.

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Just Released

The Fall edition of the McCall Quarterly is out this month, showing the newest of the Paris styles to be worn this season. Twenty-five cents over the counter—thirty cents by mail.

McCall Fall Quarterly

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Your Face Is a Stern Telltale

Fleeting Emotions, Yes—but Petty or Great, Grave or Gay, They Leave Their Mark Behind

By Mary Marvin

DO YOU realize how many emotions your face reflects in the course of a day—and how many of them are petty?

You awake in the morning. A quick glance at the clock shows that you have overslept ten minutes, you are annoyed, and a frown gathers between your brows.

If it is late and you must hurry, you scramble into your clothes, your fingers all thumbs, trying to do a dozen things at once. With one worried eye on the clock, your nervous tension increases and is reflected in a drawn, set look.

Later in the day you find yourself crossing opinions in hot discussion. You become positive, even obstinate, and your mouth and jaw settle in hard, unpleasant lines.

Or you may become bored, and allow your mouth to take on the petulant droop of ennui.

Trivial emotions—yes, of course. Yet even so, these unworthy emotions, too frequently indulged, may leave a definite mark that is hard to erase.

For deep sorrow and anxiety are not the only emotions which leave their stamp. To every woman whose face is lined by real suffering there are a dozen whose look of sunny youthfulness has been destroyed by petulance, unnecessary worry, envy, boredom, snobbishness, obstinacy or morbid brooding.

The mouth is perhaps the most sensitive and expressive of the features. We speak of a "selfish mouth," a "positive mouth," "thin, cruel lips," because we have learned what certain expressions of the mouth mean. How careful we must be to avoid in ourselves what we so dislike in others! These emotions which have such disfiguring after-effects might be classified as selfish. They are the petty feelings of people more concerned with their own pleasure than with the joy of others.

And right there lies the secret for their prevention and cure. Fight off these destroyers of youth and good looks and avail yourself of the greatest beauty tonic in the world by cultivating a happy spirit. It is an old rule but it is still good. It is hard for a wrinkle to find a good place to settle down if you have a contented mind and a spirit of generosity toward all the world.

Of course, there will be a certain amount of sagging and a few lines, too, with advancing years but these can be reduced to a minimum if you refuse to let your face register any but pleasant emotions.

Take your hand mirror; scrutinize your face closely. Are there decided lines from nose to mouth, or a downward droop at the corner of the mouth? Has your jaw a certain square look indicating sagging muscles? Is your throat flabby?

You can correct these conditions. Nourishing creams, astringents, and the right kind of daily care will do wonders for you—provided you use them faithfully.

A simple treatment is:

First cleanse your skin thoroughly with a cream prepared especially for this purpose. Wipe off the cream with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Work a pure nourishing cream—using the tips of the fingers—into the face. Use an upward motion, and concentrate on the lines and sagging contours. Think of yourself as a sculptor and your face as clay which can be molded with a firm, sure touch. Do this for about five minutes. Wipe off the cream and go through the same molding motions with absorbent cotton dampened with astringent.

THEN, to relax, have, if possible, a luxurious warm bath. It is a restorer of tired nerves, aching muscles and a frayed disposition and will help to iron out the tired lines from the face.

Fill the tub with warm water and drop into it a handful of bath crystals. Then rid yourself of a hurried feeling, and revel in the soothing luxury of the warm water with plenty of pure soft soap, scented or unscented, as you prefer. Do not hurry out and into your clothes again. Make of dressing a quiet ceremony, use talcum, freely and bathe your face and neck with a cooling skin freshener.

Then lie down and relax completely; think pleasant, kindly thoughts for *remember*, your attitude toward life and people is all-important if you desire beauty.

There is hardly a weary homemaker who cannot find time for an afternoon bath and a short rest afterward. And oh, the difference it makes, mental as well as physical!

It is surprising how the worry over Junior's approaching examinations, Ethelyn's avowed determination to bob her hair, and the speech you have to prepare for the next meeting of your club will fall into the background. The fretful, tired, harassed expression which these same worries are beginning to write in fine lines around your eyes and mouth will disappear. When husband comes home, tired himself, he will find you looking fresh, rested and charming. All which is a bigger part of your job as wife and mother than the worrying so many of us seem to think we must do.

How many business women do you know who carry their jobs home with them? The woman whose daily bread winning results in nervous strain and a sense of being driven with no opportunity for getting away, carries the tale of it in her face.

If she will take time for a treatment such as I have suggested, followed by a brief rest—if only for five minutes, flat on her back—before dressing for dinner, she will find the office and its worries a thing of the past.

Moreover, all her friends will say enviously, "My dear, how *well* you are looking!"



YOU

and three others may pay the price

Bleeding gums are the danger signal

Do you know that four persons out of every five past forty, according to irrefutable dental statistics, and many thousands younger, are afflicted with Pyorrhea?

Has Nature warned you, with tender, bleeding gums, of Pyorrhea's presence or coming?

Can you afford to take chances, to wait, when your teeth and health are menaced and the odds are so overwhelmingly against you?

Go to your dentist for advice. Have him inspect your gums and teeth regularly. Undoubtedly, he will tell you to brush your teeth, twice daily, with Forhan's For the Gums.

Pyorrhea is the foe of teeth and health alike. When it strikes, the gums recede, the loosened teeth drop out or must be extracted, germs gather in pus-pockets that form at the roots and infection often spreads throughout the system.

Forhan's For the Gums, in turn, is Pyorrhea's foe. When used in time and used consistently, it will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress, and, in addition, keep the teeth white, the gums firm, and the mouth healthy.

It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is used and recommended by the foremost dentists. It is pleasant to the taste. Buy a tube today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

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This fifth house of our series is designed by Grosvenor Atterbury, whose work as city planner of beautiful Forest Hills, Long Island, has won him nation-wide renown



A Manor House for American Living

Brick, Plaster and Weathered Beams Give an Air of Picturesque Romance to this Seven-Room House Which Represents a Cost of \$12,500

By Grosvenor Atterbury

LIKE the old farmer who wanted to know whether clam digging was fishing or agriculture, I have often wondered whether modern architecture—especially the domestic problem—was art or business. And now, with prices just double what they were in 1913, it looks as if the only art we can practice is that of elimination.

Today the formula for the small house is not what the owner wants, expressed in terms of architectural beauty, but a rigid application of the rule of three: the quotient arrived at by dividing the amount of money the owner has to spend by the cost per cubic foot of building; and at current rates the process will result in pretty unsatisfactory results architecturally, unless we can add about fifty cents' worth of brains to every dollar's worth of material.

In the present instance—leaving out the cost of the brains—the basis of the design is determined by dividing the \$12,500, which we are allowed as the cost of the house, by what we believe to be the average rate of cost per cubic foot now current for small houses of this type. From the best information obtainable this runs from fifty to seventy cents. We have assumed sixty and dividing this into the cost of \$12,500 we get an allowed cubage of 20833. Properly to subdivide this again into the desired number of rooms in such a way that they will agree to stay together decently under one roof without looking like a scarecrow has taken more of our brains than anybody would be willing to pay for.

But arithmetically we have achieved a triumphant result. The cubage of the design is 20688 which at sixty cents a cubic foot comes to \$12,412.80. The balance of \$87.20 will be allowed to the owner for "changes" and "extras" during construction and the additional room and bath in the attic which our experience shows she—note the sex!—will demand

McCALL'S offers for sale the following house plans. Each set costs \$15.00 and is complete with architectural drawing, specifications, suggestions for household equipment, interior decoration, and landscape gardening.

Four-Room Cottage, designed by Ernest Flagg, see McCall's for April; to be built for \$4,000.

Six-Room House, by Clarence Stein; see McCall's for June. The construction cost of this house is \$8,500.

Six-Room Colonial House, by Aymar Embury II; see McCall's for July. Construction cost, \$10,000.

Seven-Room Cottage, designed by W. D. Foster and Harold W. Vassar, see August McCall's. Construction cost, \$12,000.

Seven-Room House, designed by Grosvenor Atterbury. Building cost, \$12,500.

Address: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

within six weeks after the completion of the house.

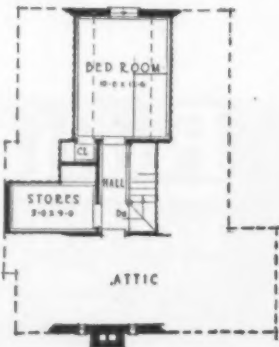
A certain amount of restraint and self-denial is good for the designer—not to mention the owner—provided it does not starve his sense of beauty, but only whets his appetite. For the invention that is born of necessity is sometimes a beautiful child; and at all times ornamental construction is better than constructed ornament. Certain it is too that, quite aside from the question of cost, waste is ugly; whether it be in the form of so-called ornament or unused space.

So I am inclined to think that the important things to look at in the plan of a small house, like the one presented here, are the things that aren't there.

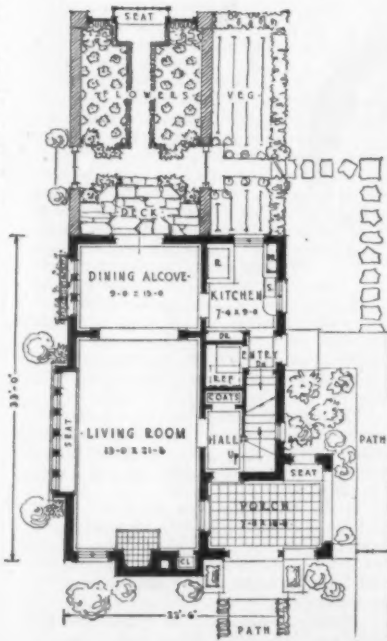
IN THIS case, like any well-studied plan, there is not much, if any, waste hall or cellar or attic. But you will find one elimination that is rather unusual although it is becoming more and more widely recognized as a sensible economy. There is no waste dining-room. In the small dwelling, say with not more than seven rooms, it has always seemed to me that there was no place for a dining-room, pure and simple, which is used perhaps three hours out of the twenty-four. A dining-alcove, as in the accompanying plan, can be sufficiently cut off just before and after meals and yet be immediately convertible into a very useful and attractive portion of the living-room, adding as it does here nearly fifty per cent. to its size and giving the additional charm of a vista and access to the garden.

But there are possibilities—nowadays we might better call them necessities—of elimination also in construction. American architecture has been criticized—and not without a good deal of justification—for covering one material with a second material to imitate a third material—steel with terra-cotta to imitate stone, for example.

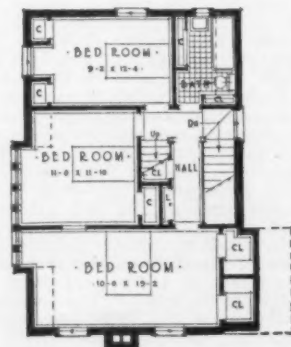
[Turn to page 81]



• THIRD FLOOR PLAN •



• FIRST FLOOR PLAN •



• SECOND FLOOR PLAN •

Watch It Clean the Toilet Bowl



Watch its work! Sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush!

Watch every stain, discoloration, incrustation disappear. See how the porcelain shines. No scrubbing. No scouring.

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A Manor House for American Living

[Continued from page 80]

And we might as well confess right here at the start that if anyone builds this house for \$12,500 it will probably be an excellent example of this kind of American architecture. Because under the specifications the first story is not the solid brick wall it appears in the sketch but a four-inch brick veneer covering the real structure of the building, which is a wood frame, a system of construction which has proved to have certain advantages in small houses, quite apart from the question of economy.

Having thus cleared our conscience by confession in advance of the crime, we hasten to add that we claim a compensating virtue in that we plan to expose the actual wood frame in the inside—wherever we hide it on the outside; which is far more honest than is the case with most buildings.

Again, in our search for elimination, let us consider for a moment inside finish. There is just one good thing about the present plasterer's monopoly: it makes us wonder how much we really want plaster. Personally I have always thought it a very much "mixed" blessing.

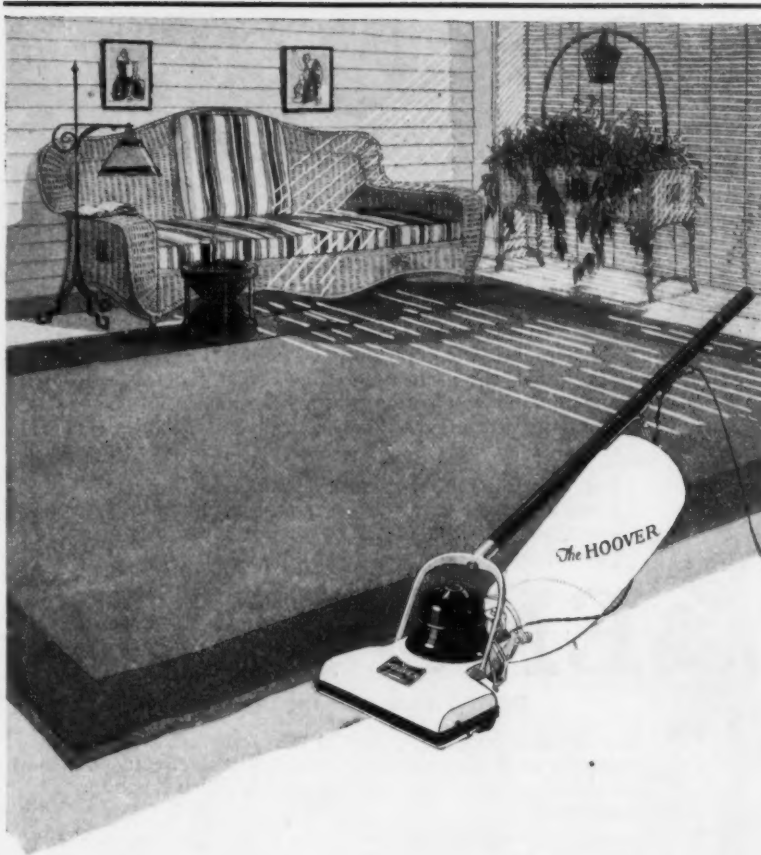
WHAT sins of planning and construction does it not hide! How com-modious the dwellings it provides for rats and mice, both living and dead! What cloistered, ideal seclusion for the lucubrations of our friend Archy, the cockroach, and his brothers and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts! While as for fire hazards—we have finished burning up \$500,000,000 worth of buildings in this community during the past year and I venture the guess that a very large part of the tenement and dwelling house fires traveled through the countless air spaces back of the plastering and fed on the draughts they furnished.

All this seems to me to make ordinary lath and plaster, where it isn't really necessary, quite as immoral as the cost of putting it in the building at \$20 a day for each expert in this simple art. So we have left it out entirely in this seven-room house, though some day I hope to design a cunning little home for "Archy" and his family all to themselves. Owing to lack of space what the builder is to supply instead of plaster will be divulged in detail with other mysteries in the "plans and specifications" which are obtainable through McCall's Magazine. Suffice it to say here that in the living-room and dining-alcove the frame of the house, planed and covered on the outside, behind the brick, with smooth-faced boarding, will be exposed and stained. This gives the general effect of a paneled room. While in the bedrooms we plan to use one of the sheet materials now being manufactured for wall covering in place of lath and plaster.

There are, of course, a good many other things which you won't find in this seven-room house: one of them obviously being the seventh room, which has been transformed into an alcove of a glorified living-room. One other very important omission from an architectural point of view is perhaps not economic. Most houses have a front and sides and a rear. But in this house the entire rear has been "eliminated." In fact it is "front" on all sides. For it seems to me the height of bad manners for any house, however small, to have a "rear" at all; though a slovenly housewife would miss it as the natural haven of refuge for old ice-cream freezers, baby carriages and kerosene cans.

WHICH reminds us of another elimination. There is no "routing" of the good housewife in our kitchen parts. In the first place we have given up "routing" our wife. It doesn't sound well. Besides, experience has shown that results are far below expectations. And, in the second place, we have found from careful measurements that by placing our piano stool in the exact center of the kitchen and splicing the poker onto the handle of the spider she can scramble eggs on the stove with one hand while with the other she keeps the kitchen bright with a long feather duster, controlling her hired man or husband, the while, in cellar or garden through the windows and doors carefully located for that purpose.

But in this brief description there is not space for all the items left out of this seven-room prodigy and we shall have to refer the reader again to the plans and specifications. Besides, some day we may write a book on small houses, to which we can refer the reader. But if we do, it will be in two volumes—twice as big, you see, as most books on that subject. The first will be entitled "The Book of Job," in which the subject will be treated entirely from the point of view of the architect, while the second volume will be devoted to the owner and his little home. And for this volume we can think of no better title than "The Lamentations of Jeremiah"—though that depends somewhat on how many of our readers build this seven-room house.



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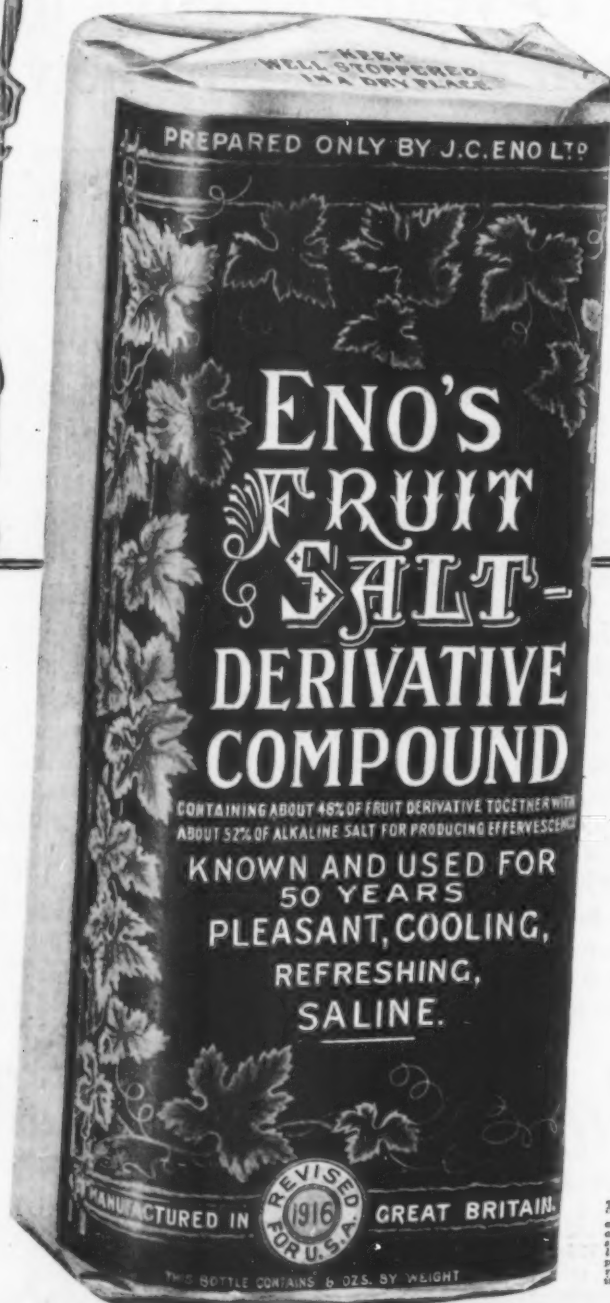
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START THE DAY RIGHT WITH ENO'S

The Story of the Bible

[Continued from page 60]

her royal husband and asked that her people be spared.

Xerxes was angry at first, but he remembered how Mordecai had once saved his life, and putting all the evidence before him together, he began to understand how Haman had misled him out of personal spite. Messengers on horseback were sent at once to all parts of the country to warn the Jews against the coming attack. And Haman was impaled on the top of that same high hill where he had hoped to hang his enemy, Mordecai.

When the details of the plot became known, the Jews began to appreciate the danger from which they had escaped. They decided to perpetuate the memory of this important event.

Every year thereafter, between the 13th and the 15th of the month of Adar (a Babylonian month covering part of our February and March) there was to be a great celebration called the feast of the Lots or "Purim."

Upon that occasion, the book of Esther was to be read aloud to every Jewish community and the name of Haman was to be publicly execrated. And the rich were to give liberally to the poor in memory of the good queen who had saved her people from destruction.

The story of Esther shows clearly how very important the foreign colonies were during the rule of the Persian kings. They completely overshadowed the country, and all accounts seem to agree upon the desolate state of affairs in Jerusalem.

The temple had been rebuilt after a fashion. But the walls of the city were still in ruins and commerce and trade were slow to revive. At last the Jews abroad decided that something must be done for the old homeland. A priest by the name of Ezra was given a sum of money to go to Judah and report upon conditions there. He asked for volunteers to accompany him. There was little enthusiasm. After a great deal of argument, Ezra persuaded some five hundred people to go back with him. After a journey of four months, this band of pilgrims came within sight of the ancient temple.

BUT conditions in Jerusalem, as Ezra found them, were terrible. The colonists (for they were little else) had taken wives from among the neighboring villages. They had become very lax in the execution of their religious duties. Judah was in a fair way to become another Samaria.

Ezra, ably assisted by Nehemiah, reorganized the decaying state. The walls of the city were at last rebuilt. The streets were cleared of rubbish. The foreign wives were unceremoniously sent back to their parents. And outside the main gate of the temple a wooden pulpit was built from which Ezra regularly read and explained certain parts of the holy laws.

Even then the larger part of the old city remained an uninhabited wilderness.

As this meant constant danger (there were hardly men enough to defend the elaborate system of walls which had been laid out in the populous days of Solomon), some drastic steps were taken to complete the quota of necessary inhabitants.

One-tenth of all the Jews living in the adjoining country districts, selected by lot, were told that they must move into Jerusalem. A few came voluntarily and were given great honor as very unselfish patriots. The others were brought in by force. Even then, Jerusalem remained a shadow of her former self. The old days of political and commercial importance were gone and they were gone for good. The dream of Ezekiel could never come true.

[Continued in the October McCall's]

A Song in the Desert

[Continued from page 47]

shirt from his body. White skin, stained with red; nerveless hands lying palm upward; a cheek ominously pallid under bright hair. Antonia felt her fists beating on her own bosom as she hovered there, waiting the verdict. How could that man be so long, so deliberately silent; how could his hands be so cool and steady as they moved over that loved body? At last he spoke.

"A close call—but it missed."

He looked up at her, his gray eyes holding a ghost of a twinkle.

"Of course I guess you ain't much interested, since you are going to marry that Pablo over there. But all the same, this boy is going to live. It was just hitting his head that knocked him out; the cut ain't so much, really."

Her knees were giving way. She found herself, suddenly all herself again, flung by Sherwood's side, kissing those upturned hands, pressing her lips to the unfeeling cheek. "My love—my love—"



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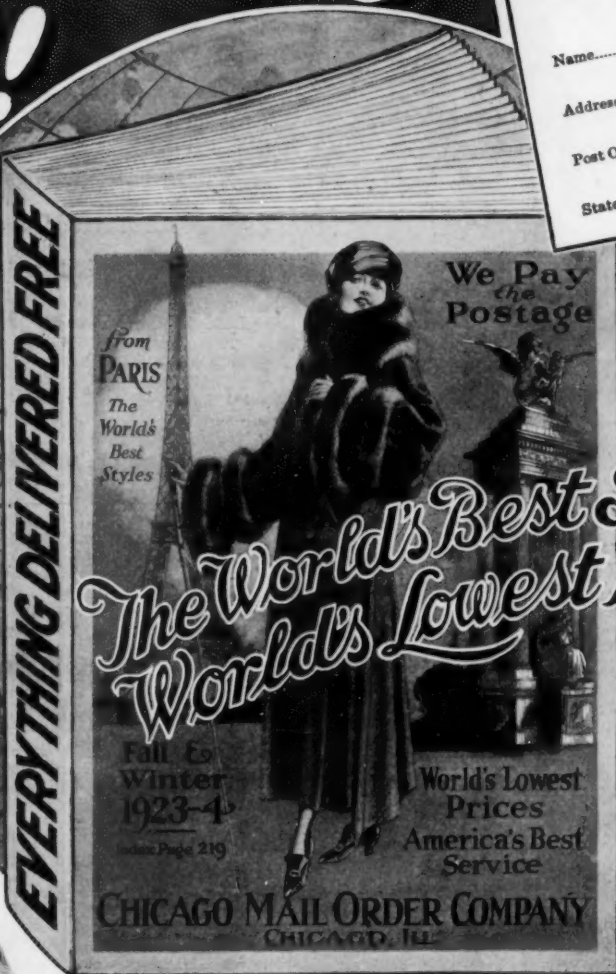
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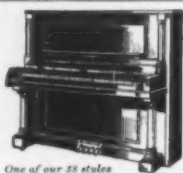


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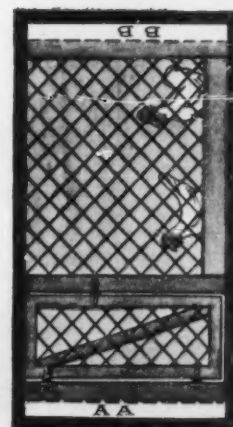
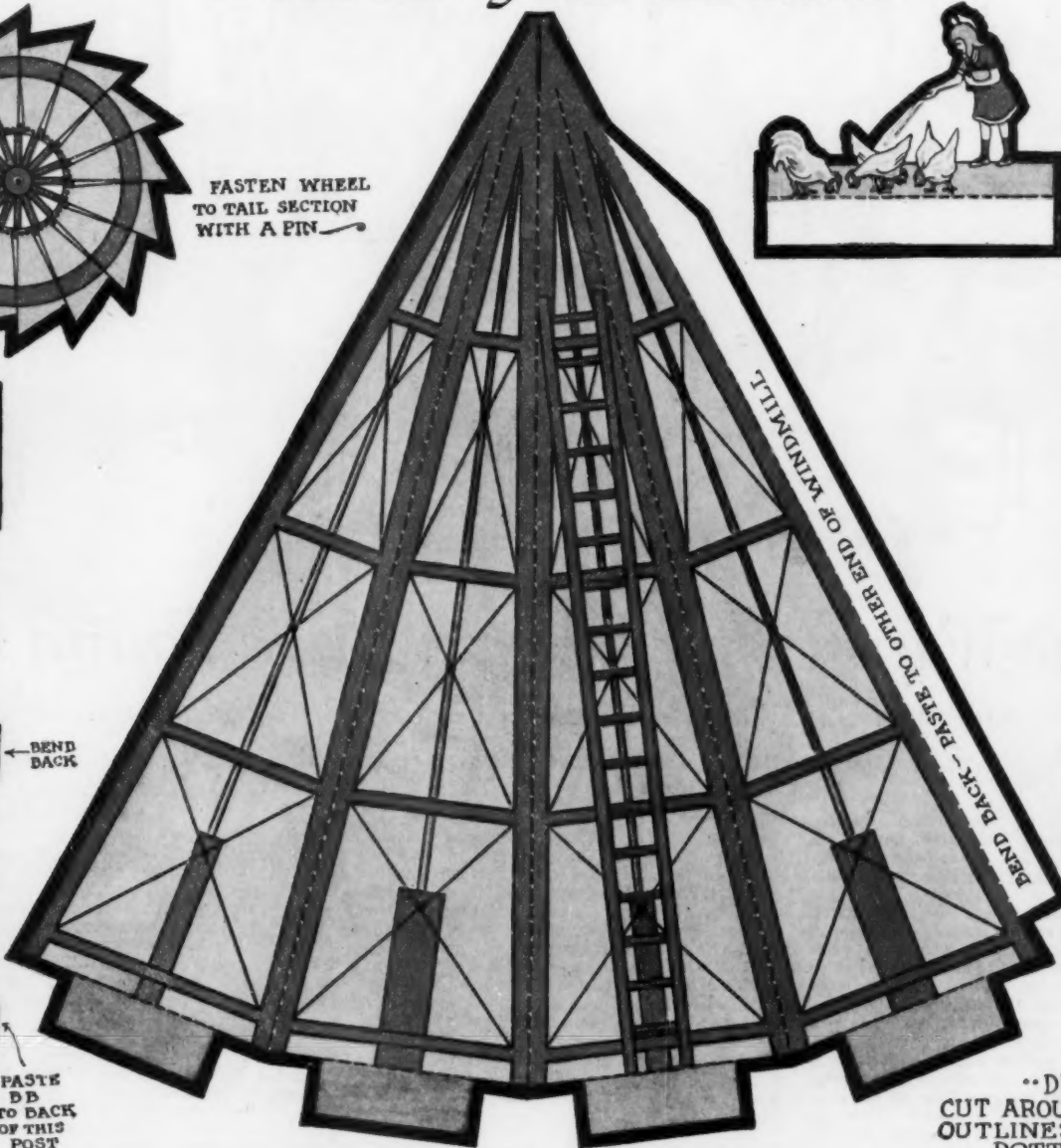
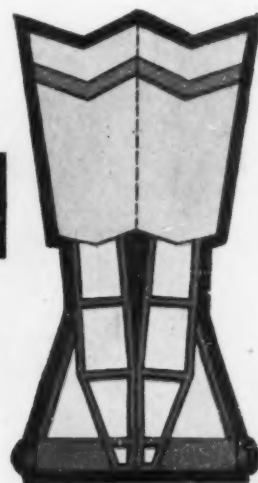
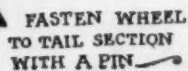
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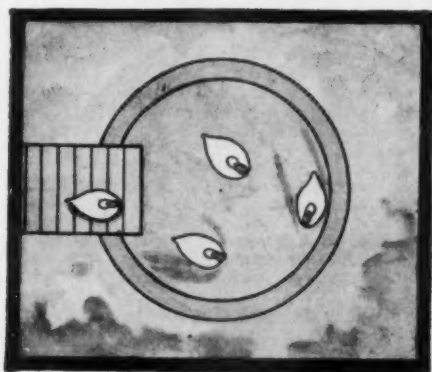
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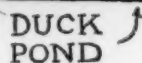
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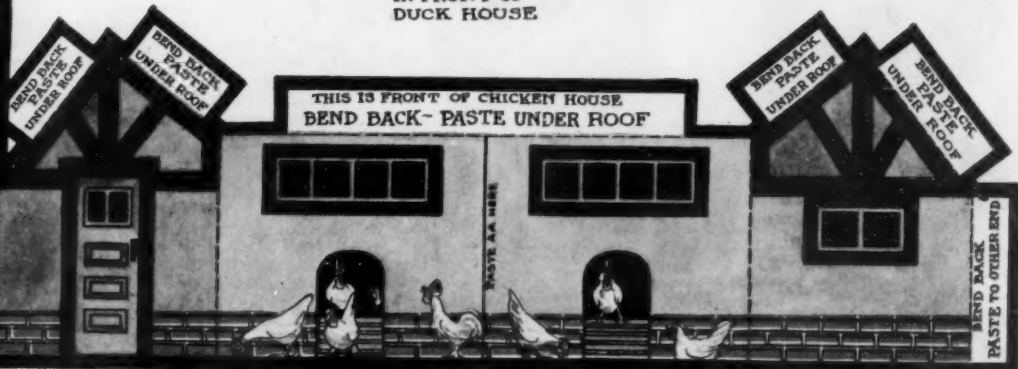
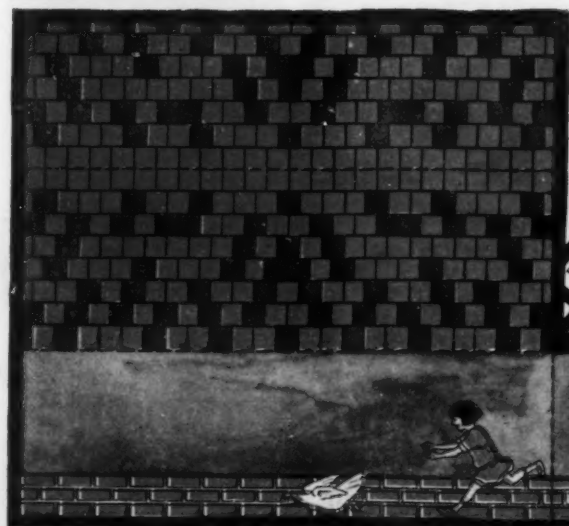
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Do you find yourself up against it? Read how these three women solved their problems



Some Ways Other Women Have Found Out

Whatever Your Job, Whether Shopkeeping or Writing or Adventuring—
Originality, Courage and Common Sense are Invaluable Stock in Trade

SOMETIMES a woman with no business training materializes an idea into a success which amazes experienced business men. That is what happened with the woman who started the Hope Hammond Studio in Huntington, West Virginia.

It is difficult to describe this venture. Mrs. Hammond calls it "a shop of home-making things." In reality, it is the spirit of a home materialized into a shop. She has taken the things which she has always loved and longed for in her own home, gathered them together, building up a shop which is not only unique, but which is making a good business.

The shop has been so transformed that it has lost any trace of the commonplace. There is a generous fireplace where a fire burns on cold days and at the side are low bookshelves. There are a few reading chairs, a tea table, a day bed, the furniture changing from time to time with fresh stock. Italian and Spanish pottery give a note of gay color.

The stock includes furniture, fabrics for windows and upholstery, china, pottery, glass, a selection of rugs, books, prints, pictures, brass and copper, table linens, lamps and shades. The shop is a place where people drop in to make friends

with certain of the things it contains. Often if someone cannot stretch her allowance to buy a coveted article it is saved for her until she can take it.

Before the first Christmas, just two months after it opened, the owner was looking in hidden corners for something to sell. By the day after Christmas the stock, which had been bought fearfully with borrowed capital in the hope of disposing of it possibly within six months, was virtually sold out. Ten thousand dollars' worth of what had been considered by business men of the town as unsalable goods, had been sold to Huntington in two months, with orders coming in from many other parts of the country.

The Hope Hammond Studio has proved that a good thing is just as good in Huntington or any other place as it is in New York or Paris; that for true art in simple forms there is always a hungry audience.—Katherine Glover.

IT IS amazing," says Mrs. Marguerite E. Harrison, "how simple it is to do the supposedly impossible. You just figure out what you're expected to do—and then you do something else."

Seven years ago Mrs. Harrison was a Baltimore society woman. Then her husband died. She was left alone to earn a living for herself and her little son. She had no business experience. Her sole assets were a twelve-hundred dollar life-insurance payment, knowledge of four languages, and indomitable courage.

The Baltimore Sun gave her a job reporting social functions. In six weeks she showed she could do the work of an experienced reporter. Later the Sun sent her to France with the A. E. F.

Up in the mysterious fastnesses of Russia the world's largest nation was in chaos. America wanted truthful, accurate news, but Soviet Russia steadily refused admittance to foreign correspondents.

"I can get into Russia," said Mrs. Harrison. The editors smiled. This pretty, fluffy-haired, unassuming little woman get into Russia? Impossible! It was a feat that had baffled the world's best newspaper men. With a little money saved from her salary Mrs. Harrison journeyed to the Polish-Russian front. When nobody was looking she crossed No Man's Land, and took shelter in a Red schoolhouse. There the Bolshevik soldiers found her.

"If you were a Red Army soldier and encountered a lone American woman on the edge of No Man's Land," said Mrs. Harrison, "what would you do? You would talk with her, wouldn't you? If you discovered that she was friendly and sociable and generally agreeable you certainly wouldn't shoot her."

For eight months all went well. Almost daily Mrs. Harrison was permitted to send stories. Then the Soviet officials, fearing she was a spy, put her into prison without trial. Ten months in a Russian prison, but Mrs. Harrison never lost her poise or powers of adaptability.

When the Soviet's acceptance of American terms brought the release of prisoners, she came to New York.

"There isn't a place on earth I am afraid to go alone," declares Mrs. Harrison. "I have great faith in two things—minding my own business and doing the unexpected." Probably none of us will ever have occasion to make her way, alone, into the heart of Russia; encounter there the Red Army, and be sentenced as a spy to a prison term of ten long months. Those will not be the particular circumstances that spell out our difficulties. But the same qualities which made Mrs. Harrison win in those circumstances would have brought success to her in any situation she might encounter.

The woman who is left alone in the world, with, perhaps, a family to support, and no previous training in a profession or business experience to call to her aid, faces one of the hardest problems life has to offer. Then, if ever, she has need of all the pluck, indomitable will and adventurous spirit that her nature holds.

There is no adventure more stirring than that of battling with the world; to wrest from it, if may be, a living and a modicum of success. But women have won out, are winning every day, and each year opens the door to new opportunities for women.—Dudley Siddall.

MAY SINCLAIR attributes her great output of novels and her unvarying fineness of style to her "sane asylum," at Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire.

"It is the only way," says she, "to keep from going mad with the noises and confusion of London."

"First I thought I should go quite mad. Then I remembered Gloucestershire. I lived for a time at the White Hart Inn and that restored me. I would stop there a month or two, then come into town, and when I felt my mind going again, I'd return."

"Finally, in a meadow near the Inn, I built a hut. It is very small, only big enough to hold a bamboo couch, a table and a chair. I do most of my work in it when the weather is warm."

"It is built at the top of a field, at the end of a long line of beech-trees that goes along Stow Hill. It looks west over innumerable fields on to innumerable hills."

"I don't sleep in it because of tramps. But it is absolutely quiet and peaceful and I can do more in an hour there than in a whole morning indoors."

One leaves May Sinclair with the impression that she is a gold mine of understanding and generous sympathy. Conscientiousness and honesty are in her earnest eyes. You feel that she is right about needing silence and solitude and the peace of her hut, her saving "sane asylum."—Zoë Beckley.





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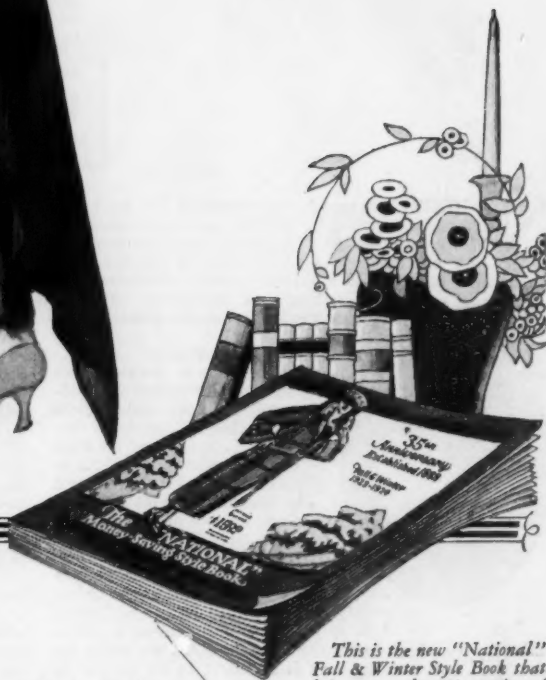
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Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women's Problems



Will My Readers Send Me Their Opinions of Our Modern Ideas of Love?

Dear Readers:—

The interest of this page depends not only upon your questions but also upon your opinions.

What novel cult of modern love has come to your notice?

What do you think of the theories outlined today?

How would you reply to any of the letters printed upon this page?

Lately I asked for short stories of everyday adventure or romances of ordinary existence. I shall be very grateful to all who respond.

Do not be shy about writing. Trust your own opinion—it is as good as that of others. If you like this page help to make it better by contributing to it.

Address your letters to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

NO DESIRE to preach, no campaign for goodness, no crusade against badness, no prejudiced approval of age nor criticism of youth prompts the compilation of this page of new cults of modern love. Rather is it offered with a certain scientific indifference to the rightness or wrongness, cheer or gloom of the human problems involved.



Dear Winona Wilcox:

My love for a married man makes my life beautiful where as it was utterly sordid before I met him. The bond between us has sprung up from our daily association. It is as natural as sunshine but it must be concealed from his wife who is not capable of comprehending it. He will not seek divorce because he has children. We have talked it over and we feel we are not depriving his wife of anything.

My love renews him, he says, and makes him a better man, therefore a better husband. Our love has enriched us both, so we make her life richer, and thus our love is a benefit to her.—Elsie H.

NO letter I ever have received better illustrates the capacity of the human mind for deceiving itself. The lovers are wilfully blind to the fact that a wife would prefer a little mental integrity in her husband.

SPOONING HELD TO BE A DOPE WHICH DESTROYS EFFICIENCY

Dear Winona Wilcox:

My mother says I can't go back to college unless I stop what she calls "spooning." Now what is there so terrible about modern "petting?"—Co-Ed.

ON this I quote an Ohio professor of biology:

"The scholastic averages of college students are lower today than formerly. The concentration-powers of modern students are perceptibly lessened. These facts and effects can be attributed primarily to the deteriorating effect of spooning upon the physical and nervous systems of young folks."

"Invariably the male petter in the college classroom can be spotted because of his abstraction, his inability to concentrate upon his work and his generally poor scholastic showing, and the same holds true of the flapper who is listed among the men as of the spooning type."

Petting rightly may be considered a dope which robs an individual of efficiency. When we overeat, we expect to pay with lethargy and deterioration of our work. Too much love-making is equally disastrous. It limits accomplishment in business office, store and factory as well as in college.

IS FREAK MODERNITY SHOWN IN WIFE'S TOLERATION OF RIVAL?

Dear Winona Wilcox:

While I was in a hospital, my husband made love to my best friend and neighbor, a married woman. In every other way he has been an ideal husband—he adores his new son—but I am so disgusted that I find life under the same roof with him almost unendurable.

He begs forgiveness, insists that he loves only me, but dares to plead that he could not withstand temptation.

The woman, whom I see daily and try to treat courteously, is respected, educated and beautiful. I have concealed my tragedy from my relatives and friends and from her husband. If I expose the scandal, my husband will continue to sin, therefore I feel that I have chosen the better way. But conquer my disgust I cannot. At times I cannot bear the sound of his voice nor tolerate his caress.

Am I right in allowing both my husband and the girl another chance? Why should I, who am blameless, be the only sufferer? For neither he nor she repents, I am

positive—he merely is distracted at the thought of losing me.—M. J.

SOME distinctively modern ideas are contained in this recital of ancient woe: the wife doesn't complain of her heart-break, she says she is disgusted; she assumes responsibility for her man's future conduct; she saves her former friend from well-deserved disgrace; she perceives that the sinners are complacent, that she alone is sacrificed; nevertheless, she resolves to carry on.

OFFERS CASH IN PLACE OF KISS MAN DEMANDED

SURELY we must number among new cults that of the enlightened girl who resists emotional slavery. How one of these girls made her position quite clear to an impertinent admirer is told below:

Dear Winona Wilcox:

I decided that I didn't care to be mauled by a miscellaneous collection of ardent youths who were so stupid as to suppose that petting is the only amusement a girl can be interested in.

And so when a man argued that I was not paying fairly for an evening's amusement if I did not kiss him, I handed him back the two bits he had spent on me. From his face, I conclude that he learned about women from me!—Violet.

FREEDOM FOR THE FATHER OR JUSTICE FOR CHILDREN?

Dear Winona Wilcox:

When my husband announced that I must divorce him in order that he might wed a girl less than half his age, I took him to the rooms where his three children were sleeping. Pointing to them I said: "Your children must have their father!" He doesn't talk any more to me about his "right" to his freedom.—R. L. T.

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Designed by Grosvenor Atterbury

The picturesque romance of an English home is embodied in this delightful house.

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Answers to women's problems.



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For a light, sweet dough set your sponge with YEAST FOAM or MAGIC YEAST

Milk Bread

All measurements are level

Sponge: 1 cake Yeast Foam or Magic Yeast
1 pint scalded milk cooled to lukewarm
1 quart (1 lb.) sifted flour

In the evening scald milk and cool until lukewarm. Break and soak yeast cake in it 20 minutes, then add to the flour and beat until a smooth batter is formed. Cover and set in moderately warm place (about 78 degrees F.) over night.

Dough: Sponge as above 4 tablespoons sugar
1 pint scalded milk cooled to lukewarm 3 tablespoons shortening
4 teaspoons salt About 2 quarts (lbs.) sifted flour (warm, not hot)

In the morning mix sponge with lukewarm milk, salt, sugar, shortening and enough flour to make a medium dough. Do not add too much flour since the dough stiffens more than when made with water. Knead until smooth and elastic. Cover. Let rise until doubled, about 2 1/2 hours. Knead down. Let rise again until doubled. Mould into 4 loaves. Let rise until doubled in pans. Bake in moderately hot oven about 45 minutes.

Rolls and coffee cake may be made by adding sugar and shortening to part of the bread dough.



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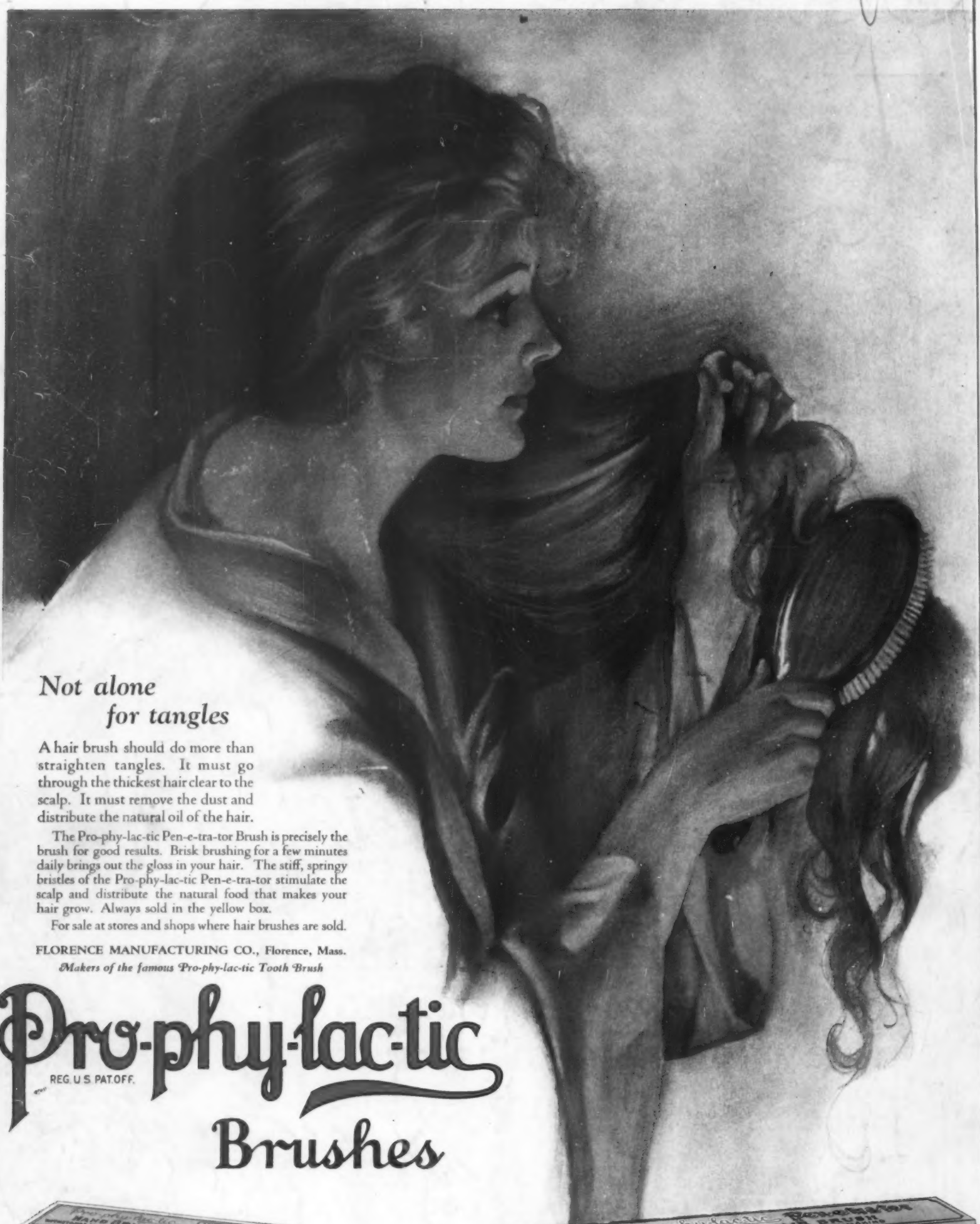
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